MEMORIALS OF MR. WEBSTER,

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS FROM ELMS FARM AND MARSHFIELD.

OFFICE IN WHICH MR. WEBSTER STUDIED LAW—WHAT BOOKS HE READ—ACQUIRES A KNOWLEDGE OF THE PRACTICE—ANECDOTE OF HIS FIRMNESS AND TACT.

ELMS FARM, N. H., Sept. —, 1849.

* * * THE office in which Mr. Webster studied law, is still standing on the easterly side of the old turnpike road through this valley, about thirty rods from his old homestead. It was built by Mr. Thompson, considerably more than a half century ago. It is a small wood building, one story high, having a very ancient appearance. It is divided into two rooms, and a narrow hall; the chimney in the centre of the building, with a wide, old-fashioned fireplace in the front room: the front door or main entrance in the centre of the front side, and a window on each side of the front door, two windows on each side of the office, affording a good light to each of the rooms, with one in the hall. The front room was the place for the general business of the office; the back room for study and consultations with cli-

ents. On the right-hand side of the front entrance, Mr. Thompson made a sort of fence, or small balustrade; inclosing a space about seven by nine feet, resembling the inclosures in many of the counting-rooms in your city. In that, he sat by an old table, and book-case, in an old arm-chair, and sometimes stood at a desk, inclosed within the railing. On the left-hand side stood a large book-case, containing the law library. The council-room was furnished with a plain table, covered with green cloth, standing under the window, with several substantial chairs. This room was warmed in winter by an old-fashioned box stove. There is a side door opening into the path-way, leading to the house near by, in which Mr. Thompson dwelt. The office is shaded by two magnificent elms, standing in front, and extending their long branches over it. Those trees were planted many years before the period of which I am speaking. The premises are now owned and occupied by Parker Noyes, Esq., a venerable counsellor-at-law, who was a student in the office of Mr. Thompson, and had been two years before Mr. Webster began to study. Mr. Noyes, in due time being admitted to practice at the bar, and becoming an eminent man in his profession, took the business of Mr. Thompson; and, some time about the year 1809, became the proprietor of the office, house and the lands, together with a portion of his law library. I have had several conversations with this distinguished old gentleman during my sojourn here; and I am indebted to him for many of these reminiscences. I called on his excellent and polite lady to-day, who, with a rusty and

ancient-looking key, kindly unlocked the door and admitted me to view the office. There stand the identical tables, book-cases, desks and chairs, which stood there in Mr. Webster's time. It is still a law-office; but years and years have gone by since the venerable proprietor (who is rich enough to forego the practice of the law) gave audience to his clients in those rooms. There are the old registers of law-suits, with entries made in the handwriting of Mr. Webster; and there are the old books, on whose pages his mind dwelt so intently, and from which he drew some of the knowledge to which the most eminent judges have so often listened, to be instructed and convinced. I have seldom visited a place fraught with more interest to me than the interior of that old law-office. I looked upon it as a valuable memento of the days of his youth. If I owned it, I would have it inclosed in a larger building, which would preserve it for future generations to look at.

The first book that Mr. Thompson put into Mr. Webster's hands was Coke upon Littleton. This he read regularly six hours in the morning, while in the afternoon he read Hume's History of England, and Shakspeare's Plays. Day after day, he sat in the back room of that little office, and pored over the productions of those master minds. He made himself familiar with those books, but, so far as *Coke* upon *Littleton* was concerned, Mr. Thompson made a sad mistake. It was not the law book on which he should have made a beginning. I remember that I heard Mr. Webster comment on this mistake. He said he was a long time groping about in the dark,

believing, of course, that he should come to light, but he could not foresee when or whereabouts. It was not until he took up *Espinasse Nisi Prius* and Blackstone's Commentaries that he discovered the mistake; and he thenceforth insisted that he lost much time in unravelling black-letter webs and deducing premises, which he found had been clearly unravelled and deduced by others.

There were then no books of practice and forms in the office, like Tidd's, and Graham's, and a host of others, written since then. This was long before Kent had written his Commentaries. There was nothing visible to him. He has told me if Mr. Thompson had shown him at the outset, or had placed in his hands one of each kind of the writs issued in a suit, together with one of each kind of the papers, from the beginning to the end—for instance, a Declaration, a Demurrer, a Plea, a Record, and a Judgment Roll—so that he could have had ocular demonstration of what each contained, and could have read it, and turned it over, and looked at it inside and out, he would have saved himself much labor, and his path would have been illuminated beyond what many persons would, perhaps, readily admit. He said he would earnestly recommend that every teacher of law students should do what Mr. Thompson omitted to do, when he began to study law; that is, first to show them the documents about which they are to read.

The second book Mr. Thompson gave him was "Espinasse Nisi Prius." This, too, he continued to read for six hours in the morning, while he con-

tinued to read Hume and Shakspeare in the afternoon. Reading Espinasse, he saw the framework of the law, and how extensive was the science he had undertaken to master. He no longer pursued his way in the dark; every new book he encountered was a feast of reason, for which he was prepared. To-day, I saw the two musty volumes of Espinasse which he read. They are of an old English edition, and, at a little distance, look like a couple of Psalm books. Mr. Noyes has intimated that he will let me have them. I will preserve them carefully if he will.

In the course of a year from the time he entered the office, he acquired,—says Mr. Noyes,—considerable knowledge of business, and gave great satisfaction and assistance to Mr. Thompson. During the second year, he showed himself a sound lawyer. When clients came for advice, he heard with Mr. Thompson a full statement of the facts, and thereupon he, again and again, wrote out opinions, which Mr. Thompson, on perusal, adopted, signed, and delivered as his own. He also displayed great tact in conducting the lawsuits pending, in marshaling the testimony, and in eliciting from witnesses the facts to be proved on the trials. Many men, not profound lawyers, have become eminent in their profession, and have paved their way to wealth, by their skill in conducting a cause before it was brought to the bar for trial. I will relate an anecdote, told to me to-day, by the son of one of the parties, as a sample of the tact of Mr. Webster, at that early day, in bringing delinquents to the mark.

A turnpike was being built by Captain Kimball,

an energetic man, whose contract was founded on subscriptions for the money, by men of property along the line; and especially at Portsmouth. In the midst of his work, many of the subscribers, for some peculiar reason, refused to pay the amount they had subscribed.

Captain Kimball applied to Mr. Thompson for advice, and legal aid to obtain the money. The contractor could not very well wait on the law's delay. Mr. Thompson wrote to the subscribers urgent letters. This did not obtain the money. Becoming more earnest, he sent Mr. Noyes, his eldest student, to them personally, but Mr. Noyes returned without the required funds. Mr. Webster, on hearing the ill success with which the parties had met, said, "Let me go to Portsmouth, I will bring you the money." A horse was speedily brought to the door, and as speedily he set out on his expedition. With his horse foaming he entered the town, saw some of the subscribers, and sent word to others, informing them that the object of his visit was *to get the money!* At the same time he sent a messenger to request the presence of the sheriff of the county. He next went to the office of Mr. Jeremiah Mason, and asked the privilege of writing awhile at his table. There was something in the manner of this young stranger among them, that arrested their attention. They watched every step he took, every movement he made. Sitting down at the table, Mr. Webster made out a writ for every subscriber, as he was authorized to do for Mr. Thompson. Seeing these formidable weapons they proposed a *parley*. He met

them, not to hear *them*, but that they could hear *him*. He stated the object of his mission, and the grounds on which he stood so imposingly, and fixed so peremptorily the hour which the money must be paid; he spoke so courteously, and yet so sternly, as to fill them with alarm. Writs, arrests, and bail bonds, were all unpleasant objects. That was before imprisonment for debt was abolished. The parley ended, he ordered his horse to be at the door at the time named, and directed the sheriff to be ready to receive the writs for arresting the parties, if the money was not forthcoming. At the hour appointed, his horse was brought to the door for his return home; but by this time they saw that he was not a young gentleman to be put off or trifled with, and they hastened to pay over the cash as fast as he could receive it. He then hurried back to the office with the money, much to the amazement of Mr. Thompson, and satisfaction of Capt. Kimball.

This anecdote shows, that in his boyhood, his purposes were not easily shaken, and that he had the capacity to satisfy others; he was not to be resisted whenever he was right.

Mr. Webster was in the office of Mr. Thompson, with Mr. Noyes, two years. Within that time he acquired what knowledge he could acquire from his instructor, or from participating in his practice. He desired to be in a larger field; he wished to be a lawyer on a broader scale.

Yours, truly.

MR. WEBSTER STUDIES LAW IN BOSTON—CHRISTOPHER GORE—HE IS ADMITTED TO PRACTICE—HIS FIRST CAUSE.

ELMS FARM, N. H., Sept. — 1852.

* * * After Mr. Webster had pursued his studies two years with Mr. Thompson, and had acquired some knowledge of the law, as related in my last letter, he went to Boston to finish his legal education.

That city was then, as it is now, denominated the "Athens of America." It embraced many eminent members of the bar, some of whom were also distinguished for their general learning. Many of them had travelled in foreign countries. He could not have directed his steps to any place where the object he had in view could have been more certainly accomplished.

His father and mother had now beheld the rising fame of their son. That just pride, which fires the bosom of parents who see chaplets weaving for their children, animated the heart of his father, who was then a judge on the bench; he took counsel from his friends, able to advise, what was best to be done, and determined to do his utmost to give him all the opportunities he required.

In looking over the list of the eminent lawyers, and on making himself acquainted with the relative standing, and the qualifications of each, Mr. Webster selected Mr. Christopher Gore, and made a successful application to him, for a seat in his office. At that time Mr. Gore was not at all engaged in the common business of his profession; he did not,

in fact, pretend to do anything as an attorney or solicitor, but being distinguished as a counsellor, he was much consulted in matters of great doubt and difficulty, and often appeared at the bar to argue those cases which required great legal learning, and were of great moment to the State or individuals. Judges listened to him with respect, and his talents and influence commanded large fees.

I had often heard the name of Christopher Gore mentioned with respect, but I knew nothing of him besides his name. Finding that he, too, had something to do with *the teaching of that boy*, and that he gave him the finishing touch, I have taken pains to learn more of him. But in speaking of his biography I will be brief. Mr. Gore was a native of Boston; the son of a respectable mechanic, and was educated at Harvard College. He was a classmate of Rufus King, of New-York, and Oliver Peabody, of Exeter, and I think of Joseph Hall, of Boston. He studied law, I am told, with Mr. Tudor, but of this there is some doubt, and he went into practice soon after the opening of the Courts, on the peace of 1783. He soon became distinguished, and success crowned his efforts. He was much, indeed for a long time, almost constantly employed in the collection of British debts.

He was an ardent friend of the project for a new and National Government, and is understood to have drawn the resolutions adopted by the mechanics of Boston at the Green Dragon in 1788, and which were presented by Paul Revere, to the Boston Delegates in the Convention. Mr. Gore was himself one of that delega-

tion, and stood by—a fine-looking, spirited young man,—when Colonel Revere presented the paper to Samuel Adams, and heard the dialogue which ensued. These proceedings produced a great sensation at the time, as a reference to the history of that Convention will show you.

Mr. Gore was appointed by President Washington, the first District Attorney of the United States for the District of Massachusetts. He discharged the duties of the office with great credit to himself, and benefit to the country. After the ratification of Mr. Jay's treaty, he was appointed a commissioner under its 7th article, with William Pinkney, and passed five or six years, perhaps seven, in London, engaged in the duties of that appointment. On his return, he resumed the practice of his profession in Boston, where Mr. Webster found him in 1804.

In 1809 he was elected Governor of Massachusetts, and in 1813 he was chosen a Senator of the Congress of the United States. Infirm health rendered the latter part of his life in a great measure inactive. At his death he left his very valuable library to Harvard College.

Mr. Gore was thoroughly educated, had a classical taste, and made himself a learned lawyer, especially in what regarded commercial transactions. He was acquainted with most of the great men of his time, at home and abroad; and it is said of him, that he communicated his information with so much exactness, discrimination and taste, that his listeners became familiar with the principles of the law without much labor, and no one could profit more by these communications than Mr. Webster. It may be doubted

whether Massachusetts has ever produced a man of more accomplished manners and demeanor than Christopher Gore, or one from whom Mr. Webster could have derived greater advantages.

In the midst of the books which Mr. Gore's extensive library embraced, and with the advantages of Mr. Gore's conversation, Mr. Webster sat down to make himself a lawyer on a broad scale, and thenceforth no student ever moved forward with more method in the pursuit of his object. The first effort he made was to render himself master of special pleading, and the first book he read on the subject was the old folio edition of Saunders—Williams' edition of that work had not then appeared. Mr. Webster translated the Latin and Norman French into English, and made an abstract of every case in the book. This made him familiar with the forms of special pleading, which is necessary to every lawyer, and with the clear teaching and profound suggestions of Mr. Gore, he was soon regarded as a great special pleader.

At this time, he discovered that a profound knowledge of English History was necessary to make a lawyer, and in fact that law was an historical science. He devoted much time to David Hume's History. Lingard, Turner, Hallam, and a host of other historians, who have gone more into the details than Hume, and have consequently saved the student much labor, had not then appeared. Mr. Webster had, therefore, to make painful researches in obtaining, as he did, a correct knowledge of the origin and progress of the English law.

Mr. Knapp, who has written something about

this period of Mr. Webster's life, says that Mr. Gore soon became acquainted with the capacity and acquirements of his students, and forgot or laid aside the office relation, and they stood to each other as mutual and intellectual friends, without regard to the difference in their respective ages. Mr. Gore had been several years familiar with the best English lawyers, the forms of proceedings in the Courts, and the customs of counsellors and advocates, and imparted to Mr. Webster a knowledge which books could not or did not impart. There is a living law which governs courts, which can only be obtained by practice and observation. One year spent with Mr. Gore, in addition to what he had previously acquired, rendered Mr. Webster a pretty good lawyer, qualified for admission to the bar. Mr. Gore introduced him to the Court in a speech highly complimentary, and while stating his character and qualifications, predicted his subsequent distinction and eminence. He was admitted in 1805.

While Mr. Webster was pursuing his studies in Boston, he boarded with a Mrs. Whitwell, where he became acquainted with a Mr. Taylor Baldwin, an eccentric, but an intelligent gentleman, with whom he used to have much table-talk, and from whom he derived much information about "the world at large and matters and things in general;" Mr. Taylor Bald win thereby became his friend. He also became acquainted, under the same circumstances, with Mr. Rufus Green Emery, who, as I will soon tell you, was a friend in need. In October, 1804, at the solicitation of Mr. Emery, who wished to promote the happiness of his friend, Mr. Webster was induced to set

out on what was at that time regarded a long journey, in an open carriage with Mr. Taylor Baldwin, who travelled for the benefit of his health. He went to Springfield, on the Connecticut River, thence to Hartford, thence to Salisbury, thence to Albany. On arriving at that city he took lodgings at a tavern in State street, near the foot of the hill, and remained there a fortnight. He became acquainted with Abraham Van Vecten, then young, but afterwards an eminent lawyer.

He visited the Schuylers, and was most courteously entertained at Schuyler Place. He also made the acquaintance of Mr. Stephen Van Rensselaer, the patroon, and indeed of most of the prominent citizens. After seeing all that there was to be seen at Albany, learning much about the men, and the politics of the State of New-York, he and his friend, Mr. Taylor Baldwin, returned to Boston, where Mr. Webster completed his studies. About this time his father, being one of the Judges of the County Court in New Hampshire, procured for Mr. Webster the appointment of Clerk of the Court, with emoluments equal to about $1500 a year. His father thought the appointment would gratify his son personally, and more especially, as it would afford him money; which at that time was wanted. He lost no time in communicating the news of this good fortune to his son at Boston, and in requesting him to hasten home, to enter on the duties and the emoluments of the office. He thought on the happening of this event, that no young man in all New England was more fortunate than his son. Mr. Webster told what had occurred to his

friend Mr. Gore, who, foreseeing the destiny of his student, unhesitatingly advised him not to accept the appointment. He admitted that it was a high compliment to so young a man, but he advised him to pursue his profession, and he gave such cogent reasons for what he urged him to do, that Mr. Webster concluded to decline it.

The difficulty of satisfying his father that the course he had resolved to pursue, was the best, now arose in his mind. To aid Mr. Webster and his brother Ezekiel in obtaining an education, their father had resorted to borrowing money, and there was a mortgage for it to be paid. A debt was a sore incumbrance, more so in those days than at the present time. Ezekiel Webster was doing his best, and was then in Boston teaching a select school to earn money towards discharging that mortgage. Edward Everett, since so highly distinguished, was, by-the-bye, one of his pupils. The desire to relieve his excellent father from all pecuniary responsibility on his account, now that he had the power to do it, was, of course, very great, but the sacrifice of his future prospects was in the scale, weighing against the Clerkship, and its emoluments. In this dilemma, his friend Mr. Rufus Green Emery, be it mentioned to the credit of his fame, on hearing what the difficulty was, put gold into Mr. Webster's pocket, and sent him home to see his father personally on the subject. I have heard Mr. Webster tell the story, and it is a pity that I should mar it. On arriving at home he found his father sitting in his easy chair, not knowing one word of what had passed in Boston, or of his

intentions as to the Clerkship. He received his son affectionately, and with a manner that seemed to say, "our anxieties are now ended." His father lost no time in telling him how "readily and how handsomely his request had been complied with. I had not," said he to his son, "more than mentioned it, before it was done." "His eyes," said Mr. Webster, "were brimful of the tears of gratitude, as he told it to me."

"Judge," said he, "of my father's disappointment and manifest vexation, when I told him I must resign the office. He could not at first believe his own ears. He, of course, wanted to know the reason. I told him I could do better! I laid down the gold to pay the mortgage, and all the debts on my own and my brother's account. I wrote a letter thanking the Judges for the honor they had done me, and most respectfully resigned the office to which they had appointed me. Thereupon I hastened back to Boston, where the Court was sitting at which I was licensed to practice. I then for the first time held up my hand and took the oaths of office. At that period there were many mercantile failures among men living in New Hampshire, but trading in Boston. On its being known that Mr. Webster intended to establish himself in his native State, his friends in Boston promised him their patronage, which they most liberally fulfilled. One firm alone gave him for collection $30,000 of debts, divided into an almost incredible number of individual claims.

On the first Tuesday of September, 1805, Mr. Webster attended Court for the first time to try a cause. It was the Court of Common Pleas for the

County of Grafton, then held at Plymouth, about thirty miles north of where I am. His father was one of the Judges on the bench. The court-house was a very small building; still standing, but not now used for the same purpose. There he first addressed a court or jury. On my way from the White Hills, I went to see that old court-house. There are some persons residing in the village, but not many, who heard that first cause tried. Among them, is Hon. Moore Russel, a man of most estimable character, now of very advanced age, who knew old Col. Webster well, and who has always been an ardent friend to Mr. Webster himself. I went to see him. He remembers well Mr. Webster's first effort, and describes it as minutely as if he had heard it but yesterday.

A mile or two from Plymouth, on Baher's River, lives another of the early friends of Mr. Webster, Hon. Arthur Livermore, who also heard his maiden speech in court. Mr. Webster met at the bar, on this occasion, his friends Mr. Thomas W. Thompson, Mr. Moses P. Payson, Mr. Alden Sprague, Mr. James T. Swann, and Mr. William W. Woodward, now all dead; and Mr. Benjamin G. Gilbert, and Mr. Abiathan G. Britton, still living; the first residing in Boston, the last in Oxford, in this State. My informant did not, however, remember the name or title of the first cause Mr. Webster tried, but it was a civil suit of considerable importance to the parties, and which had excited some interest and feeling in the neighborhood in which they resided. The Sheriff of the county then was Col. William Webster, a distant rel-

ative of Mr. Webster, but whom he had never known till then. After Mr. Webster had finished his argument to the court and jury, the Sheriff stated to my informant, that he thought when Mr. Webster rose, he would not stand up long; he said he was ashamed to see so lean and feeble a young man come into court, bearing the name of Webster. But he astonished everybody with his eloquence, learning, and his powers for reasoning. To use the quaint expression of Mr. Russel, they found "an old head on young shoulders." Thenceforth, he never wanted clients—they came like the leaves of the forest.

Mr. Webster, in a letter to a friend, speaking of his father, says: "My first speech at the bar was made when he was on the bench; he never heard me a second time."

The night is clear; the rays of the silver moon fall on this paper, giving almost as much light as the lamp before me; and I could run on in this manner till the morning dawns, but that whip-poor-will, with her "all night descant" invites me to sleep, as she has done before, while she continues her sweet serenade.

Yours, with regards.

MR. WEBSTER OPENS A LAW-OFFICE—BOSCAWEN—HIS FIRST CRIMINAL CASE—HIS LEGAL OPPONENTS.

ELMS FARM, N. H., September —, 1849.

* * * On being admitted at the bar, Mr. Webster was urged by his friends in Boston to open an office there. He had formed many acquaint-

ances and several friendships, which would have been of the greatest advantage to him; and there is no doubt that, under the auspices of Mr. Gore, and the patronage of his friends, his success would have been great; but he loved his father, who was then old, and he, his devoted son, could not be induced to go far off. I have seen a letter, written by Mr. Webster to a friend, in which he says: "My opening an office in Boscawen was, that I might be near him." Therefore he remained at his father's house awhile, but opened an office as a lawyer in Boscawen, a neighboring village between this and Concord, which was the seat of the State Government, and, as usual, put up a simple sign over his door, "D. Webster, Attorney," which is still in existence, another memento of his early beginnings.

The Indian name of that town was Contoocook, but it was afterwards changed to its present name, in honor of Edward Boscawen, a celebrated English Admiral, who, in 1760, was on the American station. The principal village is in the Eastern section of the town, on a spacious street, nearly two miles in length, very straight and level. From the numerous streams of water, and the peculiar shape of the hills, the air is pure, the temperature is uniform, and therefore conducive to health. The eye of the traveller is delighted with the view of the fertile valleys and romantic windings of the Merrimack. I have driven through this town with great pleasure to-day. There was a charm about it, at the time of which I am speaking, attractive to a student of fine taste and quiet habits. It was, moreover, the immediate neigh-

borhood of his early and devoted friend, Mr. Wood, whose learning rendered his early society valuable and always desirable. These considerations, as well as because it was virtually his home, made it very attractive. Soon after he began to practise law, a trial for murder came on in the county of Plymouth, and the Judges assigned him to defend the prisoner, although the time had not elapsed for his admission as a counsellor at the Supreme Court of the State. His commanding talents warranted this deviation from the general rule.

The account I have of this effort as a criminal advocate, which was his second effort at the bar, the first being in a civil suit, I will give in the words of an eminent man, who related it some twenty years ago:

"The murder," said he, "was foul and horrid; perpetrated on an innocent man—a fellow-prisoner for debt. They were in the same room, no provocation was given by the sufferer, or none that would in the slightest degree palliate the offence. The fact of killing could not be questioned; the defence, of course, was narrowed to one point,—'the *insanity of the prisoner*.' There were no proofs of his former insanity, but the malignity of his disposition was well known to all the country around. His counsel, nevertheless, was not deterred from going on, with all these formidable circumstances to contend with. He argued, that the enormity of the deed, perpetrated without motive, or without any of those motives operating upon most minds, furnished presumptive proof of the alienation of the prisoner's mind; and even the cool

deliberation, and apparent serenity which he exhibited at the time the deed was done, were proofs that reason was perverted, and a momentary insanity had come over him. The advocate astonished the court and jury, and all who heard him, by his deep knowledge of the human mind. He opened all the springs of action, and analyzed every faculty of the mind so lucidly and philosophically, that it was a new school for those who heard him. He showed the different shapes insanity assumed, from a single current of false reasoning upon a particular subject, while there is a perfect soundness of mind upon every other subject; to the reasoning aright upon wrong premises, and to the reasoning wrong upon right premises, up to those paroxysms of madness, when the eye is filled with strange sights, and the ear with strange sounds, and reason is entirely dethroned. As he laid open the infirmities of human nature, the jury were in tears, and the bystanders still more affected; but common sense prevailed over argument and eloquence, and the wretch was convicted and executed. Notwithstanding the fate of the murderer, the speech lost nothing of its effect upon the people. It was long the subject of conversation in every public place, and is often mentioned now with admiration."

The same gentleman asserts that Mr. Webster had not been two years at the bar, before he was considered one of the very best jury lawyers in New Hampshire, and he began to travel the State, attending the Circuit Courts in all the counties, and was engaged in cases to be opposed by the first men in this country. Among these, said he, were two gen-

tlemen very much distinguished in their profession. Mr. Mason, for his eminent talents and skill in the management of causes, had acquired an extensive practice. He was witty, sarcastic, argumentative and persevering, and therefore a most powerful antagonist. The other was Judge Smith, who resided in a neighboring town, and about this time had returned to the bar, after having been Chief Justice of the State. He was one of the best read lawyers in New England, and also a fine classical scholar. His speaking at the bar was easy, fluent, playful or severe, as the occasion required. His opinions passed for law with the court and jury, and the weight of his character was felt in every cause in which he was engaged. With these, and others of eminence, Mr. Webster had to contend, at an age when most young lawyers are preparing themselves for future labors, in minor causes and in inferior courts. He did not rely on his eloquence for success, but prepared himself with great industry and care. He secured the jury by a clear statement of his case, and he always used such plain language that they could not misunderstand him; they thought it was just such as they would have used had they been called to tell the same story, not knowing how difficult it is to reach such a style of communicating our thoughts. The elder practitioners now sharpened their wits to take the lead of him in the law arguments to the bench. In this they were disappointed, for he was at home there also. He argued his causes before the Judges of the court with as much clearness and force as he had done to the jury. His mind, naturally logical,

seized the strong points in a law case, and he pushed his reasonings home to the understandings of the Judges. His seniors at the bar now found it was better to divide the empire with him than to dispute it. These great men soon became his cordial friends, and are now, said he, among his warmest admirers and eulogists. He met them in the counties of Hillsborough, Rockingham, Strafford, Cheshire, Grafton, Merrimack and Sullivan, almost as often as the court sat. The Court of Common Pleas held two sessions in each year, and the Superior Court also held two sessions per annum in each of these counties. To meet these men on terms of equality, he was forced to study with diligence every point that was made. They had long experience, which he had not. No better training could have been devised for Mr. Webster, than to call on him almost every day to meet either Jeremiah Mason or Judge Smith. What a school that must have been! Then it was he acquired that habit of retiring at an early hour in the evening, and rising the next morning with the lark, as he is accustomed to speak of this habit; or at the break of day, while others still slept, he carefully studied his cases, and prepared to meet his great antagonists at the opening of the court. He never met them unprepared. On one occasion, while talking on this subject, he said, "if anybody should think I was somewhat familiar with the law on some points, and should be curious enough to desire to know how it happened, tell him that Jeremiah Mason compelled me to study it. He was my master."

Mr. Webster never in his life took any credit to himself for what was much praised.

Yours, truly.

HIS PREPARATION OF HIS CASES—ATTENDS TO GENERAL LITERATURE—ORATION AT CONCORD—ONE OF HIS PROFESSORS AT DARTMOUTH—SOME ACCOUNT OF HIM.

ELMS FARM, Sept. —, 1849.

* * * I have been repeatedly told by those who were engaged with or opposed to him, that no lawyer ever came into court to try his cases before a Jury, or to argue his cases before the Judges, better prepared than Mr. Webster. He sounded his clients thoroughly, and explored every probable ground of his adversaries, so that on the trial he was rarely surprised by any new or unlooked-for testimony; and, in connection with this subject it is said, it was much more rarely that he manifested his surprise, if, perchance, any thing unexpected was disclosed. So in the argument of cases at the bar, he was always prepared with ample authority from the books, to sustain all the points he made, and he was armed to the teeth with reason or ridicule, to meet his adversary against every supposable attack he could make. Young as he was, it was an intellectual treat to hear him in Court.

Although as ready as other men without special preparation, and always quick in repelling an attack and at repartee, yet he could not, and would not excuse himself for not being thoroughly prepared. In

his opinion it was due to his client and to the Court, that he should be able and ready to say all that he could say on the subject under consideration. The idea of slurring a matter over superficially, and thereby apparently entitling himself to a fee, was more repugnant to his feelings, and more foreign to his practice than that of any man in this or any State.

While out of Court, during the time intervening between the terms, he devoted some time to other subjects. He devoured every new book with great avidity, and followed, in his reading, every traveller over the globe. He was partial to the biographies of eminent men, and added much to his knowledge of human nature by a careful perusal of whatever was meritorious in that field of reading. Nor did he suffer his *pen* to remain idle. He entered the lists of controversy with some of the master-spirits of that day, and evinced great talents as an essayist. At that time there was a magazine or review of high character published at Cambridge, known as the *Monthly Anthology*, and which was edited by his early friend, Joseph S. Buckminster, of whom I spoke in a former letter. This Review was supported by distinguished gentlemen at Boston and Cambridge. Among its contributors were the Rev. Mr. Emerson, Rev. Dr. J. S. J. Gardner, Professor Willard, of Cambridge, Mr. William Wells, Mr. Frank Channing, Mr. William Tudor, Mr. Samuel Dexter, Dr. Kirkland, Mr. A. M. Walter, Mr. John Lowell, the traveller, and says the biographer of Mr. Buckminster, "Daniel Webster, from the rocky wilds of New-

*Ha*mpshire, enriched its pages with his winged thoughts." That writer also says, that when it is recollected that all the contributors to the *Anthology* were men engaged in laborious and exacting professions, that their contributions were the fruits of chance half hours, or of moments lighted by the midnight lamp, after days of fatiguing labor in their offices, there is certainly a wonderful degree of unity of purpose and harmony of sentiment, and a general respectability in its pages, highly creditable to the dawning literature of the day. Any one reading it now will be startled at the independent tone of its criticism. Mr. Webster's glowing fancy and profound thoughts shine in many an article which he transmitted to the editor under an anonymous signature, from that unpretending law office which he occupied in the lovely village of Boscawen. Mr. Webster, on a recent occasion, told me that being at the office of the editor of that paper, he met, and made the acquaintance of the celebrated Fisher Ames.

On the 4th of July, 1806, he was chosen by the people of Concord, the seat of government and its vicinity to deliver the Oration. His reputation as an Orator drew together on that occasion a large concourse of people, and his Oration produced a profound sensation. Although he had not entered the field as a politician, and did not intend to enter it, yet he met the wishes of his hearers by discussing the most interesting political topics of the day.

The subject of his speech was the question, whether it were possible to preserve the present form of our government—the solitary representative of

Republican institutions. It was a subject for the contemplation of mankind.

"When we speak of *preserving the Constitution*," said he, "we mean not the paper on which it is written, but the *spirit* which dwells in it. Government *may* lose all its real character, its genius, its temper, without losing its appearance. Republicanism," said he, "unless you guard it, will creep out of its case of parchment, like a snake out of its skin. You may have a Despotism, under the name of a Republic. You may look on a government, and see it possess all the external modes of Freedom, and yet find nothing of the essence, the vitality, of Freedom in it; just as you may contemplate an embalmed body, where art hath preserved proportion and form, amid nerves without motion, and veins void of blood."

Among the most numerous and the most dangerous enemies of our Government, he mentioned the passions and vices of the people. But considering that evil communications corrupt systems, as well as individuals, he enlarged on the dangers which threatened its well-being from its foreign relations. Intimately connected as was our country with foreign nations by commerce, which, from its nature, cannot exist without rivalship, he inferred the necessity and good policy of granting it a protection, sufficient to defend it from the interruptions and aggressions, which the spirit of rivalship and the injustice of other nations, may dispose them to offer. The want of protection to commerce, said he, will be more fatal to our agriculture, than either the drought or the mildew; for, in this instance, were it left to our choice,

we should certainly imitate the conduct of David by choosing "to fall into the hands of the Lord, (for his mercies are great,) and not to fall into the hands of men." One of the publications of that time, in speaking of the Oration, says: "We have seldom read any production of this kind, which has contained more correct sentiments, expressed with so much felicity of fancy and purity of style. It is free from the rancorous colorings of party spirit, which are wholly inconsistent with true eloquence. If there is any fault in the style, it is that the sentences, though not colloquial, are in general too sententious, and expressed with too much brevity for the flow of a public harangue." I add one more extract from which our readers may judge of the style.

"When we turn from Great Britain to France, we are led to contemplate a nation of very different situation, power, and character. We seem to be carried back to the Roman Age. The days of Cæsar are come again. Even a greater than Cæsar is here. The throne of the Bourbons is filled by a new character, of the most astonishing fortunes.

"A new dynasty hath taken place in Europe. A new era hath commenced. An Empire is founded, more populous, more energetic, more warlike, more powerful, than Ancient Rome, at any moment of her existence. The basis of this mighty fabric covers France, Holland, Spain, Prussia, Italy, and Germany; embracing, perhaps, an eighth part of the population of the globe.

"Though this Empire is commercial in some degree, and in some of its parts, its ruling passion is

not commerce, but war. Its genius is conquest; its ambition is fame. With all the immorality, the licentiousness, the prodigality, the corruption, of declining Rome, it has the enterprise, the courage, the ferocity of Rome in the days of the Consuls. While the French Revolution was acting, it was difficult to speak of France, without exciting the rancor of political party. The cause, in which our leaders professed to be engaged, was too dear to American hearts, to suffer their motives to be questioned, or their excesses censured, with just severity. But the Revolutionary Drama is now closed—the curtain hath fallen on those tremendous scenes, which for fourteen years held the eyes of the world—that meteor, which 'from its horrid hair shook pestilence and war,' hath now passed off into the distant regions of space, and left us to speculate coolly on the causes of its wonderful appearance."

The same manly, vigorous style which displayed itself then, in his speaking and writing, has been cultivated ever since. He has at length established for it a high reputation. Almost all speakers and writers strive to acquire it, though few indeed succeed. Men of letters of our time have affixed to it his great name. It is denominated the "Websterian style."

Not far from the time Mr. Webster began to practise law, his friend, that eminent professor who had taken great pleasure in instructing him in all the sound principles of philosophy, while in College, departed this life. I promised to tell you more about him than I did in the letter, in which I mentioned him, but I cannot do better than to state what was

said in an obituary notice published a week after his decease:

DIED.

"Last Saturday, at Hanover, the Hon. Bezaliel Woodward, Professor of Mathematics and Philosophy, in Dartmouth College. It might be thought needless to address the public on a character so generally known, and so unanimously approved. But as it is no more than a just tribute of respect to the deceased, rightly to appreciate their virtues in life; and as the living ought to profit by examples of departed worth, it is suitable to give a very general portrait of him whose death we lament, and the memory of whose life will ever be useful and pleasing.

"The birth and early life of Professor Woodward were at Lebanon, in the State of Connecticut. In the 20th year of his age he was graduated at Yale College, 1764. After a few years successfully employed in the ministry, he was elected a Tutor in this University. Here he soon displayed such talents and improvements, such readiness of thought, and ease of communication, that he was appointed to the office of Professor of Mathematics and Philosophy. The dignity with which he discharged the duties of his station is witnessed by all who have shared in his instructions. In the civil department, and as a member of society, he was no less eminent, than as an instructor in College. We might also add his usefulness in the Church of Christ at this place, of which he was long a worthy member, and high in the esteem and affections of his Christian brethren. His remains were interred on

Tuesday last. The Rev. Dr. Smith delivered upon the occasion a well-adapted discourse. Dr. Smith was himself one of the Professors. The Officers, Trustees, and members of the College, joined as mourners, with the afflicted family, and the solemnities were attended by a very numerous collection of his friends and acquaintances.

"The *Alumni* of Dartmouth will join with its present officers and members in deploring the loss of a faithful and able instructor. Those who visited him in his late illness, had a specimen of decaying greatness, alleviated by an approving conscience, and sustained by resignation and hope. The friends of science will lament the departure of one of its enlightened patrons. Society sympathizes with the bereaved family, retaining a lively sense of his public and domestic virtues; and a numerous acquaintance will mingle their grief in bemourning the loss of a sincere friend, a valuable citizen, and an exemplary Christian."

The links which bound Mr. Webster to those whose instruction had benefited him were stronger than golden links; and as you may well suppose, were never severed without a pang. Throughout his career, he has been remarkable for his attachment to the living and to the memory of the dead who had any hand in framing his mind. He lamented the death of Dr. Woodward as a child laments the death of an indulgent father. It has so happened that I have heard Mr. Webster often speak of this great teacher and philosopher, and of the pleasure he took in drinking at a fountain of so much learning. He always gave

him credit for teaching him how to think, and to express his thoughts with brevity, instead of the redundant style to which he was at first too much inclined. That great scholar, said he, taught me how much I could strike out of whatever I wrote or spoke, and still have enough to communicate all I desired to say."

Yours with regards.

HEALTH BAD—REMOVES TO PORTSMOUTH—OFTEN MEETS MR. MASON—MARRIED—TAKES PART IN POLITICS—GREAT MEETING IN ROCKINGHAM—UPHOLDS THE UNION—HIS POPULARITY IN PORTSMOUH.

ELMS FARM, N. H., Sept. —, 1849.

MR. WEBSTER continued to practise law with business enough to gratify his wishes, and at the same time pursue a systematic course of studies at his office in Boscawen for two years. At this period I learn from one of his relations, his friends became alarmed, believing his constitution was rapidly sinking under the severity of his application to books. His retreat was too quiet; indeed it was destitute of any of those excitements so necessary to break the monotony of a student's life, and relax his mind. In the society there at that day their was little gayety, little cheerfulness.

His solitary rambles with his gun or fishing-rod did not unbend his mind, but whether in the forest or on the banks of the stream, his thoughts were in the depth of his client's case or wrapped in profound meditation. Mr. Webster was not born to live in solitude. In September, 1807, his friends persuaded

him to establish himself at Portsmouth, the commercial city of the State, rapidly growing in importance.

He had built up a lucrative local business, which he turned over to his brother Ezekiel, who had now been admitted to the bar. In his new home he found an intelligent circle of friends, in whose midst he was induced to pass leisure hours which at Boscawen would have been devoted to intense study. He also pursued a systematic course of out door exercises. In this manner his time passed off happily, he regained his health, became robust and capable of enduring any hardship, sustaining any fatigue, or confining himself closely to books for any reasonable time.

There, too, he met his great antagonist at the bar, the lion in his very den. It was the residence of Mr. Jeremiah Mason. Before he went to Portsmouth, Mr. Mason had extended to him a friendly hand; but now, he became his warmest friend, his most frequent associate, and that friendship continued unbroken till recently, when death laid Mr. Mason low in the dust. Of course you have read what Mr. Webster said on that occasion. Mr. Webster was engaged either on the same side with Mr. Mason or opposed to him in almost every important cause in the State. They travelled the circuits together, and while attending court occupied apartments in the same house, and always sat at the same table. This friendly intercourse was marvellous to those who saw them daily contending so ardently in court for opposite opinions. None but great men could have presented so pleasing a spectacle. There are in the trial of exciting causes in which whole communities are

often pitted against each other, many occasions when the clashing steel hits an adversary though cased in iron, making a wound which nothing but magnanimity can heal.

Mr. Webster was now on the road to prosperity; his clients and friends were numerous, his means, for one in his situation in life, were amply sufficient to meet all his expenses and to discharge every obligation which he or his brother had incurred. He had some time been engaged to be married, and he did marry.

In an old paper, the "*Portsmouth Oracle*," printed June 11, 1808, I read yesterday the announcement, "Married *in Salisbury*, Daniel Webster, Esq., *of this town*, to Miss Grace Fletcher." I have seen the house in which Mrs. Fletcher then resided. Driving one day with Mr. Webster he pointed it out.

The father of this young lady was the Rev. Elijah Fletcher, of Hopkinton. He was the son of the Mr. Timothy Fletcher, of Westford, Massachusetts, whose wife was Bridget, the third daughter of Captain Zachariah Richardson, of Chelmsford. Mr. Fletcher graduated at Harvard in 1769. He was ordained January 27, 1772, and died April 8, 1786, aged 39. Few men were ever more respected or beloved. Of the five ministers who had been settled in Hopkinton, previous to 1820, he is the only one who died in the ministry. One who knew him well, says of him, "he was the patron of many students, and among them, the late President Webber, of Harvard College, whom he found a poor boy in his parish, possessed of native genius, and disposed for improve-

ment. Mr. Fletcher prepared him for College, and assisted him in procuring an education. The President ever acknowledged his obligations to his early instructor and friend. Mr. Fletcher left four children, three daughters and one son. One married a Mr. White, of Pittsfield; one married the Hon. Israel W. Kelly, of Salisbury, and the other married Mr. Webster. Timothy Fletcher, the only son, was, and perhaps is, a merchant in Portland. Mr. Fletcher's widow married the Rev. Christopher Page, and died at Salisbury, July 9, 1821, aged 67.

During the years 1808–09–10–11, Mr. Webster continued his exertions at the bar, in this State, occasionally going into Massachusetts, during which time he tried more causes in Court, and his well-earned fame was rising higher and spreading wider than that of any other man of his age in this country. Massachusetts seemed to take as deep an interest in him as his native State.

When Mr. Webster went to Portsmouth to reside with his wife, they took lodgings at the house of a widow lady, where they resided some time, and were regarded as the proprietors of the establishment, he paying all the expenses. At last he bought the house, furniture and all pertaining to it, and had just paid for it, when it took fire and was burnt to ashes.

One, who knew him well, a classmate of his brother Ezekiel, from whom I have before quoted, thus speaks of Mr. Webster when he first began to take a part in the great political drama which has been on the stage for forty years.

"It was natural," said he, "that one so well fitted for public life should feel some desire to try his fortune in politics, at least so far as to measure his strength with those of other men, who had gained reputation in the halls of legislation. He began well; the times were stormy; war hung over us; party spirit was full of bitterness in every part of the country; sound and fury took the place of fair discussion, and rancorous feuds were in every town and village, but Mr. Webster entered into none of them. He was decided, firm, and straightforward. No politician was ever more direct or bold; he had nothing of the demagogue about him.

"Fully persuaded of the true course, he followed it with so much firmness and principle, that sometimes his serenity was taken by the furious and headstrong as apathy; but when a fair and legitimate opportunity offered, he came out with such strength and manliness, that the doubting were satisfied, and the complaining silenced. In the worst of times, and in the darkest hour, he had faith in the redeeming qualities of the people. They might be wrong, but he saw into their true character sufficiently to believe that they would never remain permanently in error. In some of his conversations up on the subject, he compared the people in their management of national affairs to that of the sagacious and indefatigable raftsmen on his own Merrimack, who had falls and shoals to contend with in their course to the ocean—guiding fearlessly and skilfully over the former, between rocks and through breakers, and when reaching the sand-banks, jumping off into

the water, with lever, axe, and oar, and then with pushing, cutting, and directing, made all rub and go, to the astonishment of those looking on.

"The first halo of political glory that hung around his brow, was at a Convention of the great spirits in the county of Rockingham, where he then resided, and such representatives from other counties as were sent to this Convention, to take into consideration the state of the nation, and to mark out such a course for themselves as should be deemed advisable by the collected wisdom of those assembled. On this occasion, an Address, with a string of Resolutions were proposed for adoption, of which he was said to be the author. They exhibited uncommon powers of intellect, and a profound knowledge of our national interests. He made a most powerful speech in support of these Resolutions, portions of which were reprinted at that time, and which were much admired in every part of the Union."

A gentleman residing in Portsmouth was present, and on the day following wrote this account of it: "Yesterday there was a meeting in this County, at Brentwood, a town about twenty miles from Portsmouth. It was called by notification in the public papers. It was the most numerous ever known in this State, more than two thousand persons attended, and more than *five hundred carriages* conveyed them there, besides horses, &c.

"The company began to assemble in the meeting-house, but soon found that would not contain them, and erected a stage in the open air. They chose Samuel Tenney, Esq., of Exeter (formerly member

of Congress), their Chairman, and Walter A. Kent, their Secretary, and were addressed by N. A. Haven, George Sullivan, Daniel Webster, Esqs., and a number of others, in speeches that are highly spoken of by good judges.

"A Committee of seventeen was appointed to draft resolutions, &c.; the meeting adjourned for two hours; they re-assembled at the time; the Committee reported a very spirited address, and a set of resolutions equal to any that have been published; and they were adopted unanimously." Mr. Webster occupied about an hour and a half, and he astonished all who heard him in this new field with the extent of his knowledge of political affairs. How gratifying it would be if the whole of his speech had been reported. In those days as in the present, there were persons who talked of dissolving the Union.

I quote a passage from his address adopted by the meeting to show that Mr. Webster was ready then as now to protest against dissolution, to forewarn his countrymen, and to resist by manly argument all such treasonable attempts to undo what our forefathers had done.

"We shrink," said the address, "from the separation of the States, as an event fraught with incalculable evils, and it is among our strongest objections to the present course of measures, that they have, in our opinion, a very *dangerous* and *alarming* bearing on such an event. If a separation of the States *ever should* take place, it will be on some occasion when one portion of the country undertakes to control, to regulate, and to *sacrifice* the interest of an-

other; when a small and heated *majority* in the Government, taking counsel of their passions, and not of their reason, contemptuously disregarding the interests, and, perhaps, stopping the mouths of a *large* and *respectable* minority, shall by hasty, rash, and ruinous measures, threaten to destroy essential rights, and lay waste the most important interests."

Liberty and Union were with him then, as they are now and for ever, one and inseparable.

After this event, Mr. Webster was acknowledged to be the master spirit of the city in which he lived. The waves of political excitement, like the waves of the ocean, ran high, as the storm of that day raged, and the voices of mere politicians were drowned in the tumult. Men anxious to know the right and do it, withheld their opinions till Mr. Webster had delivered his, and declared what course he should pursue, and then, as if all doubts were removed, they went forward with zeal. Flippant speeches, appeals to the feelings when the question was *war or no war*, would not suffice. To quote again his own words, "The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments, and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself feels rebuked, and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then, patriotism is eloquent; then, self-devotion is eloquent.

A gentleman travelling through Portsmouth, gives

an account of one of the gatherings of the people, and of the enthusiasm displayed which I think will interest you.

He says his carriage was brought to the door, and he was about to get into it, when the hostler said, "Sir, are you going to leave the town? Mr. Webster is to speak to-night!" The gentleman finding all classes so much delighted to hear that Mr. Webster was going to speak, ordered his horses to the stable, and put off his journey until the morrow. At early candlelight he went to the Hall where the meeting was held. It was filled to overflowing, but some persons seeing that he was a stranger gave way, and he found a convenient place to stand; no one could sit. A tremendous noise soon announced that the orator himself had arrived; but as soon as the meeting was organized, another arose to make some remarks upon the object of the Caucus. He was heard with a polite apathy. Another and another came, and all spoke well; but this would not do, and if Chatham had been among them, or St. Paul, they would not have met the expectations of the multitude. The admired orator at length arose, and was for a while musing upon something, which was drowned by a constant cheering; but when order was restored, he went on with great serenity and ease to make his remarks, without apparently making the slightest attempt to gain applause.

The audience was still, except now and then a murmur of delight, which showed that the great mass of the hearers were ready to burst into a thunder of applause, if those who generally set the ex-

ample would have given an intimation that it might have been done; but they, devouring every word, made signs to prevent any interruption. The harangue was ended; the roar of applause lasted long, and was sincere and heart-felt. It was a strong, gentlemanly and appropriate speech, but there was not a particle of the demagogue about it—nothing like the speeches on the hustings, to catch attention. He drew a picture of the candidates on both sides of the question, and proved, as far as reason and argument could prove, the superiority of those of his own choice; and this gentleman, who was a very good judge, has often said that the most extraordinary part of it was, that a promiscuous audience should have had good sense enough to relish such sound, good reasoning, in a place where vague declamation generally is best received. As the traveller went on to the East, he found the fame of the speech had preceded him, and was talked of in every bar-room and at every public table.

At this time he was quite young to occupy such a position; and it must be remembered too, that it was in the town where there lived Jeremiah Mason, a man theretofore regarded throughout New England as the Alpha and Omega of every thing great, original, or worthy of public consideration. The truth is, it was in him. So great a mind could not be outshone or overshadowed by anybody less meritorious, however well established in the general estimation.

Yours truly.

MR. WEBSTER ELECTED TO CONGRESS—RESULTS OF THE ELECTION—FIRST SPEECH AND RESOLUTIONS.

ELMS FARM, N. H., Sept. —, 1849.

* * * In the year 1812, after a spirited and closely contested canvass, Mr. Webster was elected to Congress. The election here was then, as has been until recently, by general ticket. The following was the result of the election:

THE WEBSTER TICKET.

Daniel Webster . . .	18,597	Samuel Smith . . .	18,569
Bradbury Cilley . . .	18,595	Roger Vose	18,611
William Hale	18,583	Jeduthun Wilcox . .	18,478

OPPOSITION TICKET.

John F. Parrott . . .	16,051	Jesse Johnson . . .	15,927
John H. Harper . . .	15,985	Josiah Butler	15,764
David L. Morrill . .	16,060	Number of Scattering .	784
Samuel Dinsmoor . .	15,996		

It was a proud day to the personal friends of Mr. Webster, old and young, when they finally ascertained at Portsmouth that the ticket, at the head of which stood his name, was successful, and their rejoicings were very great.

The usual time for the meeting of Congress was in December, but that was during the war, and the President called an extra session at an earlier day. I have heard Mr. Webster relate the story of his first journey to the seat of government. The "mail coach" was then the most expeditious mode of travelling, and, in company with agreeable companions, he set out early in May. He went to Boston, thence to Hartford, thence to New Haven, thence a very long

journey to New-York, thence to Princeton, the residence of Governor Stockton, and so on, at the rate of only a few miles a day, till he finally reached Washington. Mileage then meant something.

I have heard a great many persons say, I wonder what Mr. Webster first *did* and first *said* on entering Congress. If you have not taken the trouble to look at the records of that day, it may interest you to know. I will briefly relate.

On the 24th of May, 1813, he took his seat in the House of Representatives. There his name stands at the head of the list of members, as it was published by the *National Intelligencer* on the next day. He had never been a member of any Legislative body, yet it is well known he made himself perfectly familiar in the outset with all the rules and orders, and understood the law of Parliament as well as it could be understood from books and observation. Hatsell and all the writers on this subject were thoroughly studied.

The first act of the House in which he was concerned, was, of course, to organize itself for business. Henry Clay was chosen Speaker, being a much older man and having been some time in Congress.

The first Committee on which Mr. Webster served was the Committee *on Foreign Affairs;* which then, owing to the difficulties in which the country was involved with other countries, was the most important of the House. His associates were Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Grundy, Mr. Jackson, of Virginia, Mr. Ingersoll and Mr. Fish, of New-York, all great men.

He remained quiet in his seat, attending daily,

until June 11, when he moved the House on the boldest measure that could be brought before the members for their consideration. It was the subject of certain French Decrees, known as the Berlin and Milan decrees. I will set it forth as I find it reported the following day.

MR. WEBSTER'S MAIDEN SPEECH IN CONGRESS.

Mr. Webster rose, as he said, to call the attention of the House to a subject of considerable importance —a task which he had hoped would have fallen into the hands of some other gentleman better qualified than himself to undertake it. He then read the following resolutions, which embodied his sentiments:

"*Resolved*, That the President of the United States be requested to inform this House, unless the public interest should, in his opinion, forbid such communication, 'when, by whom, and in what manner the first intelligence was given to this Government of the decree of the Government of France, bearing date the 28th of April, 1811, and purporting to be a definitive repeal of the decrees of Berlin and Milan.

"*Resolved*, That the President of the United States be requested to inform this House, whether Mr. Russell, late *Chargé d'Affaires* of the United States at the Court of France, hath ever admitted or denied to his Government the correctness of the declaration of the Duke of Bassano to Mr. Barlow, the late Minister of the United States at that Court, as stated in Mr. Barlow's letter of the 12th of May, 1812, to the Secretary of State, that the said decree of April 28th, 1811, had been communicated to his

(Mr. Barlow's) predecessor there; and to lay before this House any correspondence with Mr. Russell relative to that subject, which it may not be improper to communicate; and also any correspondence between Mr. Barlow and Mr. Russell on that subject, which may be in the possession of the Department of State.

"*Resolved*, That the President of the United States be requested to inform this House, whether the Minister of France near the United States ever informed this Government of the existence of the said decree of the 28th of April, 1811, and to lay before the House any correspondence that may have taken place with the said Minister relative thereto, which the President may not think improper to be communicated.

"*Resolved*, That the President of the United States be requested to communicate to this House any other information which may be in his possession, and which he may not deem injurious to the public interest to disclose, relative to the said decree of the 28th of April, 1811, and tending to show at what time, by whom, and in what manner the said decree was first made known to this Government or to any of its representatives or agents."

"*Resolved*, That the President be requested, in case the fact be, that the first information of the existence of said decree of the 28th of April, 1811, ever received by this Government or any of its ministers or agents, was that communicated in May, 1812, by the Duke of Bassano, to Mr. Barlow, and by him to his Government, as mentioned in his letter to the Secretary of State, of May 12, 1812, and the accom-

panying papers, to inform this House whether the Government of the United States hath ever received from that of France any explanation of the reasons of that decree being concealed from this Government and its Ministers for so long a time after its date; and, if such explanation has been asked by this Government, and has been omitted to be given by that of France, whether this Government has made any remonstrance, or expressed any dissatisfaction, to the Government of France, at such concealment."

These resolutions in our time would appear to be harmless, and would lack the causes of excitement, but at that day they were considered by some political leaders nothing less than so many firebrands sent forth to destroy the peace and harmony of this country, and calculated to injure the nation in the eyes of the world.

After reading them, Mr. Webster said:

"In offering these resolutions, it was not his intention, he said, to enter into any discussion or argument, or to advance any proposition whatever, on which gentlemen could adopt different views or take different sides. He would merely remark, by way of explanation, what would be remembered by all, that the subjects to which these resolutions referred, were intimately connected with the cause of the present war. The revocation of the orders in council of Great Britain was the main point on which the war turned, and it had been demanded for the reason that the French decrees had ceased to exist.

This then was the point at issue. Mr. Webster remarked, on what he termed the contradictory evi-

dence on this head, the letter of Mr. Champagny, on one hand, asserting the revocation, the speech of the Emperor to the free cities, on the other, denying it —the decisions of the French admiralty courts, on the one hand, and opposite decisions of the same courts on the other. The whole matter, in short, was involved in doubt.

But, on the declaration of war, and not until then, a decree appeared repealing the French decrees; a decree which, if issued, had lain dormant, were *brutum fulmen*, until after the war commenced, and then only made its appearance. In March last, it would also be recollected, the President had communicated to Congress, immediately before its adjournment, certain correspondence between our Government and its Minister to France, the prominent feature of which correspondence was, that, in an interview between our Minister and the French Secretary for Foreign Affairs, which took place about the first of May, 1812, it was stated by the letter that the decree in question had been put into the hands of our Minister in France, and transmitted to the French Minister in the United States, at the time at which it bore date. To shed light on this transaction, Mr. Webster said it was that he moved these resolves, in the discharge of what he deemed a duty to his constituents and his country. The declaration of the French Minister had a great bearing on the reputation of the country—on the reputation of those persons who, in their official characters, represented the dignity of the nation.

It is a matter of great regret that this speech

was not fully reported. It produced a profound sensation in the House. "No member before," says a person then in the House, "ever riveted the attention of the House so closely, in his first speech. Members left their seats when they could not see the speaker face to face, and sat down or stood on the floor, fronting him. All listened attentively and silently during the whole speech; and when it was over, many went up and warmly congratulated the orator; among whom were some, not the most niggard of their compliments, and who most dissented from the views he had expressed."

Chief Justice Marshall, writing to a friend some time after this speech, says:

"At the time when this speech was delivered, I did not know Mr. Webster, but I was so much struck with it, that I did not hesitate then to state that Mr. Webster was a very able man, and would become one of the very first statesmen in America, and perhaps the very first."

Mr. Grosvenor having required the Yeas and Nays on the question of proceeding at once to consider the resolutions, they were found to be as follows: For consideration, 132; against it, 28. This showed the effect of the speech on the House.

The resolutions having been again read, Mr. Bibb said he was persuaded that on every proper occasion, the most perfect disposition would be manifested by the House, to ask for any information solicited by one of its members. It was unquestionably their right, and under certain circumstances, their duty to ask for information of the Executive in relation to

public affairs; but under other circumstances it might be improper. We are, therefore, said Mr. B., in exercising its right, to judge of the effect any call is likely to produce on the public service. If it will not be prejudicial, the call ought to be indulged; but if it might do injury, it would unquestionably be proper to refuse the call. For myself, said Mr. B., I am unable to determine at present, from the great extent of the resolutions, whether it would be proper to make the call or not. No injury certainly could result from a day's delay. Mr. B. moved therefore, that the resolutions lie on the table, and be ordered to be printed.

Mr. Webster, with a courtesy which governed all his congressional career, said he had not the least objection to this course. He was willing to give the gentleman every opportunity to examine the resolutions, under the perfect conviction that he would find that nothing was demanded which would in any way be prejudicial to the public service.

The resolves were ordered to lie on the table accordingly.

After a few days had elapsed, these resolutions were taken up by the House. They became the subject of a most exciting debate, which was continued for a great many weeks of the session. They were finally disposed of as Mr. Webster desired, and the information sought after was obtained.

The subject arrested the attention of every intelligent man in the United States. Thenceforth Mr. Webster was on the swell of every wave of pub-

lic opinion, and his name is connected with every important act found in the history of this country.

Thus, you see, sir, that I have given some account of Mr. Webster from his birth to the time he entered Congress, including his maiden speech. I know much more than I have written that is creditable to him, but I will not trouble you to read it. What I have written may not be worth the pains I have taken. Little very little has been known about his early life. Everybody who knows anything of Mr. Webster, knows that he is himself not the hero of many of the stories or anecdotes in telling which he completely charms his hearers. There are only a few persons who ever hear him speak at any length of his boyhood, or of the toils he endured and the difficulties he surmounted to reach his position among men. I have met a few persons who knew something of him, here and there an anecdote, yet, during an acquaintance of fifteen years with him and many of his best friends, I have never met any one who knew much of his early life, or the incidents of his school-boy days, or of the beginning of his brilliant professional career. His public life the world knows by heart.

Yours, with regard.

MR. WEBSTER AT HOME—WELCOME.

MARSHFIELD, Oct. 3, 1842.

* * * Towards evening I arrived at this town, distant from Boston about thirty miles, in a south-east direction, and directly on the ocean. It is in

the old Plymouth Colony, chiefly occupied by the descendants of the Pilgrims, and is undoubtedly one of the most interesting places in the United States. Not being on any great thoroughfare, it is out of the way, and few have ever visited it. Here I found the residence—the country-seat—of Daniel Webster. I knew that he had a place in this region of the State, to which he fled occasionally from the toils of his public duties, and I supposed he had been indifferent as to the place chosen for his retirement. Repose, I conjectured, was his first object, and that, I presumed, he was enjoying in some little farm cottage, by the side of a bubbling brook, in some glen shaded by a mountain's brow, where he could think in solitude over the vast matters committed to his charge. But judge of my surprise, when I came round the brow of a hill and discovered instead of a little cottage by a brook, in a glen, an old and stately mansion, of ample dimensions, surrounded by aged elms, barns and sheds, the most prominent object in view, situated upon the shore of the ocean, where the walls of his garden are lashed by the waves, and where he may embark for any part of the world. In each direction from this point lay vast and fertile fields, in which I saw his "lowing herds and bleating flocks," on the right, and on the left I saw his harvest grounds, from which his abundant crops had been gathered, or were ripe for the sickle. I followed the main avenue which leads through his plantation towards Duxbury, till I had reached the meandering way that led to the door.

As I approached, I saw, through the surrounding

trees, the Secretary himself clad in his farming attire, with his hands clasped behind him (it being after the labors of the day were over), pacing his piazza to and fro with a quick step and cheerful countenance, apparently as regardless of conflicting opinions and the complaints made concerning his independent speech recently made at Faneuil Hall, as he was of the murmuring of the waves, which, while gently laving the beach, made music for his ears.

I need not tell you of the cordial manner in which I was welcomed, or how impossible it was to tear myself away after I had once crossed the threshold —or of the cheerfulness of the family circle which, during the evening, surrounded the crackling fire. To-morrow I am bidden to prepare for an expedition among the codfish and haddock with the renowned Seth Peterson; and, on the following day, Mr. Webster says "a stag must die."

Yours truly.

EARLY RISING—FRUITS AND OTHER PRODUCTS—COD FISHING—FISH HOUSE—SETH PETERSON—HOW TO MAKE CHOWDER.

MARSHFIELD, Monday, Oct. 4, 1842.

At an early hour this morning, Seth Peterson, who always knows which way the wind blows, and at what time precisely it will haul round to the east or to the south, gave notice at the mansion that this was to be a fine day for sport; that "the codfish and haddock were aching to be caught;" and for the benefit

of my particular and most excellent young friend, Mr. Edward Webster, whose guest I have the honor to be, he announced that the "coots"—a kind of duck—"would fly thick and low, and stop in the air to be shot." But neither Seth Peterson, nor any other man who comes after the break of day, can find Mr. Webster asleep. I remember to have heard him, some time ago, make this remark to a young friend, while impressing upon him the importance of early rising; "What little I have accomplished in my life has been done in the morning." Then he thinks, then he reads, and then he writes. His habit in this respect, is fixed; and when others begin theirs, his day's work is over.

Before the early breakfast of which all partook, with cheerful anticipations as to the sports of the day, he had planned and commenced all the business to be done. His apples, of which he has the finest quality and greatest variety, are carefully picked, each one from the tree by the hand, and stored in casks—some designed for England, some for Boston, some for New-York, some for Philadelphia, and some for almost all the cities along the shore of the Atlantic. Who does not want an apple produced here? His potatoes, too, which "can't be beat," and of which he had an enormous quantity, are dug and stored away, with a regard for their preservation and improvement, which demonstrates that nothing pertaining to their cultivation has escaped his reading, or has not been the subject of his thoughts and experiments. His onions, with which his gardens abound,

are also harvested, and one hundred and fifty bushels have been shipped to-day for Savannah.

These arrangements, and others of a similar character, touching his extensive farming operations being made, so that nothing in any department would suffer during his absence, we set forth just as the sun was apparently rising from the ocean, for the fish-house, which is on the south-east corner of his farm, distant nearly two miles. We drove a small white Canadian horse, with a switch tail, and a small, but comfortable wagon, built after the fashion peculiar to this section of the State, wide and stout, so that it will neither upset nor break down. Behind the seat we carried a little provender for the horse, and in a basket, a small ration of beef and bread for ourselves.

Arrived at the fish-house, we found Seth Peterson preparing for the sport. This establishment is a small, neat and safe building, erected at the end of a long lane, near the brink of a river which empties itself into the ocean, and forms a secure harbor for a variety of small craft; some owned by gentlemen who resort there for sport, and others by such good men as Seth Peterson, Seth Atwil, Capt. Weston, Tom Kent, and others, who engage in fishing and sporting occasionally, for the emoluments which they afford. In this building, Mr. Webster keeps his boats, and all the rigging which they require, together with at least half a dozen guns, some double barrelled, some single, some with large bore and some with small, intended for the various kinds of game found here at different seasons. While he is absent discharging his public duties, Seth Peterson keeps the key. Nothing

better than this could be contrived for security or comfort, and yet everything is as plain as you can find in the possession of the most unpretending citizen any where on the coast.

While Commodore Peterson was "rigging the float," and shipping the fishing tackle, we stood on the shore, viewing the stirring scene.

Other parties were at the same time preparing for an expedition similar to our own. I wish you could have been here to take a glance at the group as I saw it.

You would have seen foremost the great defender of the Constitution, in a field far different from that in which you are accustomed to view him. There was no "sea of upturned faces before him," to be agitated and made boisterous with enthusiasm as "his voice thundered and his countenance flashed forth the lightning of his genius;" but a real sea was before him, as calm and placid as you can conceive it to be, and from its surface the beams of the morning sun were reflected with uncommon splendor.

He was not dressed as a dignified statesman, waiting in his Department to receive the propositions of the British Plenipotentiary, for establishing and continuing the peace of the world, but in the simple garb of a fisherman, with his thick cow-hide boots reaching to his knees, and which, by the free application of melted tallow, were made water-proof. Over his frock-coat, which was buttoned up to his throat, he wore a sort of gray cloth or linsey-woolsey overcoat, which afforded ample protection against the chill of an October morning. On his head he wore

an otter cap of ancient date with an oval-shaped crown, having a wide frontispiece which shaded his brow and face.

If by "hook or by crook" I could have turned up the frontal of his cap, he would have appeared, with that coat and those boots, as he stood at one moment with his hand inserted in the breast of his overcoat—for all the world like Napoleon, as you have seen that great conqueror a thousand times represented in one of his standing attitudes. Nor was his brow overcast and dark with revolving thoughts, as if he were inditing to some foreign power a dispatch more potent than the sending forth of an army or a navy, and in some emergency which was "instant, overwhelming, and admitting of no delay;" but he was entirely unbent, and his face beamed with smiles, as he enjoyed the jokes of those around him. I have heard him in the Senate, which, when the Chamber was crowded "from pit to dome," has listened to him for hours with infinite instruction and delight, when he "lavished about him the opulence of intellectual wealth," and "showered down words of might and fire." I have seen him at the bar of the Supreme Court, when "he goes on hammering out link by link his chain of argument with ponderous blows." I have seen him before a vast multitude, when "all eyes were turned upon him, and breathless attention was the signal for his first accent;" when the enemies of his country awakened him, as if by the cry, "the Philistines are upon thee;" when the strength of his seven locks is felt," when he rises in his might and takes "the doors of the gates of the city, and the

two posts, bar and all, and removes them where he pleases;" but I have never seen him where his presence gave me higher gratification, or where those fine qualities which so distinctly adorn his nature, shone out with more brilliancy than when he was talking with those simple fishermen. * * *

All things being ready, we embarked, and were soon out of the harbor, upon the ocean, when the Commodore spread all sail, and away we sped before a gentle breeze, which had now sprung up, as if at Seth Peterson's bidding.

I ought now to say a word about him. You must know he is about forty-seven years of age, standing about five feet five inches in his boots; a stout, robust and hardy fisherman, not at all unused, however, to do any thing and almost every thing that is done on the land. His complexion is rather florid, his hair sandy, and his countenance indicates great frankness, integrity, fortitude, and a very large share of that rare article, good common sense.

He has a wife and eight or nine children; lives in a cottage not far off, and owns five or six acres of land, where he pastures his cows, feeds his pigs, and cultivates his potatoes and other garden vegetables. He almost always goes from his cottage to the boat-house across the lots, rarely taking the time required to go round by the common road; and so, when talking upon any subject, he goes directly to the point in view, without "hemming and hawing," or making use of surplus words, and every moment excites attention by the aptitude of his remarks. He was immortalized by Mr. Webster, in his speech, a few years ago,

at Saratoga; and, since then, the public have been anxious to see him, and know more about him; but he clings to his old and honest occupation, and his quiet home, unmindful of what the world at large says or thinks of his opinions.

The gallant little bark in which we were seated, under the guidance of Commodore Peterson, danced over the ripples of the sea, like a thing of life. The sensations produced were agreeable beyond my power to describe. The topics of conversation on the way were numerous and different; sometimes we talked upon important national questions, and, then descending, of the habits of the codfish and haddock, and many little incidents of similar excursions. The attention which I paid to the conversation almost annihilated time; so much so, that I thought I had but just embarked, when I was told we were eight miles at sea! The canvass was dropped, the hooks were baited, the lines thrown over, and we earnestly entered into the sport.

For about four hours we lay on the bosom of the ocean, now elevated above, and now depressed below, the plane of the surface, watching our lines, and, ever and anon, hauling in a cod or a haddock. Each victim caught was the signal or the occasion of some quaint remark, some scintillation of wit, or the utterance of some magnificent thought. Would tó Heaven you and Charles Stetson had been there.

You doubtless remember the accounts of my delightful fishing excursions, in the brooks and rivers of the southern tier of counties of New-York, while making my pedestrian tour through that region, last-

winter. Old Izaak Walton never enjoyed himself, in all his life, more than I did, on some of those occasions; but allow me to say that this fishing for cod and haddock on the ocean, under circumstances like these, is as much more exciting as the incidents of a spirit-stirring stag-hunt exceed the juvenile sport of entrapping mice.

When we became a little weary, under the excitement and toil, the Commodore hoisted sail, caught the breeze, and steered for Brandt Rock, in sight of Mr. Webster's house, on a point of land jutting into the sea, quite above high tide, and very famous for good shooting.

It is not an uncommon occurrence, when the ducks and other wild fowl are flying along the coast, to see twenty sportsmen on this rock, or in its vicinity, and the report of their guns reminds one of the *feu de joie* of a company of militia, on some joyful occasion. After a pleasant sail, "beating in," the wind blowing from the shore, we reached the rock, and joined in the sport. The prevailing birds to-day were "coots," some with red heads and white breasts, others dark all over. We shot them on the wing, and brought home as many as we desired.

At 3 o'clock we entered the little harbor, from which we had departed in the morning, our bark laden with fish and fowl, furnishing ample proof of skill, with both the line and the musket; ourselves delighted and invigorated by the exercise, and our appetites, notwithstanding the bread and beef, keenly set for dinner.

There is no dyspepsia incidental to such an ex-

cursion. I will venture the assertion that more can be done to repair the inroads upon one's health, made by too much application to books, business, or mental labor, in one day spent as this morning was, than by the idle monotony of a dozen days spent at Saratoga, or any other mere watering-place.

Landing at the fish-house, we found the Canadian pony and the jolting wagon ready to take us safely home, with ample materials for a first-rate chowder; and home we came, leaving Seth Peterson to haul ashore his float, and make all fast. He is a pattern of fidelity.

Here let me tell you how Mr. Webster says you must make a chowder:

1. Fry a large bit of well-salted pork in the kettle over the fire. Fry it thoroughly.

2. Pour in a sufficient quantity of water, and then put in the head and shoulders of a codfish, and a fine, well-dressed haddock, both recently caught.

3. Put in three or four good Irish potatoes, for which none better can be found than at Marshfield, and then boil them well together. An old fisherman generally puts in two or three onions.

4. When they are about done, throw in a few of the largest Boston crackers, and then apply the pepper and salt to suit the fancy.

Such a dish, smoking hot, placed before you, after a long morning spent in the most exhilarating sport, will make you no longer envy the gods.

Delicacy forbids that I should say a word, even to you, as to what passes at dinner, or around the cheerful fireside in an evening at this retreat; but if

you could see what I see, you would wonder that even patriotism, which burns in his bosom, or the highest sense of public duty, could draw him away from such a home, and from allurements which Cincinnatus himself would have envied.

The sun "made a golden set," indicating that to-morrow will be a fair day, and we go to our pillows with high anticipations of the sports in store. More anon.

Yours truly.

ANOTHER DAY AT MARSHFIELD—THE FARM—THE WINSLOWS—FORESTS—CATTLE—SHEEP—CROPS.

MARSHFIELD, October —, 1842.

When I wrote you last night, I expected to set out this morning for the Plymouth woods, as one of a hunting party, firmly resolved that "this day a stag must die." The time being fixed, word had been sent to Messrs. ——, who were to join us with their hounds near the field of sport, but a foreign mail having arrived, bringing important despatches, Mr. Webster is detained, and without him the rest of the party would not go.

The sport was, therefore, put off till to-morrow. A message to this effect was sent to those who were to join us; and I have spent a delightful and quiet day with my friend, Mr. Edward Webster, quite different from what I anticipated when I fell asleep last night. Not a gun has been fired, not a bird winged.

After breakfast, the weather being indescribably

fine, we set forth together for a stroll over the farm. The residence of my young friend for two or three years in England and on the Continent, in places where agriculture and horticulture have attained their greatest perfection, has enlarged his views, enriched his mind, and most eminently qualified him for the highest enjoyments as well as most valuable improvements, while, seeking relaxation from his studies, he spends a month or two on the plantation. * * *

The farm owned by the sage of Marshfield, embraces about thirteen hundred acres, and is bounded, as I told you in my letter night before last, on the ocean, where the waves at high tide dash against his walls, and throw their spray into his very garden. It is composed of a part of the old estate of Governor Winslow. and a part of the estate of Mr. Thomas, who was a wealthy refugee of the olden time. The Winslow Mansion, which was built one hundred and forty-seven years ago, is still standing on the premises, in a pretty good state of preservation, bearing, however, the visible marks of time. Edward Winslow was the most distinguished member of a family of eight children—five brothers and three sisters.

All the brothers came to New England. His name stands among the signers of that famous compact, into which the Pilgrims on board the *May Flower* entered, before they landed on the 11th of November, 1620, old style, and in which they declared they had "undertaken for the glory of God, and the advancement of the Christian faith, and honor of their King and country, a voyage to plant the first colony, and for the better ordering and pre-

servation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid, did covenant and combine themselves together into a civil body politic, and by virtue thereof to enact just and equal laws, ordinances," &c.

From the brief accounts I have seen of him, it appears that he was among the foremost in performing the daring exploits, which characterized the Pilgrims in their intercourse with the Indians of that day. He was one of the most energetic and trusted men in the colony. He went to England in 1623, 1624, 1635, and 1646, as agent of the Plymouth or Massachusetts Colonies; and in 1633 was chosen Governor, to which office he was re-elected in 1636 and 1644. He did not return to New England after 1646. In 1655 he was sent by Cromwell as one of the three commissioners to superintend the expedition against the Spanish possessions in the West Indies, and died at sea near Hispaniola, on the 8th of May, of that year, in his sixtieth year. In 1637 he obtained a grant of this tract of land, then called Green's Harbor, now Marshfield, to which he gave the name of Caresrull. The estate continued in the family till about ten years since, when it came in possession of Mr. Webster. Edward Winslow's son, Josiah, born at Plymouth in 1628, was Governor of the Colony from 1673 to his death in 1680. His last surviving male descendant, is Mr. Isaac Winslow, of Boston, who possesses original portraits of these his illustrious ancestors. The graves of all the Winslows are on the farm, and rude stones mark the place where

"Deep is the sleep of the brave,
And low their pillow of dust."

The following are some of the inscriptions on their tomb-stones.

"The Honble Josiah Winslow, Governor of New Plymouth, Died December ye 18th, 1680. *Ætatis* 73."

"The Hon. Isaac Winslow, Esq., Dyed December ye 14, 1738. *Ætatis* 67."

"Hon. John Winslow, Esq.,
Died April 17, 1774.
Ætatis 72."

Near this tomb are graves with stones on which we read the following inscriptions:

"Here lyes buried the body of
Captain Nathaniel Winslow,
Who died Dec. 1, 1719,
In the 81st year of his age."

"Here lies ye Body of Mr. Joseph Waterman, Junr. Died December the 23d, 1715, in the 39th year of his age."

"Deborah ye wife of Nathaniel Thomas, Esq. Deced. June ye 17th, 1791, in the 53d year of her age."

The other part of the farm remained in the Thomas family until about ten years ago, when Mr. Webster acquired what he now owns. On this part stands the old mansion house, built seventy-two years since, and from which some of the British soldiers marched to the battle of Bunker Hill. It is not improbable that in this very room the Colonel slept the night before he sallied forth. There are other houses of less note, but of ancient date, on the premises, besides numerous barns, sheds, and all the requisite out-houses for such a plantation.

Although the farm when found by the Pilgrims,

was, as they said, a "spit's depth, excellent black mould, and fat in some places; two or three great oaks, but not very thick, pines, walnuts, beech, ash, birch, hazel, holly, sassafras in abundance, and vines every where, cherry trees, plum trees, and many others which we know not. Many kinds of herbs we found here in winter, as strawberry leaves innumerable, sorrel, yarrow, carvel, brookline, liverworth, water cresses, great store of leeks and onions, and an excellent kind of flax and hemp. Here is sand, gravel, and excellent clay, no better in the world, except for pots, and will wash like soap, and great store of stone, though somewhat soft, and the best water that ever we drank,"—yet time had materially changed its character, and ceaseless cultivation had worn it almost out. But during the ten years it has been under the hand of Mr. Webster, it seems to have been restored to its primitive productiveness.

A small part of the farm is what is called here a "Salt meadow," from which he gathers annually, a large quantity of hay for his young cattle. There are about three hundred acres of woodland, nearly two hundred of which have been planted by Mr. Webster himself, and are now in the most flourishing condition. Nothing can exceed the variety and beauty of the foliage of this young wilderness as I saw it to-day. There is near the house, a little hillock, which he found a barren sand-hill, blown about by the winds, but which is now covered with thrifty trees, embracing almost every kind known to the forests of this country.

On the apex of the hill he has erected a summer-

house, which, with the surrounding grove, forms one of the prettiest pictures I can imagine. He continues to plant trees, and, like the late Stephen Girard, "would plant a tree to-day though he were to die to-morrow." Before the door of the mansion stands an aged elm, which excites my veneration and receives his greatest care. Its branches reach to the ground, somewhat like those of a weeping-willow.

The diameter of the circle covered by the hanging boughs, measured from the tips on one side to the other, is eighty-six feet. Around the outside of the lawn and orchard, which are in the field with the mansion, he has planted a belt or circular grove, in which there is a carriage way or walk, in a warm day affording space for the most agreeable ramble. Throughout all these groves there are avenues where ladies may take an airing on horseback or a drive in a carriage without obtrusion. The day is not far distant when you will see the nimble deer bounding from side to side as in their native wilds.

His orchard is extensive, and there is no end to the variety of his apples, of which I spoke in a previous letter. To-day at dinner we drank Marshfield cider, which, having been bottled some time, is equal in goodness to more than half the champagne imported from abroad.

Adjacent to the house is a beautiful pond of fresh water, which fills up the back ground of the scenery, and produces an enchanting effect as one turns round to take a view of the whole. Not far off, in his poultry yard, is another pond, in which the ducks and geese, wild and tame, are sporting at all

hours of the day. In the raising of poultry, a business to which few farmers give much attention, the greatest pains have been taken, and the greatest skill has been displayed.

It costs no more, I find, to raise chickens—any one of which is as large as a common turkey—than it does to raise those of a meaner kind. It is quite curious to look into this yard and see the various sorts of fowls, brought hither from all quarters of the globe. Nothwithstanding the vast concerns which have crowded upon the owner's mind for the last ten years, none of these little things have escaped his attention. I have seen in the fields some seventy head of cattle, the finest I have seen for many a day. While in England, having a good opportunity, he selected from the best herds known in any of the counties, some of the most famous, and imported them, from which he is now producing, and has already produced the most valuable cattle in the United States.

I knew that a celebrated farmer at Ashland, Mr. Clay, had long devoted himself to this branch of business, and had justly become famous for his production; but I had no conception that I should find a rival to him in this respect so formidable as I have in the farmer at Marshfield.

He has a yoke of red or bay oxen raised on this farm, which in all points most admired by good judges, cannot be excelled, and especially in point of beauty. I saw another pair of black oxen grazing in the field, which in point of size, with the single exception of the one owned by Mr. Rust, surpass any

thing of the ox kind I have ever seen. His full blooded bulls and cows and young cattle are all fine specimens, and in good keeping with every thing else here. His sheep, too, excited my highest admiration. They are of the Leicester breed, selected and imported by himself, and are probably the finest blood and size of any in this country. One of them pointed out to me is not only the largest I ever saw, but in several other respects excels all the ideas I ever had of sheep.

The shepherd calls this one Goliah, and has taken from it one fleece which weighed sixteen pounds. This may have been beaten; but if so, the fact is not known to an individual so humble as myself. The greatest care is properly bestowed upon these flocks and herds, for they are truly objects worthy the ambition of any man, however exalted.

In going from one pasture to another, I passed through his fields of corn, of which he has raised this year, not less than nine hundred, or a thousand bushels. The seed selected must have been of the most valuable kind. I begged four ears of it, which I intend to carry away with me, and which I shall keep, till I can get a piece of land on which to plant it; and then I will call it the Webster corn.

I passed through a field of turnips, in which I estimated the quantity at two thousand bushels. A crop of this kind in England, Mr. Webster says, is regarded as of the utmost value, not only for the uses to which it is put, but because it does not impoverish the soil so much where it grows.

Of hay, I saw from three to five hundred tons,

and oats, and potatoes, and other crops, in equal proportions.

After going the rounds of the farm, which I have done with great satisfaction, it appeared to me that I had been attending an agricultural fair, so various, and so excellent, were the specimens I had seen. I mention these matters in detail, because you, like myself, may not have been acquainted with the allurements which have drawn Mr. Webster here, and of the extent of the operations which invite his attention as a farmer.

I have not, however, intended to mention any thing, which you or any body else may not know, or see, at any time, by passing along the avenues which lead through Marshfield. * * * * *

I hope nothing will occur to hinder our going to the Plymouth woods to-morrow. If fortune smiles, and we have the rare sport which we anticipate, you will hear from me again.

Yours truly.

RIDE TO PLYMOUTH—ANECDOTES ON THE WAY—MR. WEBSTER KILLS A DEER.

PLYMOUTH ROCK, Oct. 7, 1842.

At an early hour yesterday morning, we breakfasted at Marshfield, and then set out for this place. Not wishing to make known the object of our excursion, except to those who were to participate in our sport, we departed quietly, in a one-horse wagon, which contained all the apparatus required for our recreation.

The face of the Old Colony, and the villages through which we passed, appeared much like the route that I described from Hingham to Marshfield. Some of the farms are highly cultivated, but others are neglected and become almost barren. A farm, badly tilled, is to Mr. Webster, as it is to every good farmer, a forbidding object.

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In this old Colony there is a vast district, nearly twenty miles square, well known as the Plymouth Woods. Within this district are a great number of ponds, from one to two hundred, and some of them, as for instance the Billington Sea, are quite large. Francis Billington, one of the pilgrims in the *Mayflower*, discovered this from the top of a tree on the hill, and it now bears his name. It is, as at first, embosomed in a wilderness. The eagle still soars over it, and builds in the branches of the surrounding forest. Here the loon cries, and leaves her eggs on the shore of the smaller island. Here, too, the beautiful wood-duck finds a sequestered retreat, and the fallow deer, mindful of their ancient haunts, still resort to it to drink and browse on its margin. They run in these woods, and in Wareham and Sandwich. In January, 1831, one hundred and sixty were killed, and forty taken alive. In February, 1839, a deer, chased by the dogs, ran into the streets of the village, and was caught in the front yard of Hon. N. M. Davis's house. This is the favorite resort of Mr. Webster when he desires to relax his mind, and to indulge in vigorous exercises, and nothing is more exciting than the incidents of these, his annual excursions.

Passing by the outlet to Murdock's Pond, which is about half a mile in the rear of Burial Hill, he was reminded of the story of John Goodman and Peter Brown, who in pursuit of the first deer of which we have any account in this country, lost their way and came near losing their lives. It was in January, 1621, a few days after their landing. The story is told as follows: "Going a little off they find a lake of water, and having a great mastiff with them and a spaniel, by the water side they found a great deer. The dogs chased him, and they followed so far as to lose themselves, and could not find their way back. They wandered all that afternoon, being wet, and at night it did freeze and snow. They were slenderly apparelled, and had no weapons, but each one his sickle, nor any victuals. They ranged up and down, and could find none of the savages' habitations. When it drew towards night they were much perplexed, for they could find neither harbor nor meat; but, in frost and snow, were forced to make the earth their bed, and the element their covering; and another thing did very much terrify them; they heard, as they thought, two lions roaring exceedingly for a long time together, and a third that they thought was very near them. So not knowing what to do, they resolved to climb up into a tree, as their safest refuge, though that would prove an intolerable cold lodging. So they stood at the tree's root, that when the lions came they might take their opportunity of climbing up. But it pleased God so to dispose that the beasts came not."

While in the enjoyment of the comfortable lodg-

ings we had last night, and perhaps on the very spot where the Pilgrims on that painful night were shivering with fright and cold, I could not but think how much more fortunate we were than they. Mr. Webster told another anecdote, which shows a strong contrast between the fortunes of some men and of others. After he had delivered his address at the centennial celebration on the 22d of December, 1820, the Pilgrim Society sat down to an elegant repast, where the company were served with the fat of the land, and the treasures of the sea. But to call to mind the distresses of their forefathers more vividly than words could express them, five kernels of parched corn were placed on each plate, as an allusion to a time in 1623, when that was the proportion allowed to each individual, on account of the scarcity of their provisions. If I should undertake to relate one-half of the anecdotes and interesting historical facts on which Mr. Webster is more than eloquent, being as he is on the hallowed ground where they occurred, I should write a volume, instead of the brief letter, for which I took up my pen; I must hasten to the incidents of our sport.

We approached with our horses and wagons as near as circumstances admitted, to the sequestered dells, and secret recesses of the timid deer, from which

"He bursts the thicket, glances through glade,
And plunges deep in the wildest woods."

Our first care was to secure our horses, and at the same time to insure to them the requisite attention during our absence. This done, our next

business was to equip ourselves for a tramp on foot. Waterproof boots, stout cloth pantaloons, and short coat for marching through the woods, climbing the hills or fording the smaller streams which constitute the outlet or inlet of the ponds, were just the articles required, and those we have. Our party consists of six, each one of whom has a good gun, plenty of powder and bullets, and buckshot, and all the little apparatus for convenience. The Pilgrims, I am told, used the old-fashioned matchlocks, instead of the percussion caps with which we are provided. Thus well accoutred we set forth "to hunt in couples." Mr. Webster and myself were together. The dogs we have are well trained, and are accustomed to chase in these woods. My dog Cato, which occasionally performed a conspicuous part in my hunting excursions last autumn, is not up to the business of following bucks and does in these parts, and is, therefore, compelled to follow close at my heels, and has performed no higher office than bringing to the shore a duck or two, which, being shot on the wing, fell into the water. The party "let slip the dogs," and then separated, with an understanding as to the place where they should meet, and as to certain signals which should be given in case any thing remarkable should happen. Mr. Webster and myself, after making our way for some distance through a trackless thicket, at length came to a path not often trodden, but following it, we were led to the shore of a good-sized pond of water, which in England or Scotland would probably be called a lake, and long since would have been the burden of some immortal song.

On a sunny side of a small hillock, which rose gradually from the shore of this pond, we made a stand, to await the approach of the deer, and to watch the result of the chase, into which the dogs had now entered with hearty good will; believing that the very path which led us there, would be the one the game would pursue, if found in that neighborhood, and routed by the dogs; in which respect we were not mistaken. We sat down on a rock, for a rapid walk of considerable distance, carrying our rifles, had made a moment's rest agreeable to our legs. * * * *

The time drew near to four o'clock, and the dogs had gone around a large circle. Of course, we were wide awake, and on the sharp look-out. The sensations I felt were those that excited me when I shot the deer running in the centre of the Delaware river, of which I gave you an account. But Mr. Webster was as cool and as self-possessed as when he rose to reply to Senator Hayne, of South Carolina. He stood erect, where he had a full view of the path that lay before him, along the foot of the hill, at the water's edge, for nearly a hundred rods—with his eyes piercing the thicket to catch a glimpse of the first motion of a twig. He held his rifle across his breast, ready to take fatal aim. I stood partly behind, ready to fire, if there should be any object to shoot at, or if there should be any occasion for it, after he had done his part. The dogs were rapidly approaching. Expectation was on tip-toe. At this moment, and at the distance of some eighty or a hundred rods from us, partly across the circle of the shore, and just at the water's edge, he saw a deer, and

then another, and then another. His ejaculations instantly directed my attention to the spot. Two of them dashed into the water, and plunged in their noses to drink; but the animals being routed by the hounds, and of course frantic with fear, they had no inclination to stand still. * * * * * * * *

A fine buck led the van, gallantly throwing back his antlers, as if he said, "Overtake me if you can." But when he approached within about thirty rods, he met something whose speed exceeded the speed of his pursuers. Mr. Webster, with his usual unerring aim, had lodged in his vitals a fatal bullet, and the stag lay bleeding on the path, unconscious of what had struck him. The smoke and report of the gun changed the direction of the other deer, and away they went, "over the hills and far away." I fired upon them, but without effect. The dogs came "in at the death," in handsome style, and no man could enjoy a triumph with more satisfaction, and with more enthusiastic feeling, than we did our success on this occasion. Say what you will of stoicism, philosophy, of dignity, and all that sort of thing, I can tell you there is no man, however exalted, who will not sometimes unbend himself, and feel and act as though he was yet in his youth. Nor is this wrong; and I pity the man who cannot find in his own bosom a sentiment which will occasionally approve of such an exuberant feeling. * * * * * * * * *

Yours, truly.

VISIT OF GENERAL BERTRAND TO MR. WEBSTER—MR. WEBSTER'S CONVERSATION ON AGRICULTURE.

BOSTON, Nov. 22, 1343.

On Saturday morning, General Bertrand took breakfast with Mrs. Webster, by invitation, at her lodging at the Tremont House. Mr. Webster himself, who was absent the previous day, happily returned in time to be present. Mrs. Appleton, his daughter, Mrs. Fletcher Webster, his daughter-in-law, and Mrs. Page, his sister-in-law, were there. Although the number present was not large, yet it was not strictly private, but was intended as one of the evidences of public regard so generally manifested.

Among the guests were Mr. Choate, of the United States Senate, Mr. Abbott Lawrence, Mr. Harrison Gray Otis, Mr. Ticknor, Mrs. Gray, Mr. Lathrop Appleton, Mr. Codman, Mr. Grattan, and others of great respectability.

At 10 o'clock, General Bertrand, accompanied by his secretary, was announced, and after presenting himself in the most courteous manner to Mrs. Webster, was introduced to the great man himself, to see whom was the great object of his visit here. I was pleased with the interview between these two distinguished persons. The self-possession and dignity of Mr. Webster were conspicuous here as well as everywhere else, but the kind manner in which he received his guest, and the appropriate words which he addressed to him, not only relieved him from all embarrassment, but went home to the heart of the faithful old general, and made him feel, as I have since

had reason to know he did feel, that great as were his expectations, Mr. Webster did not fall below the estimation which he had formed before he saw him.

The general was presented to each of the ladies and the other guests respectively, and entered into conversation with them upon a variety of topics, which was cheerful, and was kept up until breakfast was announced. The table was spread with an American breakfast; not French, not English, but good New England. I need not add that every body present was made happy, for all this will be taken for granted.

There is no entertainment which is estimated higher than a complimentary breakfast. There is necessarily so little ceremony; it comes before the cares and business of the day have knit the brows, perplexed the minds, or disturbed the tempers of the guests; the conversation, especially of men like those present upon this occasion, is always particularly brilliant and sparkling with well-timed repartees. I remember with the greatest pleasure the breakfast which Mrs. Webster gave to Lord Morpeth, and also the one to Lord Ashburton, at Washington. They were so unlike a formal dinner, where the guests, no matter how well-bred, always feel, or appear to feel, the cumbrous weight of the ceremonies which etiquette requires. Mr. Otis, it seems—on account of the illness with which he is afflicted—had the evening before, in a note to Mrs. Webster, expressed a doubt whether he should be able to take his breakfast with her; but the bright morning sun induced him to

come out, and he was presented to the General at table. He speaks French fluently, and is, without exception, the most finished gentleman in this country, so that nothing could be more pleasing than the interview between these "fine old gentlemen." Their salutations, the affectionate manner in which they inquired after each other's health, the mutual congratulations, all indicated the circles in which they moved.

Some of the guests had seen the Emperor Napoleon, when his star and eagles were in the ascendant, and, of course, had seen some of the occasions on which the General had been conspicuous,—there was, therefore, no want of topics of conversation to interest him. He appeared also to fancy Mr. Ticknor, and to be deeply interested in the conversation which he had with that gentleman, so justly distinguished, as he is, for his intelligence and learning.

I question whether among all the entertainments the General has had in this country, ostentatious or unostentatious, any has been more gratifying to his feelings than this; at least I have his own testimony that none has pleased him more. By 12 o'clock, the hour in which the business and pleasures of the day begin here, at this season, the guests had made their parting "adieux," and had separated.

I must not omit to tell you an anecdote, which was related to me by a lady at the breakfast, and which shows the care and kindness of the General in making people happy whenever an opportunity is presented. At a party given by the British Consul on the previous evening, Bertrand was a guest, Madame

Cinti Damoreau, Monsieur Artot, and others distinguished in the musical world, were also there. In the early part of the evening one of the many beautiful young ladies present was induced to sing and play on the piano, notwithstanding the presence of persons so celebrated.

Her music was sweet, and, of course, was much admired. But soon the "Italian Aria" of Cinti Damoreau, and the "Tremole Caprice" of Artot, and the "Duo Concertante" of both, had absorbed the attention of the party, and the sweet and unpretending notes of the young lady who had ventured to precede them, were for a moment forgotten. Seeing this, the gallant Bertrand asked to be especially introduced to her, which was done, and then he addressed to her the most appropriate commendations on her performance, and in the most admirable manner contrived to do away entirely the effect of any contrast which appeared to have been made between her music and that of those who followed.

Attentions of this nature speak volumes, and in some way take a deep hold of my feelings, and I thought the anecdote would interest you, knowing you would make no improper use of it. If I write any thing to you which ought not to be published, I leave it to your better experience to strike out.

This Boston is a great place. I have now been here about a week, and have not taken any meals at home but once. The hospitality of the citizens of Boston is unbounded.

Yours, truly.

SECOND VISIT TO MARSHFIELD—MR. WEBSTER TALKS OF AGRICULTURE.

MARSHFIELD, Nov. 27, 1843.

Leaving Boston I came through the town of Quincy, the residence of John Quincy Adams, and the township of Weymouth, in which are several villages, all more or less engaged in the shoemaking business. This route is different from the one taken by me last year. Proceeding along the Plymouth road, through Scituate and Hanover, I arrived at the little town of Pembroke, and here the road to this place turns directly into a wilderness of pines. This pine tract seems to extend eight or ten miles north and south, and its eastern limit is within two miles of the sea, and of Mr. Webster's house. It may be worthy of remark, that directly on the sea-shore, the land is stony, rock, and bearing hard wood, while behind it a large tract of pine land, cleared or uncleared, stretches away to Plymouth road.

Over this district of country I passed rapidly, following the windings of the road to the home of the farmer of Marshfield. As I approached this hospitable mansion, in the avenue leading to the house, I met Mr. Webster, rejoicing in his temporary freedom from the severe labors of the legal profession to which he had been devoting himself nights and days, since he retired from the office of Secretary of State.

He informed me of the absence of his son. "But, sir," said he, "I know he will be glad to see you, and you must stay till Edward comes home."

He gave me a hearty welcome to his house, and to whatever he had, that could amuse, or would interest me in any manner. His kindness, as on all former occasions, soon made me feel perfectly at home. I had arrived just in time for dinner.

A dish of chowder, such as is eaten nowhere else on the face of the globe, and corned beef, cured as every farmer should know how to cure it, with Marshfield potatoes, and other vegetables, constituted our well-relished repast.

When at home and on his farm, there is no topic on which Mr. Webster delights to dwell so much as agriculture. The affairs of nations, with which he is so familiar; the important questions which fill his mind when engaged in his profession, questions on the decision of which millions depend, are all apparently left behind when he crosses the line which separates his plantation from his neighbors.

Our conversation at dinner, therefore, was principally on agriculture. He spoke of the pleasure he enjoyed in its pursuit, and of his public speeches and efforts he had made to commend it to the favor of his countrymen. He said he regarded that as the leading interest of society; and as having in all its relations the most direct and intimate bearing upon human comfort and the national prosperity, of any to which men give their attention. "Agriculture," he said, "feeds us; to a great degree it clothes us; without it we could not have manufactures, and we should not have commerce. These all stand together, but they stand like pillars in a cluster, the largest in the centre, and that largest is agriculture."

Although the duties of his profession, and the public services which the partiality of his fellow-citizens had required him to perform, had necessarily occupied much of his time, he had been familiar with the operations of agriculture in his youth, for he was a farmer's son, and he had always looked upon the subject with a lively and deep interest, both in public and private life. There is, said he, no subject which opens a wider field for study, nor is there one more congenial to my feelings. I delight to talk to my neighbors about farming, and I love to vie with them about cultivating my fields, and in making my farm as productive as theirs."

His visit to Europe in 1839 had given him a favorable opportunity of seeing the improved husbandry of England, and he derived what benefit from it he could; for, said he, the great objects of agriculture and the great agricultural products of Old England and New England are the same.

Neither country produces olives, rice, or cotton, or sugar-cane; but bread, meat, and clothing are the main productions of both, and knowing that the example of England might safely be followed, as far as the circumstances of the one country corresponded with those of the other, he had adopted and carried into practice many modes of culture on his farm here, and in New Hampshire, which he had seen successfully adopted while he was abroad. He spoke with much animation of the efforts made by farmers throughout this whole country, to improve their condition. We ought to be, he said, in this respect, the first nation in the world. England is regarded as a

prodigy of agricultural wealth. Flanders might surpass it; he had not seen Flanders; England surpassed any country he had seen. But he hoped the day would soon come, when this country would bear off the palm. Let us remember, he said, that this is a country of small farms, and freehold tenements; in which men cultivate with their own hands, their own fee simple acres, drawing not only their subsistence, but also their spirit of independence and manly freedom from the ground they plough. They are at once its owners, its cultivators, and its defenders; he hoped the cultivation of the earth would never cease to be regarded as the most important labor of man.

Walking out after dinner, I was struck with the thrifty growth of several little forests of oak, maple, and walnut, especially on that part of the estate which originally belonged to the Winslow family. * *

Upon my making inquiries concerning these forests, Mr. Webster told me that they had been periodically cut down, and that this had happened once since the death of the last Winslow proprietor. It has been thought profitable, he said, to take off the wood once in about eighteen years, not selecting the larger trees, but clearing the whole over a given extent. New shrubs immediately spring up and cover the nakedness of the land, growing sometimes as much as seven or eight feet in a single year. This practice, he said, prevailed over most of the great tracts of woodland in the County of Plymouth. It was found to be the best use that the land could be put to. Its price in various parts of the country ranges from two to five dollars an acre. In some cases, large tracts

are held by single individuals. The late Barnabas Hedge, of Plymouth, he said, could travel ten or twelve miles through such woodlands, without going off his own soil. But the great danger to such property, Mr. Webster observed, was from fire. Hardly a year passed without much destruction by this element, in the woods of Sandwich, Barnstable, Wareham, Plymouth, &c. The wood cut from these forests is valuable, and commands a high price; as it is hard, sound, round, and of convenient size.

Can you not now see, in imagination, one of these hickory fires, on a cold, frosty morning, or on a chilly autumn evening—such a one as now burns brightly on the hearth before me! I think it requires no great stretch. Mr. Webster said it was now fourteen or fifteen years since any wood had been cut on this farm, except for the use of the family. In some of the lower grounds, the trees have been suffered to grow longer, and the thickets to remain undisturbed. I noticed maples and oaks, some of them quite tall, and a foot or more in diameter. To these circumstances, no doubt, it is owing that the deer still remain tolerably numerous in the township of Plymouth. I gave an account of these deer in my letters to you last year. They delight, said Mr. Webster, to feed on the leaves and sprouts of young thrifty trees. The laws of Massachusetts properly restrain the killing of these animals in certain seasons of the year; but there are still wretches, said Mr. Webster, who will steal into the woods in the middle of winter, find the deer in the deep snows, and kill them merely for the sake of their skins, which would

not bring more than, perhaps, a dollar apiece. Of these woods, Mr. Webster has about two hundred acres, from which cattle and sheep are carefully excluded, and which, if fenced as in England, and in some places in this country, would make an elegant deer park.

The sun went down upon us, while we were rambling and conversing upon these and kindred topics; we returned home to enjoy, and have enjoyed, the comforts of a quiet evening around a farmer's fire.

Yours truly.

PLANTING TREES.

MARSHFIELD, NOV. 28th, 1843.

I needed no cradle to rock me to sleep last night, after my long walk of yesterday. After breakfast this morning, I was out again with Mr. Webster, who was giving his attention to several matters concerning his farm. Seeing the interest I manifested yesterday on the subject of the forest, which is periodically cut down for wood, and suffered to grow up again, he was kind enough to show me vast numbers of trees, probably one hundred thousand, which he has planted from the seed, with his own hands. They are, however, yet small. He said, his way had been to sow the seed, in favorable places, of the locust, horse-chestnut, catalpa, &c., some of which have been transplanted at an early age, and others left to grow up in thickets. A little belt of wood thus produced, none of the trees of which have been planted more than a dozen or thirteen years, bounding the lawn

and pond on one side, is already so high and dense as to afford a perfectly shaded walk through the centre of it, not only making a beautiful promenade, but filling up the background of the landscape, of which the lawn and pond constitute prominent features.

Mr. Webster spoke in warm terms—terms almost of indignation—of the stupidity of persons who omit to plant trees, from an idea that they may not live to see their growth and beauty, or to taste their fruits. He reminded me of Walter Scott's good advice on this subject. He would plant a tree which would be growing while others were sleeping.

He spoke of the just and excellent taste of Sir Walter Scott, on all subjects of this kind, and referred to two articles written for the London *Quarterly Review*, some years ago, on planting trees, landscape, &c., as being full of instruction. Where is the man, said Mr. Webster, who does not admire the principle which actuated the late Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia, who, when bending over the grave with age, said he would plant a tree to-day if he knew he were to die to-morrow. If every man were actuated by such sentiments, what a change it would produce in the affairs of the world.

He showed me eight or nine specimens of oak; several of them he had obtained from the Southern States; all the varieties of pines and cedars, and the arbor vitæ, from Maine, various sorts of ash, maple and the buckeye, from Ohio, and the sweet gum from Virginia.

For these last two, however, the climate was found somewhat too severe. The whitewood, as we call it,

in New-York and Ohio—properly the liriodendron or tulip tree—appears to grow well. Hedges of buckthorn line the avenue to the house, stand the climate well, and are very handsome.

In a few years these trees, according to my prediction, will be the admiration of everybody, and branches of them will be cut and carried away by future generations, who will know the biography of the great man of our time, as branches are now cut and carried away from the trees which grow on the plantations of other sages, whose pillars are in the dust. The handsome wooden eminence, near the house, is now beautifully covered with a thicket of locust, catalpas, young cherry trees, &c. This little hill, twelve years ago, was perfectly naked, and the sand was blown about by the wind. A lady, visiting Mrs. Webster, begged that so unsightly an object might be made to mend its appearance. Her advice was followed, and six years afterwards, visiting Marshfield again, she clapped her hands with admiration at the success of what she had recommended.

Mr. Webster spoke of his unsuccessful attempts to raise the live oak, and this led to a conversation on climate which occupied the remainder of our morning ramble; but of which I shall try to remember and speak hereafter.

I believe in my letters of last year, I gave you some account of the general appearance of the farm and of the neighboring country. I do not intend to repeat what I said then, but an occurrence induces me to return to that topic once more. N. S., Esq., a gentleman of Cincinnati, an old friend and townsman

of Mr. Webster, made him a long visit last September. I fell in with him on his return, and he spoke to me with admiration of what he had seen. He said they had an idea in the West, that Mr. Webster had a place on the sea-shore, and as he always spoke of it himself as "a poor farm," they thought it to be that and nothing more. They thought it a place of no product, but a spot from which he might go forth to catch a fish or shoot a bird. And I may here remark, that such is, or has been, the general impression throughout the country. In his great speech at Rochester, you know he said himself: "Why gen-men, I live on the sandy sea-shore of Massachusetts, and get along as well as I can. I am a poor farmer, upon a great quantity of poor land; but my neighbors and I, by very great care,—I hardly know how,—contrive to live on." Mr. Webster gave me notes of his speech, and referred to his printed speech. But Mr. N. S. said he was himself a grazier on a large scale, that he pastured five thousand acres of land in the heart of Ohio, and that he had seen in Marshfield as thrifty cattle as he had at home, and as rich herbage (the consequences of fish manure) as any he could furnish for his own stock; and he added with animation, that the whole view reminded him strongly of a prairie country—not indeed in the depth and richness of the soil, but in the gentle risings and undulations of the surface, the rankness of the grass, and especially the melting away of the horizon upon the sea-shore, as one sees it sink in the western country on boundless plains. Whoever has seen it set on the

western lakes, can appreciate the idea which I wish to convey.

It is all very true that Mr. Webster can go forth from this place "to catch a fish, or shoot a bird," and the opportunities for both, as I have had occasion to know are second to those of no other; but let it be understood, that these are not the only objects for which he seeks this retirement. And it is equally true that he has a sandy soil, and that time and neglect had done their utmost to make it a poor farm before he came here; but by the application of science, by studying the nature of the soil, by bestowing continued attention upon the subject for ten or twelve years, keeping pace with all improvements, he has restored parts of his farm to their wonted vigor; and the result is, that I see some fields capable of vying with the richest of the Genessee flats. If you wait till Mr. Webster tells you he has a good farm,—and is in fact, by the force of example, doing more for the benefit of agriculture, than all the preachers on that subject in the United States,—you will wait till the crack of doom.

After dinner to-day we went into the building Mr. Webster has erected in his garden, and has filled with books on this subject. There the conversation turned on the state of agriculture in England fifty years ago, as compared to what it is now. Then, said Mr. Webster, and he referred to the chapter and verse to show it, the practice of this art was comparatively cumbrous, costly and unproductive. It had not become an object of inquiry to men of liberal minds; it was left to be carried on by the common farmer, in a mechanical way, according to the unimproved rou-

tine of his forefathers. The number of laboring cattle, both horses and oxen, employed on a farm, was excessive; manure was very carelessly collected, the green crops were not generally hoed, and artificial grasses were not generally known. The management of cattle was generally so bad, that Mr. Young conceived "that two pounds were lost upon every cow; while sheep might have generally yielded a greater profit by three-fourths, and the management of swine was perfectly execrable." In the general economy of the country, neglect of inclosure prevailed; a large extent consisted of commons covered with miserable herds which the neighborhood turned out to pasture; and a great part of the eastern coast, consisting of fens and marshes, was unhealthy and unfit for cultivation.

Mr. Webster called my attention to the observations of different writers, stated where he agreed with some and differed from others. I have taken numerous extracts because what he endorses may be relied on as good authority.

Since the time of which he was speaking a complete change has taken place in all these respects. The greatest nobles and statesmen have vied with each other in their zeal for the promotion of agriculture. Prizes, exhibitions, and other institutions calculated to excite a spirit of improvement, have been established on a great scale. Even royal patronage was extended to this most useful of arts, and a Board was formed under public auspices for its promotion. An extraordinary impulse was also given by the scarcity at the close of the eighteenth century, when the

continental ports were closed, and grain rose to an unprecedented price—from which it has since been reduced, but not to its former rate. The old routine system was after that crisis broken up, and every exertion made to augment the products of the soil. Commons were inclosed, marshes were drained, grasses of the most useful species cultivated, and every process introduced that multiplied experiments had proved to be advantageous.

About twenty years ago, said Mr. Webster, Sir Humphrey Davy undertook to treat the subject of the application of chemical knowledge to agriculture in England, in the analysis of soils and manures, and the extraordinary discoveries and advances in chemical science, since his time, have operated, and are likely to operate greatly to the advantage of agriculture, not only in England but throughout the world. * * * *

I am tired with walking, talking and writing, and now my word for it, in twenty minutes I will be fast asleep.

Yours truly.

HABIT OF EARLY RISING—MR. WEBSTER STILL TALKS OF AGRICULTURE.

MARSHFIELD, NOV. 29, 1843.

In imitation of all the Sykeses, I like the indulgence of a morning nap. My father slept sound, and my mother slept long, and I do both. When I came to breakfast I found that Mr. Webster had been up

several hours, writing by candle light in his study. He said his correspondence and other writing for the day were finished, and that he was quite at leisure, and ready to accompany me anywhere.

Mr. Webster, unlike most of the men of the present day, goes early to bed, and sleeps during the first part of the night. By 9 o'clock, unless the presence of company or some pressing engagement has induced him to remain longer in the parlor, he is found in a sound sleep. But he rises very early in the morning. I have heard him say there have been periods while in Washington, when he has shaved and dressed himself for six months together by candle light. The morning is his time for study, writing, thinking, and all kinds of mental labor; from the time when the first streak of dawn is seen in the east, till 9 or 10 o'clock in the forenoon, scarcely a moment is lost; and it is then that the mighty results which distinguish his life are produced.

I have often heard those who occasionally call on him, as early as 10 in the morning, and find him apparently unoccupied, ready to converse with them and very much at their service, wonder when Mr. Webster does his work, for they know he does work, and yet they rarely, if ever, see him, like other business men, engaged.

The truth is, that when their day's work begins, his ends; and while they are indulging in their "glorious morning nap," dozing or yawning, he is up, looking "quite through the deeds of men." This habit, followed from his youth, has enabled him to make those vast acquisitions of knowledge on all subjects.

which have rendered him superior to other men, and has at the same time afforded him so much leisure to devote to his friends.

Mr. Webster regretted this morning that my friend Edward was not at home, but he offered me Rachel, a favorite setter which he brought from England, and the services of an attendant, if I chose to go out and shoot quails, with one restriction however, that several broods of these birds had been reared during the season in the gardens and grounds near the house; that those belonged to the family, and were not to be destroyed. But my thoughts turned rather upon agriculture than shooting, so I declined Rachel's company and the gun, and we walked out in the fields together. One of the first we passed was such a field, I presume, as had attracted the notice of Mr. S. from Ohio. It had been an old dry pasture which the plough had not touched for forty years; it usually had produced, Mr. Webster said, in the spring and early summer, a little white honey-suckle and other sweet grass for the use of the dairy, but by midsummer it was commonly dry, parched and brown; now it was covered with herbage, green, long, fallen down, and absolutely matted from thickness, although it had been the pasture for half a dozen cows. This led to a conversation on the utility of manuring land by fish when circumstances and situations allowed it.

Mr. Webster said his attention had first been drawn to the subject, by seeing the practice in Rhode Island. He had subsequently seen prodigious effects from it, on some parts of Long Island, especially about Southampton. He had seen its use also at

Chatham, and other places on the extremities of Cape Cod. He observed, that whether it could be obtained or used for a reasonable price, depended, first on the nearness of the land to the sea; secondly, on the general state of the weather during the time when the fish usually visit the coast. These fish are a species of herring not known in Europe, and called in the United States by the various names of moss-bunkers, hard-heads, bony fish, and menhaden. In the Summer they migrate North, and are off Marshfield sometimes by the middle of June, and sometimes not till July. When the weather is mild, and the sea smooth, they come close to the shore, or into the mouths of the rivers and little creeks, and sometimes, indeed, they appear to be driven almost out of the water by the sharks and porpoises, which follow them in from the sea. They are taken, he said, by the seine, in the common way, drawn to the shore, and hauled off immediately to their destined use.

Until this year, he says, he has only used these fish by spreading them directly on the surface of the land, and as he does not hold to manuring by halves, the quantity is not spared. Ten, twelve, or fourteen cart loads, each weighing twenty-six or twenty-seven hundred, are allowed to the acre. There has been a notion prevailing to some extent, that this species of manure stimulates the land too much, and soon exhausts it. In refutation of this notion, Mr. Webster showed me a field which was thus dressed in 1834, and which has yielded an abundant crop of hay every year since. This year twenty acres have been heavily

fished, and the fish ploughed immediately in, and the land is destined for corn next season.

A great mass of compost is also made by mixing earth or common loam with fish, in the proportion of about four loads of earth to one of the fish, and putting in lime as another ingredient. This being done in the Summer, the whole mass is dug up or turned over, and mixed anew in the Autumn or Winter, and in the ensuing Spring it is found an excellent manure for any farming purpose whatever. His gardens, meadows, pastures and ploughed lands all bear abundant proof of the utility of this species of manure.

On my way down here, I had a rather diverting as well as instructing conversation with a farmer whom I met in Pembroke, and I may as well mention it here, as anywhere. I told him I was going to Marshfield, and he said he supposed I was going to see Squire Webster. I told him I was going to see Edward, his son. "Well," said he, "you will of course see the Squire's farm." I told him quite likely. "Well," said he, "you will see something worth seeing; but I did not know, two months ago, but that he would drive us all out of Pembroke. The Squire spreads on his land, in the summer, about all the fish, I believe, he can find in the sea, and get out of it. These bred a pestilent quantity of black flies, not our common house flies, but black, glossy fellows, that came about two hundred times as thick as you ever saw common flies about a plate of molasses. When the wind is east, it brings them here, and they remind us of Scripture times and the plagues of

Egypt; however, they don't trouble us long; for when the wind changes, they make off for Cape Cod.

"I go down to see Mr. Webster's place very often. I worked on his farm this year some time, but I could never get there before the Squire was up and stirring. The Squire not only uses fish on his farm, but has introduced, also, the use of kelp from the sea-shore. This was totally neglected till he set the example. While at Marshfield, I advise you to look at the farms of Capt. H. and Capt. J. S., two of Mr. Webster's neighbors. They are industrious sea-captains, now retired to their farms; are always at home, and see to every thing. Congress does not trouble them, and kelp is filling up their barns right fast, I tell you, and no mistake."

Thus, you see, the example of Mr. Webster is followed by his neighbors, and it excites them to emulate him, greatly to their advantage. There are but few farmers in the United States, well skilled and greatly experienced as they are justly acknowledged to be, who would not derive great advantage from a journey to Marshfield, to walk over this plantation, and hold a few hours' conversation with the great farmer himself.

George says "dinner is ready." Of course I shall throw down the pen.

Yours truly.

MR. WEBSTER STILL TALKS ABOUT AGRICULTURE—SAYS SIR ROBERT PEEL IS THE GREATEST MAN HE EVER SAW.

MARSHFIELD, NOV. 29, 1843.

In my letter this morning I gave you some account of the conversation with Mr. Webster, as we were passing over fields manured with fish; for it struck me as being a subject that could not fail to interest you. At dinner to-day Mr. Webster conversed on another subject akin to that, and equally important. It was the rotation of crops, or, as it is called, the shift system, to prevent the exhaustion of the land.

I remarked to him, that in passing over the farm this morning, I did not find in any field the same kind of crop which I saw in it last year. He said that was very true, for he had always been careful to avoid that great error. "A good farmer"—and this is the definition which others give too, said he—"looks not only to the present year's crop, but considers what will be the condition of his land when this crop is taken off, and what it will be fit for next year. He carefully examines the nature of the soil and the peculiarity of the last crop, and as much as possible studies to use his land so as not to abuse it." "It is my aim," he said, "to get a good crop every year, and in such a manner that the land shall be growing better and better." If he should plant the same crop continually, the soil of many of his fields would soon be exhausted, or if he contented himself with raising a large crop this year, and then should leave the field neglected to recruit itself as it might, he

should starve, and his farm would soon be a barren waste. By adopting the shift system, and pursuing a judicious rotation of crops, he not only made his farm profitable and productive, but by the addition of appropriate manures annually, he had managed to reclaim a great part of it, and make it what I saw; and this practice he intends to continue until it is all made fertile. "It is upon this fundamental idea of constant production without exhaustion," he said, "that the system of all good cultivation is founded. England adopts this course, and England was taught by Flanders and Italy."

"The form or manner of this rotation of crops is determined by me, according to the nature of the soil, and partly by the demand of the home market." The ordinary rotation under which lands similar to his are cultivated in England, as far as his observation had extended, and as laid down in the agricultural books, is either on what is denominated the four-course or shift system, or five-course or shift. The four-course was: 1. Turnips, fed off; 2. Oats or Barley; 3. Grass Seed; 4. Wheat. The five-shift system was: 1. Turnips; 2. Oats or Barley; 3. Clover; 4. Peas; 5. Wheat. On different soils the courses were varied. Sometimes this system was carried to nine shifts, the largest course with which he was acquainted. He referred me to a good writer on this subject.

He said he divided all crops into two classes, and denominated one white, the other green. White crops, such as wheat, barley, rye, oats, and corn, are not to follow one another. But this was not the rule

with green crops, such as turnips, potatoes, beets and clover. He described the apparatus for analyzing the soils, and the mode of ascertaining the nature, the properties and proportions of the different materials of which they are composed, with as much fluency as though the study of agricultural chemistry had been the pursuit of his life. He said, it was well for me to know that the chief constituents of all cultivated soils were four kinds of earth, and these were flint, clay, chalk, and carbonate of magnesia decomposed. "These," said he, "are mixed together in an endless variety of proportions, and are interspersed with animal and vegetable remains, salts, &c., to an equally varying extent; and it is to ascertain the presence and extent of these substances, that the analysis of soils is so necessary and so valuable to the farmer. Without some knowledge and practice on this subject, a farmer proceeds in the dark. How can he tell what kind of manure he should apply, without knowing what is wanted?" "The object of manuring," said he, "is to give strength to that ingredient in the soil which is weak."

After dinner we put on our overcoats and took a stroll across the fields to see his cattle, the products of his selections and importations from England in 1839. But I shall speak of them hereafter. In our rambles we came to a field of turnips, where he has raised this year more than two thousand bushels. "Here," said Mr. Webster, "is a specimen on a small scale, of the green crop of England. I say on a small scale, because on the other side of the water there are fields or farms of five or six hundred acres covered

with this crop. Its cultivation has, within the last fifty years, revolutionized English agriculture. Fifty years ago, when lands were exhausted by the repetition of grain crops, they were left fallow, and abandoned to recruit themselves. This occurred as often as every fourth year, so that it was the same as though one quarter of the lands capable of good cultivation yielded nothing. But turnips were now substituted in the place of these naked fallows, and were generally fed off on the land where they grew." "It is," said he, "a biennial plant; does not perfect its seed before it is consumed, and does not materially exhaust the soil; for exhaustion of the land, as experience and observation have fully demonstrated, takes place mainly when the seeds of the plants are allowed to perfect themselves. Besides, plants derive a large portion of their nutriment from the air; now the leaves of turnips, which are their lungs, expose a wide surface to the atmosphere, and thence derive their subsistence and nutriment. The broad leaves likewise shade the ground, preserve its moisture, and in some measure prevent its exhaustion by the rain." "In one way and another, turnips give to the land almost as much as they take from it. But turnips have a further and ultimate use; they feed and sustain animals, from which come our meat and clothing.

The great inquiry then should be, what kind of crops will least exhaust the soil, and at the same time furnish support to the greatest number of animals. He knew of no crop more valuable on all accounts than the turnip, and he was happy to believe that the farmers in this country, as well as in England, Flan-

ders and Italy, were not ignorant of its value. Its culture in England had trebled the number of bullocks and sheep, and he had no doubt it would produce a similar result in this country.

From his fields of turnips we went to his field of carrots, in relation to which he made remarks similar to those concerning the turnip, attaching almost as much importance to the one as he did to the other.

I find this year, as I did last, every variety of what Mr. Webster denominates his green crops, cultivated not only in a scientific manner, but upon a scale far more extensive than I had anticipated. Each plant furnished a topic on which he dwelt not only with apparent pleasure, but in relation to which he showed a familiarity as astonishing to me as it was agreeable to hear him.

While walking in the garden the conversation turned upon great men. I said to Mr. Webster, You have doubtless seen most of the great men of your time, and I should like to hear you say whom you think the greatest man. He answered without a moment's hesitation, "Sir Robert Peel is head and shoulders above any man I ever saw in my life," and he proceeded to show, by several apt comparisons, with the dead and living, that Sir Robert was great in all respects, "and whoever is a great man, viewed in the greatest number of lights, must be regarded," said he, "as the greatest of men." Nothing important has escaped his vigilant mind.

While standing at a bed of onions, he expressed his admiration of Sir Robert Peel's intimate knowledge, on subjects which seemed to be of small

moment. Said he, "While Sir Robert was discussing his great project for a tariff, and for remodelling the basis for taxation, in the midst of a speech, he said 'And now, if your Lordship pleases, I come to the subject of onion seed,'" about which, said Mr. Webster, he talked with the familiarity of a gardener. Little men scorn such topics, but great men are familiar with them. The shades of evening invited us home, where, before a bright crackling hickory fire, I have spent a delightful evening. A friend of Mr. Webster came to visit him, and the conversation was a succession of the richest anecdotes of the great men in this country and in England, to which I ever listened. These anecdotes, if collected and published in a volume, would instruct and delight thousands of fireside circles for generations to come. A Marshfield potato, roasted and hot, with the leg and wing of a quail, I found, relished well for supper, and furnished an agreeable termination of a well spent day. I must not forget to tell you, that we have made the preliminary arrangements for some rare sport, which is to come off in a day or two.

Yours truly.

THANKSGIVING—CONVERSATION ON SHEEP.

MARSHFIELD, NOV. 30, 1843.

This is "Thanksgiving Day;" a New England thanksgiving.

For more than two centuries it has been the custom with the descendants of the Pilgrims in this

State, as you are well aware,—to set apart a day in Autumn, after the fruits of the year have been gathered in, for thanksgiving, feasting, and recreation. To-day the children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren of each family are gathered together under one roof, whenever circumstances will permit, to renew and remind each other of their parental, fraternal or filial relations. It is a good custom, and one that will continue, while the memory of the Pilgrims shall last.

Within a short distance from where I am writing, our forefathers landed on Plymouth Rock; and the grounds on which I have rambled to-day, were cultivated by the pilgrims of the *May Flower*. In December, 1621, the year after they landed, they celebrated their first thanksgiving, or harvest festival. Governor Bradford then designated the day, as Governor Morton has done it now. Edward Winslow, on the 11th of December of that year, wrote a letter to one George Morton, whom he addressed as "loving and old friend." Speaking of the first thanksgiving, he says: "Our harvest being gotten in, our Governor sent four men on fowling, so that we might after a special manner, rejoice together after we had gathered the fruits of our labors. They four, in one day, killed as much fowl as, with a little help beside, served the company almost a week." Since that day what a change! For what small favors were they thankful compared to those which God has given to us! A feast to-day, is within the reach of every man, woman and child in New England. The hand of charity will be so open, that even the strolling beggar will feed

if he likes it, on the fat of the land. I went this morning with Mr. Webster and one of his men to the pasture, to select from his sheep-fold something good for the occasion. He made choice of two broad-backed Leicesters; one for himself and those who live with him, and feed on his bounty, and another to send to his friend, Mr. Charles Stetson, of the Astor House. I have had a cut of the one for his own use, and I hope I shall have a bit of the other, for the *Sykeses* are all fond of good mutton, and I intend to be in New-York before he has his thanksgiving. This is not Mr. Webster's sheep farm. He keeps his flocks and herds chiefly on his farm in Franklin, New Hampshire; but he has sixty or a hundred sheep here, a flock of Southdowns and Leicesters, which appear to be fat and heavy, and were selected by him while abroad in 1839. He informs me that they do very well, and fatten readily in the pastures by the sea. He keeps them here for their meat more than for their wool. This occasion led to a conversation on the subject of sheep, mutton, and beef, which to me was very interesting.

Mr. Webster commenced by remarking how little the great mass of Americans cared for mutton as food, while in England, the people generally esteem it the very best of butcher's meats. He said he believed one reason to be, that the English mutton in general, was better than ours. "You may occasionally," he said, "find good mutton in Albany, New-York, and Philadelphia, but in England you find no bad mutton."

It is a maxim with English farmers, that it is not

only bad economy, but absolute waste, to eat poor meat, whether beef or mutton. Being at the house one day of a very distinguished gentleman of the medical profession, he learned something about the age at which bullocks and sheep ought to be killed, in order to be superior for the table. To make the best beef, a bullock should not be slaughtered before it is at least five years old, and a sheep should not be killed before it is three. A lamb, indeed, may get nearly its full growth at a year and a half, or twenty months, and become very fat, and this is the age at which they are usually sold for the shambles; but such early mutton is not delicately mixed, the lean with the fat. It shrinks in boiling, and when cut upon the table, fills the dish with white gravy. Mutton two years older, though no fatter, will have a much higher flavor, the muscle and fat being better mixed, and when thoroughly cooked will fill the dish with red gravy. The same distinction, he said, might be observed between the beef of a bullock three years old, and that of one five or six.

Mr. Webster added, that although this was contrary to the received opinion, he believed it was nevertheless true, and he wished all lovers of good beef and mutton to try it, and settle the matter by their own experience. * * * * * *

He said he began to think the time was approaching when long woolled sheep would be in demand for the use of our American manufacturing establishments, and if he were a young man, and now beginning to be a farmer, he would have some Lincoln-

shire sheep, fellows that would yield twenty pounds per annum.

He believed that some sharp-sighted individuals in the State of New-York were already turning their attention in that direction. The time is rapidly approaching when this is to be a great wool-growing as well as wool-consuming country, although at present the whole number of sheep in the United States does not much exceed 20,000,000, and more than 5,000,000 of these are in the State of New-York. Sheep-raising cannot be made a profitable business on the coast; the mountain ranges and highlands, back from the sea, he says, are the regions for sheep. It was the opinion of Jonathan Roberts, a veteran farmer in Pennsylvania, who had taken much interest in that kind of stock, that land in abundance could be procured at a price that would enable the wool-growers to produce it at 30 cents a pound.

With the feeding and taking care of sheep, Mr. Webster appears to be perfectly familiar, and entered into it at length; he spoke in terms of the highest indignation against the mode adopted by those who sometimes treat so good an animal so badly, so inhumanly; and on the other hand, he spoke of his mode of treating "his lambs" in such a manner that he not only excited my admiration—by the extent of his researches and thoughts on this point—but awoke my deepest sympathy. Cruelty to brutes, and especially to one which is so often spoken of as the type of innocence, never fails to touch a tender chord. I have heard him in the Senate and at the bar—I have heard him speaking to countless crowds

—I have heard him at the festive board, and indeed upon almost all occasions, back to which I look with almost infinite pleasure—but I never heard him on a subject when he interested me more than he has to-day. The idea which I am able to give you of what he has said, and of the vast volume of information imparted, is so faint and meagre, that I have almost a mind to throw what I have written in the fire.

Upon a second thought, I conclude I will send it, leaving you to imagine how much I have omitted.

Yours truly.

MISCELLANEOUS TOPICS—ANECDOTES, ETC.—HIS LIBRARY—ANECDOTE OF JOHN ADAMS.

MARSHFIELD, Dec. 6, 1843.

The weather to-day has been cold and stormy; I have not, therefore, wandered far from the fireside. But time has not hung heavily; on the contrary, the whole day and evening have been cheerfully spent. I never knew an hour to drag heavily where Mr. Webster was; indeed I find too often that the hour is gone before I am fairly conscious of its passage.

I do not believe the man lives who is more capable of filling up every hour and every moment, with what is either highly valuable or greatly amusing, than the distinguished gentleman with whom I have the pleasure of being a guest. I would not for the world mention to anybody, and much less in a letter which might find its way into the papers, a quarter of the incidents of a day, or what is said; for such a

betrayal of confidence would justly drive me from his hospitable roof.

I trust, therefore, I do not say a word, which may not with propriety be said; and when I speak of Mr. Webster's farm, his crops, sheep, cattle and all around him, I only speak of what you, or anybody else can see, by coming here, as well as myself. Indeed he knows that you publish a good many of my letters; he knows my scribbling propensity, and if I had written a word I ought not to have written, he would have mentioned it to me.

And when I write you what he says on the subject of agriculture, or on other similar topics, I only mention what he would himself say to you, or to any assembly of men, if present on such an occasion. He sometimes, indeed he often, condescends in these familiar "table talks" to utter sentiments to which a senate, or a cabinet, or a court, or a board of agriculture, or a chamber of commerce, or men of letters, or arts, or of sciences, might listen with infinite advantage and delight. And I deeply regret that what he says on such occasions, nine times out of ten, is doomed to die with the memory of those who hear it. Why was it not so ordained that such men could bequeath to those who, in the course of nature, must come after them, their storehouses of mental acquisitions, instead of their stores of goods and chattels, or their lands and stocks, which only they are permitted to bequeath? In that case, how vastly superior would be the bequests of Daniel Webster, to those of John Jacob Astor! What a setting out it would be to a young man on coming to manhood, if he could inherit

the mental capacity and acquisitions of John Quincy Adams! Soon after breakfast I went into the study. The warmth of the room, the quantity of embers and the expiring brands showed that the fire for this morning had not been recently kindled. On the table was a pile of letters for George to seal and carry to the mails, besides manuscripts indicating no small amount of labor performed before 8 o'clock. Around Mr. Webster lay books of authority, which had been opened and consulted. His day's work was nearly done.

A small portion only of his large library has yet been brought here. A portion of it is at Washington, and a much larger portion at Boston. During the last summer he has erected an addition to his house here, for the purpose of holding the library, which is now to be collected together. The building is twenty feet between the floor and the ceiling, divided into proper apartments, and finished in the Gothic style.

His books, I think, have cost him nearly thirty thousand dollars, besides the vast numbers which have been presented to him from authors on both sides of the Atlantic.

When put up according to his present arrangements, his library will be well worth a visit. He has a great many valuable manuscripts, notes and commentaries, besides the draughts and copies of an extensive correspondence with the distinguished men of the age, including letters to and from himself on many important matters that have occurred during

his time. The subject of agriculture is not the least important. * * * * * * *

At dinner, Mr. Webster related in his happiest style several anecdotes of the peculiarities of the great men who have gone off the stage, and among them the following, showing the force of language and figures as used by one of them. He said he called one day to see Mr. John Adams, the compatriot of Washington, and second President, who was a large, fat man, and at times had great difficulty in breathing. He made this call a little while previous to his death. He found him reclining on a sofa, evidently in feeble health. He said to Mr. Adams, "I am glad to see you, sir, and I hope you are getting along pretty well." To which Mr. Adams replied, after taking a long breath, in the following figurative language: "Ah! sir, quite the contrary. I find I am a poor tenant, occupying a house much shattered by time; it sways and trembles with every wind, and has, in fact, gone almost to decay; and what is worse, sir, the landlord, as near as I can find out, don't intend to make any repairs."

Yours truly.

SPRINGFIELD, Aug. 9, 1844.

* * * * At Pittsfield, Mr. Francis Granger came into the cars as a passenger, and he, too, was most rapturously cheered. Thus we came and arrived here, at 8½ o'clock. At the dépôt the crowd

was immense. The whole population of the village seemed to be there to receive Mr. Webster, who was momentarily expected. Soon the Eastern train arrived, bringing not only Mr. Webster and his lady, with some friends who are on a pleasure trip;—but Mr. Choate, Mr. Winthrop, and other distinguished personages from the East. When they all landed, the vast multitude rent the air with plaudits, and escorted them to their respective lodgings. It is strange that any man has been able to get such a hold on the feelings of the people of his State, as this great man has. I cannot, if I would, describe the enthusiasm which seizes them as he approaches. The mention of his name is like a "hip, hip, hip;" which you know is followed by "three times three." The town was beautifully illuminated in the evening, and fireworks of various kinds were displayed. All night long the people from distant places continued to arrive.

* * * Thirty thousand people have attended the meeting. The procession was grand. Mr. Winthrop spoke one hour, Mr. Granger a little longer, Mr. Choate about fifty minutes, and Mr. Webster about twenty.

Yours truly.

A TRIP ALONG THE VALLEY OF THE CONNECTICUT.

SPRINGFIELD, (MASS.,) Aug. 14, 1844.

In my last letter I mentioned to you that a party came here with Mr. Webster, which was composed of

several ladies and gentlemen. To the highest endowments of nature all of them have added what education, travelling, and careful observation can do, to qualify them for the fullest and most rational enjoyment. The object of the trip is, not only to cultivate health, but to see a portion of the good old "Bay State," not visited by the majority of travellers. At this season how much more sensible to go forth and breathe the pure air of the country, than to remain in "a pent-up city," feeding upon the vapors of the town!

* * * We shall proceed up the valley of the Connecticut River to Northampton, and so on, to visit some other towns on its banks; then to return by some other route to Boston, and thence to Marshfield. To me this route is quite new, and as it is about my time for making my annual visit to the retreat of Mr. Webster, I look forward to the incidents of the journey with pleasure. It is a rare instance that Mr. Webster consents to make a trip so leisurely as he proposes to make this. It will be a source of relaxation to him and of happiness to those with him.

Among the gentlemen whom we meet here, is the Honorable George Ashmun, for whom Mr. Webster entertains very high respect, and places him in the first rank of his personal friends.

Yours truly.

VALLEY OF THE CONNECTICUT.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS., Aug., 1844.

The party, of which I spoke in my last letter, set out this morning, and has safely reached this place. Mr. Webster and the ladies, Mr. B. and myself, six in number, took seats in an extra stage-coach—as parties of pleasure were accustomed to do before rail-roads had driven that good old mode of travelling from almost all the great thoroughfares.

I am a constant advocate in the cause of internal improvement, and I would have a railway on every important route in the country, developing its resources, affording, not only facilities, but strong inducements to travel, and in other respects aiding in the advancement of all the concerns of life. * *

No incident worthy of much note occurred on the way. Each hamlet suggested new topics for conversation, and of course arrested our attention. The fine farms, the rich crops, and noble herds of cattle, drew from Mr. Webster, as we passed along, many valuable remarks upon agricultural subjects, with which, as everybody knows, he is very familiar. Two of the ladies had travelled over England, seeing the residences and estates of the nobility. Occasionally a section of the valley reminded them of what they had visited abroad, and this often led to topics full of interest. The whole party was in excellent spirits, and enjoyed it much. Many and many a day will go by before another ride will be had as agreeable to me as that of this morning. It appeared to be agreeable to

all of the party, for all knew how to appreciate and enjoy the beautiful country through which we passed.

We drove on the east side of the Connecticut River for several miles, and then crossed over in a ferry-boat, propelled in the old mode, by two horses walking around like convicts in a tread-mill. Steam power, for which the ladies would have had less sympathy than for these poor horses, is not yet in use. We crossed the Chickapee River—a rapid stream—on a bridge about three hundred feet long. The bridge is high, stands on seven stone piers, and afforded us, while crossing, a fine view of the dam and manufacturing establishment. The village of Chickapee, (or Chickcpee, as I saw it written on the guide-board,) is about a mile north of the bridge, and is a neat and flourishing hamlet. * * * *

Mr. Webster said that not many towns in New England have sent forth more great and good men than this. Some of them seem to have been influenced by the grandeur of the mountains and scenery amid which they were born. Among the distinguished men who had their origin here, are Caleb Strong, the former Governor of the State; and Judge Strong, an upright and eminent man; Rev. Dr. Edwards, the great theologian; his son, Dr. Edwards, formerly President of Union College; the great and good Solomon Stoddard, an eminent divine; and his son, Hon. John Stoddard.

These are a few of the names which have graced the annals of our country—men who have conferred honor on the place of their birth. Their memories are cherished with affectionate regard by the citizens

of the village. We paid our respects to a venerable and highly respectable citizen—Judge Lyman—who is, I am sorry to say, a little indisposed. His head is white with age, but his bland and agreeable manners indicate that he has not forgotten the charms of hospitality, for which he has long been loved, He and Mr. Webster talked over the many scenes, social and political, through which they had passed. At three o'clock, we returned home to dine; and, while dining, we projected an excursion to the top of Mount Holyoke; an account of which I will give you in my next.

Yours truly.

JOURNEY FROM THE CONNECTICUT TO MARSHFIELD—THE BOOKS MR. WEBSTER READS—HOW HE READS BOOKS—RESPECT OF THE PEOPLE.

MARSHFIELD, Aug., 1844.

I wrote you last from Northampton, as we were about setting out for a rapid drive up the valley of the Connecticut.

On the way across the country to this place, I had neither time nor opportunity to write from either of the NewEngland villages we visited. We passed through a large number of them, remarkable for their neatness and apparent thrift, and in relation to each I could write a paragraph or two, perhaps of some interest, for each has its legends, and its peculiar history; but I shall omit it all till I make another trip, which I intend to do when more at leisure.

My account of our drive from Springfield to

Northampton, will afford you some idea of the pleasures we enjoyed as we passed from one village to another. The party, however, after leaving the latter place, occupied two carriages instead of one, which, being open, gave us a fine view of the mountains and valleys as we drove on.

Before setting out, Mr. Webster provided himself with a variety of entertaining books, which, like Napoleon, he read constantly, when not engaged in conversation, or not interested in some object by the way-side. One of these books was "Pencillings by the Way," which he read attentively, and praised; he said the letters were both instructive and amusing, and evinced great talents on the part of the author. He read the books through with great rapidity, catching at a glance what each page unfolded, and mastering their contents within a quarter of the time which I should consume. He did not, however, like the Emperor, tear out the pages as fast as he perused them, and from the window of his carriage scatter them to the winds. To me it was instructive to see him read a book. He first went over the index, and apparently fixed the framework of it in his mind; then he studied with equal earnestness the synopsis of each chapter. Then he looked at the length of the chapter. Thus, before he began to read it, he took an accurate survey of its parts. Then he read it; passing rapidly over whatever was commonplace, and dwelling only on what was original and worthy of note.

At one time, while conversing on the subject of reading, and of topics worth the attention of men, he

said he wished he could live three lives, while living this:

One he would devote to the study of Geology, or, to use his own words, "to reading the earth's history of itself."

Another life he would devote to Astronomy; he said he had lately been reading the history of that science, written so clearly, that he, although no mathematician, could understand it, and he was astonished at seeing to what heights it had been pushed by modern intellects.

The other life he would devote to the Classics.

He spoke in the highest terms of commendation of the acquirements in this respect of Mr. Choate, who by the daily habit of reading them, has become as familiar with those languages as they who wrote them.

While at school, he (Mr. Webster) had never read much of Greek or Latin. He had, however, read the latter considerably while in the study and practice of the law.

The best of his life he had devoted to law and politics, and he mentioned what great authors he had studied, on both subjects, with most attention. For his light reading and for amusement, he had chosen the travels and biographies of men more or less eminent in various respects. But for the last ten years, he had studied natural subjects, and from these only could he derive any adequate satisfaction. As years crept upon him, he felt his mind involuntarily drawn more to the study and contemplation of sober realities—to the book of nature itself, rather than to the

fancies and speculations which belong to youth and early manhood.

I have heretofore spoken of the respect and high regard shown on the part of the people of this State for Mr. Webster. Wherever we stopped, strong demonstrations were made of the hold he has upon them. Lawyers, clergymen, farmers, and all classes have some prominent reason for their attachment; and in a moment after his arrival at any village, although he manifestly shunned observation, the news flew from house to house, and men, women and children gathered around, but without being obtrusive, and seemed to rejoice in the opportunity to take, as one of them said, "a good look at him."

We added to the party a young lady from Boston, and another Mr. Blatchford from New-York, together with Mr. Tileston, a gentleman from the same city, who is one of the most agreeable companions for such an excursion I have ever met.

These gentlemen have left their banks, their insurance companies, their counting-houses, have turned their backs on their vast concerns, for a week of unalloyed sport; and, rely upon it, they will have it.

If enjoyment can be obtained by seeking for it, here it can be found. We came by the route I have heretofore described, and arrived just as the evening shades began to appear.

We dined at 6 o'clock. A fishing excursion is already projected for to-morrow. The excitement in anticipation begins to run high, for both Mr. Blatch-

ford and Mr. Tileston are expert fishermen, and the strife is, who will take the greatest number; I have *bet on Mr. Tileston.* I now go to my pillow for that sweet sleep which follows a day of wholesome exercise. My windows open upon the sea, from which comes the most delicious gales to freshen and invigorate the sources of health.

Yours truly.

MR. WEBSTER AND A PARTY COD-FISHING.

MARSHFIELD, August, 1844.

The sun rose this morning with unusual splendor. I was up to see it. Just as I threw up my window, his upper disk was emerging, as it were, from the bosom of the ocean, and I watched his rising steadily till the whole orb was above the water. A magnificent spectacle. The artificial fire-works, which crowds rush to Niblo's to see, dwindle to nothing, compared with the great natural display which I saw, and which Mr. Webster sees every fair morning when at home.

The fishermen, Mr. Blatchford and Mr. Tileston, of New-York, and myself, were summoned to breakfast at 6 o'clock, according to the arrangements made last night. The ladies were, undoubtedly, in a sound sleep. Coming from a long journey, replete with excitement and fatigue, nothing could be more agreeable to them than prolonged slumbers, and the uninterrupted indulgence of their sweet dreams. They were, therefore, not called. While we were partaking of that early repast, the wagons to take us to the fish-

house, with all the apparatus for sport, were drawn to the door. Each one put on an apparel adapted to the business. I will not stop to describe each dress, but suffice it to say that four fine subjects for the pencil of some Hogarth, were presented in our tableaux vivant on the porch (including Mr. Webster), all bent on fun.

We drove rapidly to the point of land at Green Harbor, distant from the mansion about two miles, where his fish-house is located, and where his boats, when not engaged, are moored for safety.

On the way we took in Mr. Seth Peterson, who was made famous by Mr. Webster's speech at Saratoga in 1840. He knows, not only where the best fishing grounds are, but how to make the sport agreeable to gentlemen. Respect for his age and expe-rience induces Mr. Webster to call him *Commodore* Peterson. Every thing being ready, we embarked in a small sail boat called the *Signet*, which was pulled by oars a short way down the river to the harbor, where Mr. Webster's beautiful yatch *Comet*, under command of Captain Nicholas, lay in waiting with her anchor weighed. We boarded her, and in the twinkling of an eye, the sails were thrown to the breeze, and we were scudding before the wind. The Commodore in the *Signet* unfurled his sail and followed in our wake. We steered for the fishing grounds, some eight or nine miles from the land, where codfish and haddock abound.

We had not sailed far, before we saw what to a landsman was almost incredible. It was a shoal of manhaden, literally filling acres of the sea. I could

scarcely believe my own eyes. It was the first time I ever had any adequate idea of the innumerable inhabitants of the ocean. The sands upon the shore, the leaves of the forests, are no more countless than these fish. Millions of fins were protruded above the surface, making the bay resemble an extensive marsh covered with water, when the growing grass appears above it. As we glided on, we saw them moving to the right and left, so thick, they seemed to crowd each other.

Mr. Webster informed us that these manhaden are a species of herring, which, from the first of July to the last of August, swarm along the shores of the NewEngland States and Long Island. They are too oily to be much used for food, but they are extensively used for manure. He applies them with great effect to his lands, which had been worn out by too long cultivation without being adequately manured, and these lands now yield abundant crops.

These fish are also used as mackarel bait, and as bait for other fish. At Lynn, in 1836, 1,500 barrels were disposed of for this purpose. Recently, they have constituted an article of commerce. The usual length of the manhaden is from ten to fourteen inches, and they weigh, on an average, he says, about a pound. Two hundred of them fill a barrel, which will bring, at the shore, 15 cents. One hundred barrels to the acre is very rich manure. One fish is equal to a shovel full of common manure, and he said it frequently happens that the fishermen take, with a seine, five hundred barrels at a single haul. One hundred barrels is a moderate haul. These manhaden, he

says, are called by various names, such as bony fish, moss-bunkers, mars-bunkers, hard-heads and parr-hengers; but, for a joke, he called them Marshfield roses—a name suggested, doubtless, by their perfume just after being exposed on the fields which they are to enrich. After passing these fish, we heard the Commodore cry out from the *Signet*, "Look to the forward!" which we did, and there saw an immense shoal of porpoises, apparently bound for Plymouth Bay, and going at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles the hour. The whereabouts and rapidity of their movements, were seen by their constant leaping above the surface. While we watched their movements, there was scarcely a moment when several were not out of the water. It was a sight to make a landsman stare.

On our way out, Mr. Webster was chiefly occupied examining the hooks and lines, and in adjusting and distributing among the party the requisite fishing apparatus, with which the *Comet* was well furnished; others did what was called "trailing for mackerel." Mr. Blatchford, with no bait but a bit of white rag, while trailing his hook, caught a codfish, weighing some fifteen or twenty pounds. This indicated what luck was to attend his fishing.

At length we reached the ground designated by the Commodore, hauled down the canvas, cast anchor, and went to work. Mr. Blatchford and Mr. Tileston were each provided with two lines—one large, for codfish; the other small, for haddock; which were baited accordingly, and both occupied the most favorable position in the yacht; because, in addition to the sport

which all expected, the strife between those gentlemen for the largest number, added much to the excitement of the occasion, and entitled them to the preference. I had bet on the success of Mr. Tileston. The weather was favorable, and the sport began early, and continued without much interruption till it was time to set out for home.

Mr. Blatchford, in the morning, led off in advance of Mr. Tileston, in numbers, and by 11 o'clock, he was a dozen ahead.

When the sport was over, it was ascertained that the former had taken seventy-one, and the latter fifty-seven.

I lost my wager. Mr. Webster and myself had tolerable luck; but we did not zealously apply ourselves to the sport more than half the time. There were, as you may well suppose, a great many pleasant incidents during the day, to break any monotony that might otherwise have existed, and to keep up the excitement.

A chowder, made under the direction of Mr. Webster, and a dinner composed of codfish, haddock, perch, lobster, and other delicacies of the ocean, followed; and I need not add, that they were well relished by us all. We had the company of ladies, and the evening went pleasantly away.

Mr. Webster proposed a rubber of whist, which was cheerfully played, he taking a hand. I have often played with him when there was just time enough for three games before his early hour for retiring. He played well.

My friend, Mr. Tileston, says "it will not do to

give it up," and has challenged Mr. Blatchford to another contest, to-morrow, which the latter has accepted. I shall be there to see.

Yours truly.

HORTICULTURE—PRESERVES BIRDS AND SQUIRRELS—FAMOUS HORSE—FISHING WITH LADIES—DRIVE TO THE POINT FOR TAKING THE BEST VIEW.

MARSHFIELD, Aug. 1844.

Instead of going on the fishing excursion with Mr. Blatchford and Mr. Tileston, with whom the strife for the greater number still rages, I preferred to remain to-day on shore with Mr. Webster and the ladies. The *Comet* sailed from the mouth of the river at an early hour, with the two gentlemen above-named, and all the appointments required for the rarest sport.

The wind was fair, and the day was fine.

After breakfast, I took a stroll through the garden and the grounds adjacent to the mansion. During a part of the time, Mr. Webster, knowing my fondness for seeing whatever is interesting in agriculture or horticulture, was with me. He showed me his various kinds of fruit trees—his pears, plums, peaches and apples. His orchard this year fairly groans under the weight of its burden; and among the apples are some of the best I ever saw. In his garden are several varieties of plums, and among them the Orleans, very fine and early. He told me a fact with respect to plum trees that I did not know be-

fore, which is, they should not be cultivated like other fruit trees, after they come to bear. "The soil," said he, "should not be rich, and should be trodden down like a gravel walk. The result will be, that the tree will not grow so fast, and the sap will centre itself more in the fruit. It is the practice of some who cultivate the plum extensively, after the trees are eight or ten years old, if in a rich soil, to remove it for ten feet in circumference, and put in its place poor earth, sand, or gravel. Pear trees, on the contrary, require rich soil."

I was struck with the tameness of several little animals and birds, which I have elsewhere found quite wild and shy. A squirrel, for instance, sat almost within our reach, eating a nut, and hearing us talk, without the least indication of fear. The birds hopped about, singing their wild notes, as if unconscious of our presence. A brood of quails had actually been hatched between the house and the gate, in the hedge that lines the carriage-way to the door. I inquired why this was so; he said, "during the whole time I have been there I have endeavored to cultivate their acquaintance, and have never permitted their nests to be disturbed, nor do I allow guns to be fired on the premises, nor sticks or stones to be thrown at them, nor anything done that would frighten them away. They seem to know where they are well treated, and come with the seasons to enjoy my protection."

In the course of the morning ramble, I came to the spot on "Gotham Hill," where lies buried a famous horse, owned in his lifetime by Mr. Webster.

The horse was remarkable for his speed as a traveller, and was therefore properly named "Steamboat." At his death, Mr. Fletcher Webster—now in China—erected a monument to perpetuate his memory.

The crest on the stone, is a horse's head, and underneath is inscribed the following epitaph:

"Hic jacet
Equus celeberrimus
DANIEL WEBSTER'S
'*Steamboat*,' *Vocatus*,
Obiit Nov. 3, 1838.
Siste, viator, major te viator hic siste."

This epitaph, translated, is as follows: "Here lies Daniel Webster's celebrated horse called 'Steamboat.' Died Nov. 3, 1838. Stop traveller; a greater traveller than you stops here."

Where is the man, if ever an owner of a noble horse, who does not look back to his death with regret, and is not willing to pay a slight tribute to his memory?

Returning from our stroll, Mr. Webster and myself, with the two young ladies, taking the horses and carriage, drove to the fish-house. The *Comet* lay about eight miles from the shore on the smooth sea, where we imagined the contending sportsmen, with Captain Nicholas and his men to keep the tally, were "pulling in" the codfish and haddock to their hearts' content. A beautiful bay, a good boat, excellent fishing tackle, and the fish leaping from the water as if anxious to be caught, were all before us.

Seeing everything to tempt us into imitation of

our friends on board the *Comet*, we could not suffer the opportunity to pass, without "throwing a line or two," and we proposed to the ladies, to join us in the sport. Commodore Peterson was there, and the *Signet* was brought from her moorings to the steps descending to the water. Everything being ready, we went aboard, and rowed to the grounds where perch and the smaller codfish abound, and where we cast anchor.

The great expounder of the Constitution, now taught the young ladies old Izaak Walton's art. Without the knowledge of any *art*, they well knew how to be fishers of men, but they had never before essayed to fish among the finny tribe.

From such a teacher the art was soon acquired; and no sooner had the tempting bait of my fair friend, who had stood with me on the peak of Holyoke, been thrown in the crystal element, than it was caught—(fortunate fish! who did not envy you?)—and while she was "playing the codfish in," the other lady on the other side of the boat was equally successful. To watch the ladies as they, with sparkling eyes amid the highest excitement, drew their leaping prisoners to the boat, and then to aid them in securing their prizes, were to me more pleasurable that to catch them myself, much as I love the sport. Thus the fun began, and for an hour it went on, keeping the Commodore baiting the hooks, taking off the fish, and shaking his sides with laughter to see how much it was enjoyed. At length the Commodore hoisted sail, Mr. Webster taking the helm, and we were wafted swiftly by the

beautiful islands and fields which are found in, or bordering upon, this romantic stream.

We may search poetry or prose in vain to find any description of the pleasure of sailing which exceeds what we felt and enjoyed on that memorable occasion. If perchance Mr. Webster is ever placed at the helm of a mightier ship, may he steer her with equal skill amid the rocks and shoals laid down in the chart of her voyage.

Resuming the carriage, we drove to the top of the hill, where stood, till lately, an observatory, to which thousands resorted to admire the magnificent scenery nature has there spread out to view. As the carriage emerged from the grove, through which we reached the summit, so that the whole of the picture was presented to the eye, the question often asked—"What induced Mr. Webster to retire to Marshfield?" was answered to my entire satisfaction. He came to occupy this spot because the hand of nature had adapted it exactly to his taste. If there is a place on earth calculated to entice such a man from the turmoil of life to its more quiet shades, it is this.

The chiefest attraction is the ocean. As we stood on the corner of the hill facing the sea, looking from the right all round in front to the left, the eye ranging a complete semicircle, we had as fine a view of the ocean as can anywhere be found. Ships of all sizes, some near and some almost lost in the dim blue distance, were gallantly ploughing the main.

From that vast expanse came cool invigorating breezes to fan our cheeks, and sport with the ringlets of the ladies. Before us, stretching from our feet

down the declivity across the plain to the water's edge, lay the farm, embracing some twelve or thirteen hundred acres, with its abundant fields of corn or other luxuriant crops, its well filled barns, thriving orchards, green pastures, and high-bred cattle.

In a central position, surrounded by trees, gardens and out-houses, and adjacent to a fishpond on an extensive lawn, stands the dwelling. It was built in olden times, but has recently been enlarged and greatly improved. The style is what is called Elizabethan. Few houses in this country, constructed for convenience rather than for display, are more to be admired than this. I will not dwell on the details of the picture before us, but suffice it to say, that any man knowing Mr. Webster as well as I do, and seeing what has brought him here, will not only cease to wonder why he came, but will wonder what can allure him hence. We returned from our drive, and at dinnet met the fishermen. We heard them relate the incidents of the day.

Taking into account the number and size of the fish caught, they both regard it as an even match, and neither boasts of victory. But the sport is not over; the contest is to be resumed to-morrow, and, if possible, with increased excitement.

Yours truly.

TRIP VIA NEWPORT—MR. WEBSTER WITH AN EVENING AT MARSHFIELD—MUSIC.

MARSHFIELD, August, 1848.

I left Newport before the grand fancy ball, which is to be the closing scene of this season's melo-drama, and hastened here, touching Boston on my way. A sail up the bay from Newport to Fall River, and a ride thence on the railway, must always be an agreeable pastime, but my trip on this occasion was doubly so, for I was in the most agreeable company. Three Boston ladies so far beguiled my attention, that I found myself at that city before I thought half time enough had elapsed. All I remember seeing on the way were some handsome landscapes, some pretty islands, a few flourishing hamlets, and a great many smiles. Of Boston I shall not say much. The hotels were crowded, and the accommodations afforded to a sportsman and his dog were not those of which I am disposed to boast. When I speak of my dog, by the way, don't imagine he is the same Cato so much petted during my early travelling and sporting. His days have been numbered. This is Cato the younger. Instead of spending a day, as I was wont to do, coming here on foot, from Boston, that I might have a crack at woodcock and other birds along the path, I took the cars on the Old Colony road, with my fishing-tackle, dog and gun, and was brought to Kingston, seven miles distant from this, with the speed of steam. I wish Capt. Miles Standish—that great captain among the pilgrims of the May Flower—could have seen us coming.

Marshfield appears better, far better than ever. All things, notwithstanding the prolonged absence of the great agriculturist, who expends annually so much skill, are in good repair, and here "two blades of grass" are made to grow where "only one grew before."

When I arrived at the mansion of my friend, I found no one in except his faithful George, who made me feel at home. It was towards the close of the day, and the cool breezes from the ocean had sprung up to fan the face of nature. The herds of oxen, of cows, and of younger cattle, which the heat of the day had driven to the shades, were then venturing forth; the bleating flocks were visible, and all the inhabitants of the farm were astir. There was an enchantment in the scene before me, which the hot bricks and dusty streets of a crowded town rarely present to the mind. The ladies had gone out for a drive; I entered my room to await their return.

From what I had heard, I expected to find Mr. Webster confined to his house with illness, brought on by severe labours at Washington, and the journeys hither and thither during the late oppressively hot weather; but in a few moments after my arrival, my apprehensions were dispelled by his cheering voice calling me out (for George had told him I was here) to see the result of his afternoon's sport, in the shape of eight or ten blue fish, which he had just brought from Duxbury Bay. There they were, on the clean straw in his buggy wagon, a sight gratifying to a fisherman, and giving me no very distant idea of a delicious chowder. He is not sick. His iron consti-

tution manfully sustains him against the ravages of time, under the most incessant toil, and in the midst of the most heart-rending afflictions. Let it be the prayer of his countrymen that his health may not be impaired, and that the years on years to which he is entitled before old age comes, and his undiminished intellect, may be devoted to his country during the perils through which she too often passes. While the governments of the old world, touched by the potent influence of the new, are crumbling to atoms, it is of vital importance that he, who has so often averted imminent dangers, should be on the watchtower of the exposed battlement.

In a day or two he will meet his friends and neighbours on his own farm, under the shade of his own trees, and give them the benefit of his wisdom and experience, by suggestions touching the coming election. He is true to his country and his party; indeed he cannot be otherwise, and he yields to no complaints, to no unworthy motives, but on the contrary, is governed by the loftiest patriotism, and will now and always do his duty to both. A whisper at variance with this is a gross slander. He does not always follow blindly this or that particular leader in the party, but acting on his own judgment and experience, he is always consistent, always right.

After Mr. Webster had given some directions about his farming affairs, I joined him in his library. He bade me welcome to Marshfield. The many pleasant scenes—field sports, fishing and social amusements through which it has been my good fortune, as well as great pleasure, to pass with him here and

elsewhere, and of which I have given you some accounts in years gone by, are the gems of my life. Arrangements are already made for the cheerful repetition of some of them, while I am in this vicinity. The ladies returned and are with us.

The pleasures of the day and many agreeable incidents being talked over, supper was announced, and after supper each took himself to that which was most agreeable. I came back to the library, and while looking over a large number of books, ancient and modern, as I went from case to case, I was instructed and amused by an account of the sale of the copyright of "Paradise Lost." Milton, it seems, contracted to sell it to one Samuel Simmons, on the following terms: £5 to be paid down, £5 to be paid on the sale of thirteen hundred copies, £5 on the sale of thirteen hundred copies of the second edition, and £5 on the sale of the same number of the third. Only fifteen hundred of each to be printed. By his own receipt, dated April 26, 1669, it appears he received two instalments—£10 in all. The other £10 were received by his widow. Mr. Simmons sold it to one Brabanzon Aylmer for £25. It was afterwards sold to Jacob Tonson, who made a fortune from it. The evening has been cheerful. I shall now retire to dream, if I can, how rich I should be with all the money that has since been made from the selling of Milton's "Paradise Lost."

I wish I could give you a true idea of one of nature's concerts or operas as I hear it at this moment. The ocean on one side, with its continual roar, makes music as deep-toned and solemn as the fullest note of

Beneventano; a thousand insects are rendering vocal every bush and plant on the lawn, and on the border of the fish-pond on the other side. No Italian chorus I ever heard displayed finer voices. In the midst of all these comes the whip-poor-will, making the welkin ring with her wild notes, first on one side and then on the other, like Truffi, the *prima donna*, in one of her exciting scenas. What a glorious serenade to welcome slumber, and lull me while I sleep.

Yours, truly.

MR. WEBSTER SHOOTS A TEAL—HE RAMBLES OVER HIS FIELDS AND TALKS OF AGRICULTURE, AND HIS CATTLE AND SHEEP.

MARSHFIELD, August, 1848.

"But yonder comes the powerful King of day,
Rejoicing in the East."

Just as I sit down to write the sun is rising, and half his circle is seen from my window above the surface of the ocean. What a magnificent sight! How tame all the colors which art has put on canvas, when compared with the brilliancy of the scene before me. Come, ye citizens of Gotham, and see what ye rarely ever see in your lives—a glorious sunrise.

Bang! I hear the report of a gun. What has fallen?

On going to my window, I saw Mr. Webster, towards the ocean, standing on the point of the bay which stretches inland to his garden wall, with a gun in his hand, the smoke rising above his head, and one of his men bringing to him a bird. He has shot a

plump teal, one of the numerous kinds of wild fowl on this part of the coast, which had ventured thus late in the morning to linger too near the premises, not knowing that the sun never rises to find the owner asleep. For this unseasonable contempt of danger on its part we will taste the bird at dinner. So says Mr. Webster.

Excuse me for an hour, for I am called to take a ramble in the fields with boots proof against the morning dews, to use Mr. Webster's words, "to spy out the nakedness of the land." I don't think we shall find much nakedness to spy out. * * *

I have returned from a delightful walk with farmer Webster. Thousands have seen Mr. Webster in the Capitol, where listening Senators were hearing the wisdom that fell from his lips; tens of thousands have heard him at the bar demanding justice, exculpating innocence, and expounding the law; hundreds of thousands "with up-turned faces," have been charmed by his eloquence in popular assemblies; and millions have read his speeches, sent by reporters to all parts of the civilized world; but comparatively few have seen and heard *farmer* Webster, among his cattle and sheep, his crops and forests, the products of his own care and labor. Whenever he is to speak on any of the above mentioned occasions, short-hand writers are sent to take down his words, so that no idea of his may be lost.

Now if the cultivators of the soil should send reporters to note down what he says touching their most useful and indispensable occupation, whenever he has occasion, they would be enriched, as the earth

is by the overflowing of the Nile. In the fields, walking through his crops, among his cattle and his sheep, each one suggesting a topic, he surpasses even himself. But alas! of what use is so much wisdom to me in a chase for a fox, or in shooting a woodcock, or in angling for a trout? Were I a farmer, it would be otherwise. You may become one, therefore I will give you the benefit of what I saw.

We took a good look at the potatoes. If there is any crop worthy of attention, and indeed absolutely requiring it, Mr. Webster says it is the *potato crop*, and especially so when it is liable to that fatal disease by which it is destroyed in so many countries. He has this season produced a large quantity, chiefly of two kinds, the mercers and the pink-eyes. He has never had a finer crop. He planted them early, and they are ripe early. Many are already harvested, and all have been ready for the harvest some time. They grow, he says, to a large size, with but few in a hill, and without any appearance of disease. He planted the seed on a light, loamy soil, which he prepared with a sub-soil plough, and manured with a fish called manhaden, and a sea-weed called kelp, taken from the ocean bordering on his farm. For this crop he uses no barn-yard manure, for where it is scattered on the land, weeds will grow. At a proper time his men will take these potatoes to Boston, where their good quality will bring for them a good price.

We looked at the turnips. He has one field of ten acres, the best he has ever produced. He said he chooses for this crop also, a light soil, and ex-

cludes from it all barn yard manure. Manure fresh from the sea is exactly the thing for turnips. All succulent crops delight in it. To-morrow he will show me how and where he obtains the weed, and how he uses it.

We next looked at a field of five acres of beets, growing by the side of the turnips in a most luxuriant manner. His preparation for this crop was like that of the potato and turnip, consequently the field is free from weeds. After the seed is once planted, he has nothing to do, but wait for the harvest to come. Mr. Webster has a strict regard for what is called a rotation in crops, and generally makes his turnips and beets follow a crop of wheat or oats. These green crops, he says, do not exhaust the soil, but bring to it as much annually as they take away.

In former letters I have given you his views, the result of his reading, his reflection and his experience on this interesting topic.

His corn is growing finely and promises an abundant harvest; and, as we passed over the stubble fields, I could see there had been an extraordinary yield. Mr. Webster remarked that in this respect, ‘‘ Nature had been bountiful.” His barns are all full.

Among his cattle he apparently takes great delight. He has imported some of the finest breeds in England and Scotland. His Devonshires, Durhams and Ayrshires are all noble specimens. He almost always has some prodigies in nature. Sometimes an ox, sometimes a cow; but this year he has a remarkable pair of twin steers, yearlings, exactly alike, and as large as a common three-year old.

His sheep, especially the South-Downs and Cheviots, are the finest I ever saw, and I presume they are not excelled by any in this country.

Coming through the lawn, around the fresh pond near the house, I saw a large number of the real Canada geese. He says they feed on grass, and flourish best when left alone, where they have access to water and islands beyond the leap of a fox. Here they have just such an island.

You must excuse me again, as I am going to take a ride with a lady. The "neighing and pawing steeds" are at the door.

Yours truly.

A COMMITTEE CALLS ON MR. WEBSTER—HE HAS A PRESENT FROM AFAR.

MARSHFIELD, August, 1848.

* * * On our return home from the ride with Miss B. we found the defender of the Constitution seated under the shade of the great elm tree, in front of his house, with several eminent men, his guests, talking gravely and wisely upon some political topics of deep concern to the country. I listened awhile and was greatly instructed, but under his own tree Mr. Webster would rather talk on any other subject. Some gentlemen had come from a distance to see him on these subjects, but as soon as courtesy would permit it, topics more agreeable were introduced. While under the trees, a messenger brought him a walking-staff with this inscription: "Constantinople,

September, 1846. The Honorable Daniel Webster, Marshfield, Massachusetts, United States of America, for whom this Daphne-wood stick was cut on the borders of the Bosphorus, where Mahomet II. and the Greeks had their last field battle before the complete subjugation of the latter." It was a present from a clergyman. Mr. Webster, in September, 1846, probably little thought that any one so far off was thinking to compliment him in this manner. His premises are greatly occupied by mementoes from all sorts of persons, in all the States and Kingdoms with which we have intercourse.

The house is filled with guests, and I see another carriage full driving up the glen. I must dress for dinner.

Yours truly.

MR. WEBSTER PREPARES FOR A SPEECH—HIS DRESS—HIS VIEWS ON THESE SUBJECTS—DRIVES OVER HIS FARM, AND TALKS OF AGRICULTURE.

MARSHFIELD, August —, 1848.

Long before the sun rose, Mr. Webster was in his library, pondering doubtless on what he should say to his neighbors, who are to meet him to-morrow; in other words, he is going to make a speech. Although it is taken for granted that he could draw from his immense storehouse on the spur of any moment sufficient to give them tolerable satisfaction, and to produce the desired effect without much thinking, no man is more ready—such is never his practice.

He would sooner appear before them half-clothed than half-prepared: and he has told me he would as soon stand up and tell them that he had garments enough at home, but did not think it worth while to put them on, as to tell them he could have made a satisfactory speech, perhaps, if he had taken the requisite pains. He never turns off his hearers by saying he throws out crude thoughts for their improvement and consideration, in which there may be something or may be nothing. All the thoughts he throws out have been well digested, and all their bearings and soundings have been carefully ascertained. He holds it disrespectful in a high degree to an audience that will listen to him, and perhaps come a great distance to do so, "to make an apology instead of a speech." Besides, what he is to say tomorrow, and, indeed, what he says on almost all occasions, is virtually said to the whole country. Several reporters are already on the ground,—short-hand writers, to send forth, on the wings of lightning, each word as soon as it shall be spoken. And he knows, too, that each word will be weighed in a thousand scales, and, if found wanting, complaints will be made.

I have never heard of a man who would take more pains to meet the just expectations of those who are to hear him, or be more particular in showing a proper respect to their opinions, taste, and their convenience, than Mr. Webster. He even takes care that he is dressed in a becoming manner. Whoever saw him in Court, in the Senate, at dinner, at any party in the presence of ladies, or on any occasion, without

discovering that he was dressed in a manner peculiarly proper? His uniform for the Senate and the Bar is, a blue coat with gilt buttons, a buff-colored vest, and black pantaloons. It is not that he fancies he appears personally better in one suit than another, but because he will, on all occasions, show, by some mark of attention, that he omits nothing that is due to those before whom it is his duty or his pleasure to present himself. If he does not show this respect, it is because some circumstance prevents him. Hence it is, that whenever time is given, he goes before his hearers with every topic well considered, with every mark of respect.

He never writes out a speech, which he over and over again scratches and amends, and finally commits to memory *in hæc verba*, as many speakers do, but he prepares himself by thinking. The whole mass of matter pertaining to any subject he puts into the crucible of his brain, and there separates the dross from the pure gold, which he forges into links and forms a chain.

It is his custom to do this great business of thinking at an early hour, before any of the stirring events of the day, or matters of common concern come to occupy or divert his attention. I saw him this morning in his library, surrounded by those countless volumes which contain the thoughts and learning of all preceding ages, with one hand in his vest pocket, standing erect, and his countenance illuminated, as if he was communing with some master spirit. On the table lay the half-sheet of paper on which he had noted down the index of the thoughts he was revolv-

ing. If Healy will transfer to canvas a correct portrait, as I saw him, with all his surroundings, and catch a gleam of the inspiration which seemed, at that time, to have touched his mind, I will pay him any price he may ask. Harding, the great artist, has done it to perfection, except, in his portrait, the right hand touches the table.

After breakfast, Mr. Webster and myself drove to the residence of his son, Mr. Fletcher Webster, a pleasant place on this farm, nearer the sea than the mansion-house, and paid our regards to his lady, and for a while played with his children.

In driving and riding about I had seen scores of wagons and carts loaded with an article which had never before arrested my attention. I asked what it was. Mr. Webster said it was kelp, a sea-weed, to which he alluded yesterday. It is used by himself and neighbors to fertilize their farms, and one load of it, he says, is equal to three of manure taken from barn-yards. In some countries it is used in making glass. I was curious to know all about it. He said, previous to his coming to Marshfield, it had never, to his knowledge, been used here, though thousands of tons were thrown on the shore annually, to be decomposed, and washed back again to the deep. It had long been used advantageously in Ireland and on the coast of Scotland. He drove me to the beach, that I might see where the bounteous ocean deposited so much real wealth. There it lay, in an extended pile, at high-water mark, from which the waves had receded, leaving it in a convenient position to be taken away, and there could not be less than one

thousand tons or loads. It has a greenish appearance, and is, beyond all doubt, very rich in fertilizing qualities. In ancient times, when Heaven rained down manna, there was no more cause for gratitude than this bounteous gift.

Between the beach and the uplands a small river runs, some distance partly parallel to the shore of the ocean, and, without a bridge, would prevent communication. Mr. Webster and the Hon. Gershon B. Weston, a rich and liberal citizen of Duxbury, headed a subscription to build one, and thereby afforded the inhabitants of the neighboring farms an opportunity to use it. A greater public benefit can scarcely be conferred than to disclose such a source of wealth, and, at the same time, open the way to its general enjoyment.

Having seen where it was obtained, we drove to that part of his farm which he was covering with it. After spreading it carefully and evenly over the surface, he turns it deep into the soil by plows, each drawn by three yoke of oxen, in its fresh state. There his men were at work, as if their lives depended on what they could accomplish in a short time. He says this plan is adopted by the Kentish and Suffolk farmers, and many of the Scotch, and he has found that by consigning it to the soil as soon as possible after it comes from the sea, the better will be its effects. After the salt water has drained from the weeds, and a partial decomposition has taken place, its value will be materially diminished. His poorest lands, those that have been worn and tilled since the

Pilgrims landed, are benefited and rendered greatly productive by its use.

One chief excellence, he says, this manure possesses over barn-yard, and which he highly prizes, is that it brings with it no noxious weeds, which require vast labor to destroy them, or which exhaust the land. It freshens and endows the soil with capacity to produce the most luxuriant crops. All his lands in which he produces potatoes, turnips, and beets, are fertilized with kelp. No plant, he says, delights in it so much as the potato. Hence one of the reasons for his having so fine a crop, always free from the disease so destructive in other parts of the country.

In rating one load of this at a value equal to three of the other kind, he thinks he underrates it. Although these green manures have been in use since man began to till the land, they have not been systematically used. The idea of piling them up and leaving them to decompose before using them, he entirely repudiates, and shows beyond all doubt the advantage of using not only this, but all green manures, in their freshest possible state.

While upon our morning excursion, we went to the top of Bascom Hill, which is one of the highest promontories of his farm, and sat in the enjoyment of the breeze, in the shade of a rude summer-house erected for that purpose. From this point, farmer Webster can view his whole plantation. On its summit has been also planted a flag-staff a hundred feet high, with halliards for hoisting and lowering the American flag. I have spoken of this on another occasion.

On the Fourth of July, and on every important occasion, its stars and stripes are flung to the wind, and can be hailed by the mariner as he approaches the shores of the greatest nation on earth.

We have made up our minds, to use the language of Mr. Webster, that "there are some codfish off in the vicinity of South Rock, waiting to see us; and we are not the men to disappoint them."

Our men are carefully selected. Our bait and fishing-tackle are ready, and we believe our sport will be good.

Yours truly.

NOTES OF A TRIP TO NEW HAMPSHIRE—MR. WEBSTER IN COURT—A LETTER ABOUT HIMSELF—VERSES, &C.

BOSTON, Oct. 1849.

After having spent a week at Marshfield in fishing, sailing, driving on the beach, shooting, and in all the delights of that charming resort, we changed the scene.

Lady Emily Stuart Wortley, a daughter of the Duke of Rutland, who is a warm friend of Mr. Webster; Governor Everett, Mr. Gray, of Boston, and a number of others, whom Mr. Webster esteemed highly, had been with us, and the time passed gayly. I remember no week replete with more rational enjoyments. All persons were in good spirits.

On Saturday night Mr. Webster was kind enough to say to me, "You and I had better go for a week or ten days to New Hampshire, where it is still more

quiet than it is here ;" and at the same time he smiled at the idea that Marshfield was under such circumstances a *quiet* place. I speak of what has been going on out of doors, in the fields, on the highways, and on the water. No one present will forget that week.

On Monday morning early, taking with us two faithful servants from Marshfield, we set out for Franklin, the home of his childhood. We dined in this city on our way, and, leaving directly after, we were at the old homestead at an early hour in the evening. The old doors grated on the hinges, as they were opened for us. The house is not occupied, except when he goes there, and that is only once, or, at most, twice a year, and then only for a short time. But he loves to go there, if only for a day.

John Taylor, who lives in the large farm-house near by, was there, and another servant was added to the number, so that every thing wanted for our happiness was made ready at once, or as soon as the slightest wish was expressed.

There we lived, eating and sleeping when we pleased, and enjoying ourselves as we pleased, in that really quiet place. I have on a former occasion described this farm.

Mr. Haddock, his distinguished nephew, came from Dartmouth college, to pay Mr. Webster a visit. He brought with him Mr. Kimball,—who has written a clever book about Italy—and they made the time pass very agreeably ; and while we were there, a large number of the remote kindred,—by blood and marriage—of Mr. Webster, came in a party to make him

a visit. All rambled over the fields together. They came just after an early dinner, and stayed to tea. Mr. Webster was cheerful, and happy in the enjoyment of the company of his relations; he took pains to make them happy, and all carried away some little memento to keep. Hearing he was there, a great many young gentlemen and ladies, who were not relations, came in couples from some distance, to see the great defender of the Constitution. With those young people he was social, full of anecdotes, and as playful as the youngest of the party.

Every day we were there, the weather was uncommonly fine, and we drove over every road in that vicinity, and as we drove, Mr. Webster talked. Almost every brook, tree, rock, mount, valley, plain, house, or building, seemed to suggest some rich anecdote, which he told in his happiest manner. He pointed out the place of his birth, his marriage, his schoolhouses, the place where he studied the law, where he began to practise as an attorney, &c. The anecdotes in which he or his family were concerned, were full of interest. I listened attentively, hoping to bear them in mind; for every thing concerning him, or them, will some day be deeply interesting to the whole civilized world. He called often to pay his respects to his old friends and neighbors, hardly passing a door. They were all glad to see him, and he never failed to speak cheerfully and encouragingly to all we met. The events of his youth and of their young days were the topics of their conversation.

We spent some time every afternoon in the fields,

with the cattle and sheep. He designated some to be sent to market, for they were fat and ready for the shambles; and from droves passing his door, from the Canadas towards Boston, he purchased others to replenish his stock. All these were very agreeable incidents, and happily filled up the time we passed.

Having remained on the banks of the Merrimac as long as we intended, we shut up the old mansion house, with its precious relicts and pleasant associations. Leaving all things in the charge of his faithful John Taylor, we came to this place, where Mr. Webster is concerned as counsel in an important lawsuit about ready for trial. He is still a hard-working man in his profession. He looks to that as his chief source of income, though he has other sources.

By the by, speaking of lawsuits, reminds me of a letter Mr. Webster wrote last winter, while trying a cause—I think about a patent for a water-wheel, at all events there was something in it about a wheel. Mr. Taber and Mr. Choate, whom Mr. Webster highly esteemed, were engaged in the same cause.

The letter is not, of course, written for the public eye; but I have permission to use it, and make extracts from it. You will see from its half serious and half ironical character, how playful he can be, even while sitting at the bar waiting for his turn to be heard in a cause. He speaks of himself in it, as he supposes others will speak of him. To show you that he is not always cold and unbending, I will give you an extract from the letter.

For instance, he dated it in this manner:

BOSTON, Jan. 15, '49—Monday, 12 o'clock,
In C. Court, United States.

Marcy vs. *Sizer* being on trial, and *Tabero dicente*, *in longum;* and another snow storm appearing to be on the wing.

"MY DEAR SIR: We are in Court yet, and so shall be some days longer. We have the evidence in, and a discussion on the law, preliminary to our summing up, is now going on. I think it will consume the remainder of this day, if it lasts no longer. Mr. Choate will speak to-morrow, and I close immediately after. * * * * * * *

I am afraid my luck is always bad, and I fear is always to be so. * * * * (*Here Mr. Webster speaks of what he expects, and about which he fears he may be disappointed, and the consequences of it.*)

He then goes on to say:

"It will be said, or may be said hereafter, Mr. Webster was a laborious man in his profession and other pursuits. He never tasted of the bread of idleness. His profession yielded him, at some times, large amounts of income; but he seems never to have aimed at accumulation, and perhaps was not justly sensible of the importance and duty of preservation. Riches were never before his eyes as a leading object of regard. When young and poor, he was more earnest in struggling for eminence, than in efforts for making money; and in after life, reputation, public regard, and usefulness in high pursuits, mainly engrossed his attention. He always said, also, that he was never destined to be rich; that no such star presided over his birth; that he never obtained any thing by any attempts or efforts out of the line of

his profession; that his friends, on several occasions, induced him to take an intesest in business operations; that as often as he did so, loss resulted, till he used to say when spoken to on such subjects—

"Gentlemen, if you have any projects for money making, I pray you keep me out of them; my singular destiny mars every thing of that sort, and would be sure to overwhelm your own better fortunes." After this he says: "Mr. Webster was the author of that short biography of most good lawers, which has been ascribed to other sources, viz: that they '*lived well, worked hard, and died poor.*'"

And in the same letter he tells the following anecdote of himself:

Sitting one day at the Bar in Portsmouth, with an elderly member of the Bar, his friend, who enjoyed with sufficient indulgence that part of a lawyer's lot which consists "in living well," Mr. Webster made an epitaph, which would not be unsuitable—

"Natus consumere fruges;
Frugibus consumptis,
Hic Jacet.
R. C. S."

At the close of the letter, he added the following postcript, relative to the case on trial:

Half-past 2 *o'clock—Cessat* Taber; Choate *sequitur, in questione juris, Crastino die.*

"Tabert is learned, sharp and dry;
Choate, full of fancy, soaring high;
Both, lawyers of the best report,
True to their clients and the Court;
What sorrow doth a Christian feel,
Both should be '*broken on a wheel.*'"

Most persons who know but little of Mr. Webster, or have seen him only on great public occasions, when his brow was knit with thought, think he is always stern, and never unbends himself; but the truth is far otherwise. I have many playful letters like this, and I have always found him throughout all my travelling, sojourning and sports with him, one of the most agreeable men—one of the most amiable and playful men I ever met. No one has known him more intimately, or has seen him oftener, under every variety of circumstances for fifteen years.

Yours truly.

MR. WEBSTER MAKES HIS 7TH OF MARCH SPEECH.

WASHINGTON, March 8, 1850.

It happens to be my great and good luck to be here at this interesting stage in the progress of national events, and that I heard Mr. Webster's speech yesterday in the Senate. I have never been present on any occasion more interesting, or when the excitement ran higher, or on any to which my country will recur with more pleasure.

It had been known for several days that, on Thursday, Mr. Webster was to speak on the subjects which shake the foundations of our government. Mr. Calhoun, the greatest champion of the South, uttering sentiments which made many stout hearts tremble, had spoken on Monday, and his speech, like flashes of lightning, had been seen simultaneously in all parts of the surrounding country; consequently every man

or woman who could come to Washington with any hope of hearing Mr. Webster, was here. The day itself was glorious. At an early hour crowds of ladies and gentlemen moved along the avenue, and besieged every door of the Senate Chamber.

On the opening of the galleries they were immediately filled by the most fortunate, but the crowd without was not sensibly diminished. At 10 o'clock, two hours before the Senate was to convene, privileged persons, and other gentlemen and ladies with permits from Senators, began to pour into the Senate Chamber itself. Soon all the seats, except the chairs of the Senators, were occupied by ladies, whose smiles had won the privilege to enter, while the lobbies were crowded with members of the other house, and other eminent gentlemen, standing. Soon the Senators themselves made their appearance with more ladies—their wives, daughters and friends,—and then extra chairs, and sofas, and temporary seats, made with public documents piled one upon another, were called into use. The steps which surround the Vice-President's chair were occupied by ladies, while between every two Senators was sandwiched at least one pretty woman. In many instances gallantry so far overcame convenience that the Senators gave up their own seats to ladies, standing themselves in the crowd. There was not unoccupied a spot in that chamber, above or below, or in any avenue leading to it, where the sound of Mr. Webster's voice could be heard.

It was a magnificent sight. The assembled wisdom and beauty of this country never before beheld an audience of a higher grade.

At 12 o'clock the Vice-President took the chair, and a rap on the table with the ivory mallet before him called the Senate to order; then a prayer was made by Rev. Mr. Butler, and the minutes of the previous day were read by the Secretary. As soon as possible the Senate proceeded to the special order of the day, which was the subject of the Compromise. The Vice-President said that Mr. Walker, of Wisconsin, not having finished his speech the day before, was entitled to the floor. Thereupon Mr. Walker rose and said,—

"Mr. President: This vast audience has not assembled to hear me; and there is but one man, in my opinion, who can assemble such an audience. They expect to hear him, and I feel it to be my duty, as well as my pleasure, to give the floor therefore to the Senator from Massachusetts."

In a moment the buzz of a thousand voices and whispers was silenced, and as many bright and piercing eyes were turned to the seat of Mr. Webster. With that self-possession which so eminently distinguished him, he rose, passed his hand over his brow, bowed to the Vice-President, surveyed the multitude in his presence, expressed his obligations to the gentleman who had yielded the floor to him, and began by saying; "Mr. President, I wish to speak to-day, not as a Massachusetts man, not as a Northern man, but as an American, and a member of the Senate of the United States." And he did so speak. He made, as you, and hundreds of thousands ere this reaches you will have read, one of the greatest speeches he ever uttered, if not the greatest of all.

It was my good fortune, by the courtesy of a Senator, to have a position on the floor of the Senate, exactly in front of the Speaker. I heard every word, and saw every gesture, and every look. In manner, as well perhaps as in matter, he surpassed himself. It was not an occasion for fluent oratory, as if it were a dinner speech, and therefore nothing of that sort was introduced. It was not a political harangue, made to excite the action or draw forth the plaudits of the people. It was none of those occasions on which we are apt to look for smart sayings, classical allusions, or many of the flowers of speech.

It was a grave occasion. It was before the Senate of the United States; treating the Senate as if it were what it ought to be, whether it is or not. The question was, substantially, "SHALL OR SHALL NOT THE UNION BE DISSOLVED?" When, in your time or mine, has arisen a question more momentous? Never, and Heaven grant that hereafter the question may never be asked. He spoke three hours; yet, what is extraordinary, he never looked at his notes, except to take from them copies of resolutions and several extracts from his former speeches, which he asked Mr. Green, of Rhode Island, whose seat is near his own, to read for him. He never transposed a sentence, or attempted to change the phraseology of an idea he had put forth; but his speech came on, as the Mississippi rolls from its fountains, increasing in depth and width till it terminates in the ocean.

I happen to know that it was his intention to occupy parts of two days. He supposed that, in the order of business, he should begin not far from two

o'clock, and might speak till the usual hour for the adjournment of the Senate, and that on the next morning he could finish what he had to say. He had notes prepared on half a sheet of letter paper, to which he would have referred, and he would have introduced several other topics, had Mr. Walker not given way, and had he not concluded thereupon to curtail his speech to what could be submitted on that morning. Hence the reason of his laying aside his notes, and making, as he did, an entirely extemporaneous speech, more brief than it would otherwise have been and purposely stripped of ornament.

His utterance was slow and his enunciation very distinct. His voice was generally raised just loud enough to be heard clearly in all parts of the chamber, and only occasionally rose to a pitch indicating excitement. As he approached the close he became a little warm, and the Senate felt and manifested the force of his sentiments. When the idea of dissolving the Union by peaceable secession came into his mind, his eyes appeared like two balls of fire, and his gesticulation indicated the strength of his patriotic impulses.

His whole manner spoke on this topic more than any words that he could command. Not a sound—not even the falling of a pin—broke the silence between his sentences. He stood erect, with his burning eyes fixed on Mr. Calhoun, to whom at this instant every eye was drawn, and to whom a hundred curling lips were bidding simultaneous defiance. I should like to see and study for hours a true picture of the Senate, taken at that moment. A more sublime *tableau vivant* I never expect to see.

There was one sentence on the subject of the proposed Southern Convention which roused the feelings of those venerating the name of Andrew Jackson, who swore "by the Eternal, this Union *must* and SHALL be preserved," and who lies in his tomb at Nashville.

"I believe," said Mr. Webster, "if the Convention meet at all, it will be for this purpose; for certainly, if they meet for any purpose hostile to the Union, they have been singularly inappropriate in their selection of a place. I remember, sir, that when the treaty was concluded between France and England at the peace at Amiens, a stern old Englishman and an orator, who disliked the terms of the peace as ignominious to England, said in the House of Commons, that if King William could know the terms of the treaty, he would turn in his coffin. Let me commend the saying, in all its emphasis and in all its force, to any body who shall meet at Nashville for the purpose of concerting measures for the overthrow of the Union of this country over the bones of Andrew Jackson."

The effect upon the audience was like a shock of electricity Here again the flashing eye and the glowing countenance, spoke more than any words that can be uttered.

He finished his speech by quoting the poet's description of the ornamental buckler of Achilles, and sat down. An enthusiastic burst of applause followed, though the enchanted hearers were in the presence of the Senate.

The Senators from all parts of the Chamber ad-

vanced, took him by the hand, and complimented him, and congratulated the country.

Mr. Benton told him that his speech would do more toward allaying the dangerous excitement, and for ever annihilating the idea of disunion, than all the propositions and schemes for compromise that had been or could be proposed from any quarter of the Union. Such language was addressed to him spontaneously from all parts, East, West, North, and South.

Sir Henry L. Bulwer took him by the hand and said: "Sir, that was one of the most finished specimens of oratory I have ever heard, and would do honor to any man I ever saw." This from one so distinguished as a scholar, and so well acquainted with all the great men of Europe, is a high compliment, to say the least of it.

The speech is reported this morning, and it reads well; but it is impossible to put it on paper as it appeared to those who heard it, and are capable of appreciating its merits.

Yours truly.

EDWARD EVERETT'S SPEECH ON THE DEATH OF WEBSTER, AT A MEETING OF THE CITIZENS OF BOSTON.

MR. MAYOR AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: I never rose to address an assembly when I was so little fit, body or mind, to perform the duty; and I never felt so keenly how inadequate are words to express such an emotion as manifestly pervades this meeting, in common with the whole country. There is but one voice that ever fell upon my ear which could do justice to such an occasion. That voice, alas! we shall hear no more forever. No more at the bar will it unfold the deepest mysteries of the law; no more will it speak conviction to admiring Senates; no more in this hall, the chosen theatre of his intellectual dominion, will it lift the soul as with a swell of the pealing organ, or stir the blood with the tones of a clarion, in the inmost chambers of the heart.

We are assembled, fellow-citizens, to pour out the fulness of our feelings; not in the vain attempt to do honor to the great man who is taken from us; most assuredly, not with the presumptuous hope on any part to magnify his name and his praise. They are spread throughout the land. From East to West,

and from North to South, (which he knew, as he told you, only that he might embrace them in the arms of loving patriotism,) a voice of lamentation has already gone forth, such as has not echoed throughout the land, since the death of him who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

You have listened, fellow-citizens, to the resolutions which have been submitted to you by Col. Heard. I thank him for offering them. It does honor to his heart, and to those with whom he acts in politics, and whom, I have no doubt, he well represents, that he has stepped forward so liberally on this occasion. The resolutions are emphatic, sir, but I feel that they do not say too much. No one will think they overstate the magnitude of our loss, who is capable of appreciating a character like that of Daniel Webster. Who of us, fellow-citizens, that has known him—that has witnessed the masterly skill with which he would pour the full effulgence of his mind on some contested legal and constitutional principle, till what seemed hard and obscure became as plain as day; who that has seen him, in all the glory of intellectual ascendency,

> Ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm

of parliamentary conflict; who that has drank of the pure, fresh air of wisdom and thought in the volumes of his writings; who, alas sir, that has seen him

> ——————in his happier hour
> Of social pleasure, ill-exchanged for power,

that has come within the benignant fascination of his smile, has felt the pressure of his hand, and tasted the sweets of his fireside eloquence, will think that the resolutions say too much?

No, fellow-citizens, we come together not to do honor to him but to do justice to ourselves. We obey an impulse from within. Such a feeling cannot be pent up in solitude. We must meet, neighhor with neighbor, citizen with citizen, man with man, to sympathize with each other. If we did not, mute Nature would rebuke us. The Granite Hills of New Hampshire, within whose shadow he drew his first breath, would cry shame: Plymouth Rock, which all but moved at his approach; the slumbering echoes of this Hall which rung so grandly with his voice, that "silent but majestic orator," which rose in no mean degree at his command on Bunker Hill,—all, all, would cry out at our degeneracy and ingratitude.

Mr. Chairman, I do not stand here to pronounce the eulogy of Mr. Webster; it is not necessary. Eulogy has already performed her first offices to his memory. As the mournful tidings have flashed through the country, the highest offices of Nation and State, the most dignified official bodies, the most prominent individuals, without distinction of party, the press of the country, the great voice of the land, all have spoken, and with one accord of opinion and feeling; with a unanimity that does honor at once to the object of this touching attestation, and to those who make it. The record of his life, from the humble roof beneath which he was born, (with no inheritance but poverty and an honored name,) up through the

arduous paths of manhood, which he trod with lion heart and giant steps, till they conducted him to the helm of state,—this stirring narrative, not unfamiliar before, has, with melancholy promptitude, within the last three days, been again sent abroad through the length and breadth of the land. It has spread from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. Struggling poverty has been cheered afresh; honest ambition has been kindled, patriotic resolve has been invigorated; while all have mourned.

The poor boy at the village school has taken comfort as he has read that the time was when Daniel Webster, whose father told him he should go to college if he had to sell every acre of his farm to pay the expense, laid his head on the shoulder of that fond and discerning parent, and wept the thanks he could not speak. The pale student who ekes out his scanty support by extra toil has gathered comfort when reminded that the first jurist, statesman, and orator of the time, earned with his weary fingers by the midnight lamp, the means of securing the same advantages of education to a beloved brother. Every true-hearted citizen throughout the Union has felt an honest pride as he re-peruses the narrative, in reflecting that he lives beneath a Constitution and a Government under which such a man has been formed and trained, and that he himself is compatriot with him. He does more, sir; he reflects with gratitude that in consequence of what that man has done and written, and said—in the result of his efforts to strengthen the pillars of the Union—a safer inherit-

ance of civil liberty, a stronger assurance that these blessings will endure, will descend to his children.

I know, Mr. Mayor, how presumptuous it would be to dwell on any personal causes of grief, in the presence of this august sorrow which spreads its dark wings over the land. You will not, however, be offended, if by way of apology for putting myself forward on this occasion, I say that my relations with Mr. Webster run further back than those of almost any one in this community. They began the first year he came to live in Boston. When I was but ten or eleven years old, I attended a little private school in Short-street, (as it was then called; it is now the continuation of Kingston-street,) kept by the late Hon. Ezekiel Webster, the elder brother to whom I have alluded, and a brother worthy of his kindred. Owing to illness, or some other cause of absence on his part, the school was kept for a short time by Daniel Webster, then a student of law in Mr. Gore's office; and on this occasion, forty-seven or forty-eight years ago, and I a child of ten, our acquaintance, never interrupted, began.

When I entered public life, it was with his encouragement. In 1838, I acted, fellow-citizens, as your organ in the great ovation which you gave him in this hall. When he came to the Department of State, in 1841, it was on his recommendation that I, living in the utmost privacy beyond the Alps, was appointed to a very high office abroad; and, in the course of the last year, he gave me the highest proof of his confidence, in intrusting to me the care of conducting his works through the press. May I venture,

sir, to add, that in the last letter but one which I had the happiness to receive from him, alluding with a kind of sad presentiment, which I could not then fully appreciate, but which now unmans me, to these kindly relations of half a century, he adds: "We now and then see stretching across the heavens a clear, blue, cerulean sky, without cloud, or mist, or haze. And such appears to me our acquaintance from the time when I heard you for a week recite your lessons in the little school-house in Short-street, to the date hereof," 21st July, 1852.

Mr. Chairman, I do not dwell upon the traits of Mr. Webster's public character, however tempting the theme. Its bright developments in a long life of service are before the world; they are wrought into the annals of the country. Whoever in after times shall write the history of the United States for the last forty years, will write the life of Daniel Webster; and whoever writes the life of Daniel Webster, as it ought to be written, will write the history of the Union from the time he took a leading part in its concerns. I prefer to allude to those private traits which show the MAN, the kindness of his heart, the generosity of his spirit, his freedom from all the bitterness of party, the unaffected gentleness of his nature. In preparing the new edition of his works, he thought proper to leave almost everything to my discretion—as far as matters of taste are concerned. One thing only he enjoined upon me, with an earnestness approaching to a command. "My friend," said he, "I wish to perpetuate no feuds. I have sometimes, though rarely, and that in self-defence, been

led to speak of others with severity. I beg you, where you can do it without wholly changing the character of the speech, and thus doing essential injustice to me, to obliterate every trace of personality of this kind. I should prefer not to leave a word that would give unnecessary pain to any honest man, however opposed to me."

But I need not tell you, fellow-citizens, that there is no one of our distinguished public men whose speeches contain less occasion for such an injunction. Mr. Webster habitually abstained from the use of the poisoned weapons of personal invective or party odium. No one could more studiously abstain from all attempts to make a political opponent personally hateful. If the character of our congressional discussions has of late years somewhat doclined in dignity, no portion of the blame lies at his door. With Mr. Calhoun, who, for a considerable portion of the time, was his chief antagonist, and with whom he was brought into most direct collision, he maintained friendly personal relations. He did full justice to his talent and character. You remember the feeling with which he spoke of him at the time of his decease. Mr. Calhoun, in his turn, entertained a just estimate of his great opponent's worth. He said, toward the close of his life, that of all the leading men of the day, "there was not one whose political course had been more strongly marked by a strict regard to truth and honor than Mr. Webster's."

One of the resolutions speaks of a permanent memorial to Mr. Webster. I do not know what is contemplated, but I trust that such a memorial there

will be. I trust that marble and brass, in the hands of the most skilful artists our country has produced, will be put in requisition to reproduce to us—and nowhere so appropriately as in this hall—the lineaments of that noble form and beaming countenance, on which we have so often gazed with delight. But, after all, fellow-citizens, the noblest monument may be found in his works. There he will live and speak to us and our children when brass and marble have crumbled into dust. As a repository of political truth and practical wisdom applied to the affairs of government, I know not where we shall find their equal. The works of Burke naturally suggest themselves to the mind as the only writings in our language that can sustain the comparison. Certainly no compositions in the English tongue can take precedence of those of Burke in depth of thought, reach of forecast, or magnificence of style. I think, however, it may be said, without partiality, either national or personal, that while the reader is cloyed at last with the gorgeous finish of Burke's diction, there is a severe simplicity, and a significant plainness, in Webster's writings that never tires. It is precisely this which characterizes the statesman in distinction from the political philosopher. In political disquisition elaborated in the closet, the palm must perhaps be awarded to Burke over all others, ancient or modern. But in the actual conflicts of the Senate, man against man, and opinion against opinion, in the noble war of debate, where measures are to be sustained and opposed, on which the welfare of the country and the peace of the world depend, where often the line of

intellectual battle is changed in a moment —no time to reflect—no leisure to cull words, or gather up illustrations—but all to be decided by a vote, although the reputation of a life may be at stake—all this is a very different matter, and here Mr. Webster was immeasurably the superior. Accordingly, we find historically (incredible as it sounds, and what I am ready to say I will not believe, though it is unquestionably true), that these inimitable orations of Burke, which one cannot read without a thrill of admiration to his fingers' ends, actually emptied the benches of Parliament.

Ah, gentlemen, it was very different with our great parliamentary orator. He not only chained to their seats willing, or, if there were such a thing, unwilling Senators, but the largest hall was too small for his audience. On the memorable 7th of March, 1850, when he was expected to speak upon the great questions then pending before the country, not only was the Senate Chamber thronged to its utmost capacity at an early hour, but all the passages to it, the rotunda of the Capitol, and even the avenues of the city, were alive with the crowds who were desirous of gaining admittance. Another Senator, not a political friend, was entitled to the floor. With equal good taste and feeling, he stated that "he was aware that great multitudes had not come together to hear him; and he was pleased to yield the floor to the only man, as he believed, who could draw together such an assembly." This sentiment, the effusion of parliamentary courtesy, will, perhaps, be found no

inadequate expression of what will finally be the judgment of posterity.

Among the many memorable words which fell from the lips of our friend just before they were closed for ever, the most remarkable are those which my friend Hilliard has just quoted,—"I STILL LIVE." They attest the serene composure of his mind; the Christian's heroism, with which he was able to turn his consciousness in upon himself, and explore, step by step, the dark passage (dark to us, but to him, we trust, already lighted from above), which connects this world with the world to come. But I know not, Mr. Chairman, what words could have been better chosen to express his relation to the world he was leaving—"I still live." This poor dust is just returning to the dust from which it was taken, but I feel that I live in the affections of the people to whose services I have consecrated my days. "I still live." The icy hand of death is already laid on my heart, but I shall still live in those words of counsel which I have uttered to my fellow-citizens, and which I now leave them as the last bequest of a dying friend.

Mr. Chairman, in the long and honored career of our lamented friend, there are efforts and triumphs which will hereafter fill one of the brightest pages of our history. But I greatly err if the closing scene —the height of the religious sublime—does not, in the judgment of other days, far transcend in interest the brightest exploits of public life. Within that darkened chamber at Marshfield was witnessed a scene of which we shall not readily find the parallel. The serenity with which he stood in the presence of

the King of Terrors, without trepidation or flutter, for hours and days of expectation: the thoughtfulness for the public business, when the sands were so nearly run out; the hospitable care for the reception of the friends who came to Marshfield; that affectionate and solemn leave separately taken, name by name, of wife, and children, and kindred, and friends, and family, down to the humblest members of the household; the designation of the coming day, then near at hand, when "all that was mortal of Daniel Webster would cease to exist!" the dimly recollected strains of the funeral poetry of Gray; the last faint flash of the soaring intellect; the feebly murmured words of Holy Writ repeated from the lips of the good physician, who, when all the resources of human art had been exhausted, had a drop of spiritual balm for the parting soul; the clasped hands; the dying prayers. Oh! my fellow-citizens, this is a consummation over which tears of pious sympathy will be shed ages after the glories of the forum and the senate are forgotten.

"His sufferings ended with the day,
Yet lived he at its close;
And breathed the long, long night away,
In statue-like repose.

"But ere the Sun, in all his state,
Illumed the Eastern skies,
He passed through glory's morning gate,
And walked in Paradise."

RUFUS CHOATE'S SPEECH BEFORE THE SUFFOLK BAR, BOSTON, ON OCCASION OF THE DECEASE OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HONOR—I have been requested by the members of the Bar of this Court to present certain resolutions in which they have embodied, as they were able, their sorrow for the death of their beloved and illustrious member and country-man, Mr. Webster; their estimation of his character, life, and genius; their sense of the bereavement—to the country as to his friends—incapable of repair; the pride, the fondness—the filial and patriotic pride and fondness—with which they cherish and would consign to history, to cherish the memory of a great and good man.

And when I have presented these resolutions, my duty is done. He must have known Mr. Webster less and loved him less than your Honor, or than I have known and loved him, who can quite yet—quite yet, before we can comprehend that we have lost him for ever—before the first paleness with which the news of his death overspread our cheeks, has passed away; before we have been down to lay him in the Pilgrim soil he loved so well, till the heavens be no

more—he must have known and loved him less than we have done, who can come here quite yet, to recount the series of his service—to display with psychological exactness the traits of his nature and mind —to ponder and speculate on the secrets, on the marvellous secrets and sources of that vast power, which we shall see no more in action, nor aught in any degree resembling it, among men. These first moments should be given to grief. It may employ—it may promote a calmer mood to construct a more elaborate and less unworthy memorial.

For the purposes of this moment and place, indeed, no more is needed. What is there for this Court or for this Bar from me to learn, here and now of him? The year and the day of his birth; that birth-place on the frontier yet bleak and waste; the well of which his childhood drank—dug by that father of whom he said, "that through the fire and blood of seven years' revolutionary war, he shrank from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own"—the elm-tree that father planted, fallen now, as father and son have fallen—that training of the giant infancy on Catechism and Bible, and Watts's version of the Psalms, and the traditions of Plymouth and Fort William and Mary, and the Revolution, and the age of Washington, and Franklin; on the banks of the Merrimack, flowing sometimes in flood and anger, from his secret springs in the crystal hills; the two district schoolmasters, Chase and Tappan; the village library; the dawning of the love and ambition of letters; the few months at Exeter

and Boscawen; the life of college; the probationary season of school-teaching; the clerkship in the Fryburg Registry of Deeds; his admission to the Bar, presided over by Judges like Smith, illustrated by practitioners such as Mason, where by the studies, in the contentions of nine years he laid the foundation of the professional mind; his irresistible attraction to public life; the oration on commerce; the Rockingham resolutions; his first term of four years' service in Congress, when by one bound he sprang to his place by the side of the foremost of the rising American statesmen; his removal to this State; and then the double and parallel current in which his life, studies, thoughts, and cares, have since flowed, bearing him to the leadership of the Bar, by universal acclaim; bearing him to the leadership of public life—last of that surpassing triumvirate, shall we say the greatest, the most widely known and admired—of all? These things, to their minutest details, are known and rehearsed familiarly. Happier than the younger Pliny, happier than Cicero, he has found his historian unsolicited, in his lifetime—and his countrymen have him all by heart

There is, then, nothing to tell you; nothing to bring to mind. And then, if I may borrow the language of one of his historians and friends—one of those through whose beautiful pathos the common sorrow uttered itself yesterday, in Faneuil Hall—"I dare not come here, and dismiss in a few summary paragraphs the character of one who has filled such a space in the history—who holds such a place in the heart of his country. It would be a disrespectful fa-

miliarity to a man of his lofty spirit, his great soul, his rich endowments, his long and honorable life, to endeavor thus to weigh and estimate them." A half hour of words, a handful of earth, for fifty years of great deeds, on high places!

But although the time does not require any thing elaborated and adequate—forbids it rather—some broken sentences of veneration and love may be indulged to the sorrow which oppresses us.

There presents itself, on the first, to any observation of Mr. Webster's life and character, a twofold eminence—eminence of the very highest rank in a twofold field of intellectual public display—the profession of the law, and the profession of statesmanship—of which it would not be easy to recall any parallel in the biography of illustrious men.

Without seeking for parallels, and without asserting that they do not exist, consider that he was by universal designation the leader of the general American Bar; and that he was also, by an equally universal designation, foremost of her statesmen living at his death—inferior to not one who has lived and acted since the opening of his own public life. Look at these aspects of his greatness separately,—and from opposite sides of the surpassing elevation, consider that his single career at the Bar may seem to have been enough to employ the largest faculties without repose—for a lifetime—and that if then and thus the "*infinitus forensium rerum labor*," would have conducted him to a mere professional reward—a Bench of Chancery or Law—the crown of the first of advocates—*jurisperitorum eloquentissimus*—to

the pure and mere fame of a great magistrate—that that would be as much as is allotted to the ablest in the distribution of fame. Even that half—if I may say so—of his illustrious reputation—how long the labor to win it—how worthy of all that labor! He was bred first in the severest school of the common law—in which its doctrines were expounded by Smith, and its administration shaped and directed by Mason,—and its foundation principles, its historical sources and illustrations, its connection with the parallel series of statutory enactments, its modes of reading, and the evidence of its truths,—he grasped easily and completely: and I have myself heard him say, that for many years while still at the bar, he tried more causes, and argued more questions of fact to the jury than perhaps any other member of the profession any where. I have heard from others, how even then he exemplified the same direct, clear, and forcible exhibition of proofs, and the reasonings appropriate to the proofs—as well as the same marvellous power of discerning instantly what we call the decisive points of the cause in law and fact—by which he was later more widely celebrated. This was the first epoch in his professional training.

With the commencement of his public life, or with his later removal to this State, began the second epoch of his professional training—conducting him through the gradation of the national tribunals to the study and practice of the more flexible, elegant, and scientific jurisprudence of Commerce and of Chancery, and to the grander and less fettered investigation of international jurisprudence

and constitutional law—and giving him to breathe the air of a more famous forum, in a more public presence, with more variety of competition; although he never met abler men, as I have heard him say, than some of those who initiated him in the rugged discipline of the Courts of New Hampshire; and thus, at length, by these studies, these labors, this contention, continued without repose, he came, now many years ago, to stand, *omnium consentu*, at the summit of the American Bar.

It is common, and it is easy, in the case of all in such position, to point out other lawyers, here and there, as possessing some special qualification or attainment more remarkably, perhaps, because more exclusively; to say of one that he has more cases in his recollection, at any given moment; or that he was earlier grounded in equity; or has gathered more black-letter, or civil law, or knowledge of Spanish or Western titles; and these comparisons were sometimes made with him. But when you sought a counsel of the first rate for the great cause, who would most surely discern and most powerfully expound the exact law required for the controversy, in season for use; who could most skilfully encounter the opposing law; under whose power of analysis, persuasion and display, the asserted right would assume the most forcible aspect before the intelligence of the Judge; who, if the inquiry became loaded with, or resolved into facts, could most completely develope and most irresistibly expose them; one "the Law's whole thunder born to wield"—when you sought such a counsel, and could have the choice, I think the uni-

versal profession would have turned to him. And this would be so in nearly every description of causes. In any department, some able men wield *civil* inquiries with a peculiar ability—some criminal. How lucidly and how deeply he unfolded a question of property, you all know. But then with what address, feeling, and pathos, he defended; with what dignity and crushing power, *accusatoria spiritu*, he prosecuted the accused of crime, few have seen; but none who have seen can ever forget it.

Some scenes there are—some Alpine eminences rising above the high table-land of such a professional life, to which, in the briefest tribute, we should love to follow him. We recall that day for an illustration, when he first announced with decisive display, what manner of man he was to the Supreme Court of the Nation. It was in 1818, and it was in the argument of the case of the Dartmouth College. William Pinkney was recruiting his great faculties, and replenishing that reservoir of professional and elegant acquisition in Europe. Samuel Dexter, "the honorable man, and the councillor, and the elegant orator," was in his grave. The boundless old school learning of Luther Martin; the silver voice and infinite analytical ingenuity and resources of Jones, the fervid genius of Emmett, pouring itself along *immenso ore:* the ripe and beautiful culture of Wirt and Hopkinson—the steel point unseen, not unfelt, beneath the foliage; these and such as these were left of that noble Bar. That day, Mr. Webster opened the case of Dartmouth College to a tribunal unsurpassed on

earth in all that gives illustration to a Bench of Law, not one of whom any longer survives.

One would love to linger on the scene, when, after a masterly argument of the law,—carrying, as we may now know, conviction to the general mind of the court, and vindicating and settling for his lifetime his place in that forum—he paused to enter, with an altered feeling, tone and manner, with these words, on his peroration: "I have brought my alma mater to this presence, that if she must fall, she may fall in her robes, and with dignity;" and then broke forth in that strain of sublime and pathetic eloquence, of which we know not much more than that in its progress, Marshall—the intellectual, the self controlled, the unemotioned—announced visibly the presence of the unaccustomed enchantment.

Other forensic triumphs crowd upon us—in other competition—with other issues. But I must commit them to the historian of constitutional jurisprudence.

And now, if this transcendent professional reputation were all of Mr. Webster, it might be practicable, though not easy, to find its parallel elsewhere—in our own, or in European or classical biography.

But when you consider that, side by side with this, there was growing up that other reputation—that of the first American statesman; that for thirty-three years—those embracing his most herculean works at the Bar—he was engaged as a member of either House, or in the highest Executive Departments, in the conduct of the largest national affairs; in the treatment of the largest national questions, in debate with the highest abilities of American public

life; conducting diplomatic intercourse in delicate relations with all classes of foreign powers; investigating whole classes of truths, totally unlike the truths of law, and resting on principles totally distinct,—and that here, too, he was wise, safe, controlling, trusted, the foremost man; that Europe had come to see in his life a guaranty for justice, for peace, for the best hope of civilization—and America to feel sure of her glory, her safety, as a great arm enfolded her;—you see how rare, how solitary almost was the actual greatness! Who anywhere has seen, as he had, the double fame, wore the double wreath of Murray and Chatham; or of Dunning and Fox; or of Erskine and Pitt; or of William Pinkney and Rufus King, in one transcendent superiority?

I cannot attempt to grasp and sum up the aggregate of the service of his public life at such a moment as this—and it is needless. That it comprised a term of more than thirty-three years. It produced a body of performances of which I may say generally, it was all which the first abilities of the country and time, employed with unexampled toil, stimulated by the noblest patriotism; in the highest places of the state —in the fear of God—in the presence of nations—could possibly compass.

He came into Congress after the war of 1812 had begun, and though probably deeming it unnecessary, according to the highest standards of public necessity in his private character—and objecting in his public to some of the details of the policy by which it was prosecuted, and standing by party ties in general opposition to the administration—he never breathed a

sentiment calculated to depress the tone of the public mind; to aid or comfort the enemy; to check or chill the stirrings of that new passionate, unquenchable spirit of nationality, which then was revealed, or kindled to burn till we go down to the tombs of States.

With the peace of 1815, his more cherished public labors began; and thenceforward has he devoted himself—the ardor of his civil youth—the energies of his maturest manhood—the autumnal wisdom of the ripened years—to the offices of legislation and diplomacy—of preserving the peace—keeping the honor—establishing the boundaries, and vindicating the neutral rights of his country—restoring a sound currency, and laying its foundation sure and deep—in upholding public credit—in promoting foreign commerce and domestic industry—in developing our uncounted material resources—giving the lake and the river to trade—and vindicating and interpreting the Constitution and the law. On all these subjects—on all measures practically in any degree affecting them—he has inscribed his opinions, and left the traces of his hand. Everywhere the philosophical and patriotic statesman and thinker will find that he has been before him, lighting the way—sounding the abyss. His weighty language—his sagacious warnings—his great maxims of empire—will be raised to view, and live to be deciphered when the final catastrophe shall lift the granite foundation in fragments from its bed.

In this connection, I cannot but remark to how extraordinary an extent had Mr. Webster, by his acts,

words, thoughts, or the events of his life, associated himself for ever in the memory of all of us with every historical incident, or at least with every historical epoch; with every policy, with every glory, with every great name and fundamental institution, and grand or beautiful image, which are peculiarly and properly American. Look backwards to the planting of Plymouth and Jamestown, to the various scenes of Colonial life in peace and war; to the opening, and march, and close of the Revolutionary drama—to the age of the Constitution—to Washington, and Franklin, and Adams, and Jefferson—to the whole train of causes from the Reformation downwards, which prepared us to be Republicans—to that other train of causes which led us to be Unionists; look round on field, workshop, and deck, and hear the music of labor rewarded, fed and protected—look on the bright sisterhood of the States, each singing as a seraph in her motion, yet blending in a common beam and swelling a common harmony—and there is nothing which does not bring him by some tie to the memory of America.

We seem to see his form and hear his deep, grave speech every where. By some felicity of his personal life; by some wise, deep or beautiful word spoken or written; by some service of his own, or some commemoration of the services of others, it has come to pass that "our granite hills, our inland seas, and prairies, and fresh, unbounded, magnificent wilderness;" our encircling ocean; the rock of the Pilgrims; our new-born sister of the Pacific; our popular assemblies; our free schools, all our cherished doctrines of education, and of the influence of reli-

gion, and material policy and law, and the Constitution, give us back his name. What American landscape will you look on—what subject of American interest will you study—what source of hope or of anxiety, as an American, will you acknowledge, that it does not recall him?

I shall not venture, in this rapid and general recollection of Mr. Webster, to attempt to analyze that intellectual power which all admit to have been so extraordinary, or to compare or contrast it with the mental greatness of others—in variety or degree—of the living or the dead; or even to attempt to appreciate exactly, and in reference to canons of art, his single attribute of eloquence. Consider, however, the remarkable phenomenon of excellence in three unkindred, one might have thought, incompatible forms of public speech—that of the forum, with its double audience of Bench and jury—of the halls of legislation—and of the most thronged and tumultuous assemblies of the people.

Consider further, that this multiform eloquence, exactly as his words fell, became at once so much accession to permanent literature, in the strictest sense—solid, attractive, and rich—and ask how often in the history of public life such a thing has been exemplified. Recall what pervaded all these forms of display, and every effort in every form, that union of marked intellect in its largest measure, which penetrates to the exact truth of the matter in hand by intuition, or by inference, and discerns everything which may make it intelligible, probable, and creditable to another, with an emotional and moral nature,

profound, passionate, and ready to kindle, and with imagination enough to supply a hundred-fold more of illustration and aggrandizement than his taste suffered him to accept—that union of greatness of soul with depth of heart, which made his speaking almost more an exhibition of character than of mere genius —the style not merely pure, clear Saxon, but so constructed, so numerous as far as becomes prose, so forcible, so abounding in unlabored felicities, the words so choice, the epithet so pictured, the matter absolute truth, or the most exact and spacious resemblance the human wit can devise, the treatment of the subject, if you have regard to the kind of truth he had to handle, political, ethical, legal, as deep, as complete as Paley's, or Locke's, or Butler's, or Alex ander Hamilton's, of their subjects, yet that depth and that completeness of sense, made transparent as through crystal waters—all embodied in harmonious or well-composed periods; raised on winged language, vivified, fused and poured along in a tide of emotion, fervid and incapable to be withstood—recall the form, the eye, the brow, the tone of voice, the presence of the intellectual king of men—recall him thus, and in the language of Mr. Justice Story, commemorating Samuel Dexter, we may well rejoice that "we have lived in the same age, that we have listened to his eloquence, and been instructed by his wisdom."

I cannot leave the subject of his eloquence without returning to a thought I have advanced already. All that he has left—or the larger portion of all—is the record of spoken words. His works, as already collected, extend to many volumes—a library of rea·

son and eloquence, as Gibbon has said of Cicero's—but they are volumes of speeches only, or mainly; and yet who does not rank him as a great American author—an author as truly expounding, and as characteristically exemplifying, in a pure, genuine and harmonious English style, the mind, thought, point of view of objects, and essential nationality of his country, as any of our authors, professionally so denominated? Against the maxim of Mr. Fox, his speeches read well, and yet were good speeches, great speeches in the delivery. For so grave were they, so thoughtful and true—so much the eloquence of reason at last—so strikingly, always, they contrived to link the immediate topic with other and broader principles; ascending easily to widest generalizations—so happy was the reconciliation of the qualities which engage the attention of hearers, yet reward the perusal of students—so critically did they keep the right side of the line which parts eloquence from rhetoric, and so far do they rise above the penury of mere debate, that the general reason of the country has enshrined them at once and for ever among our classics.

It is a common belief that Mr. Webster was a various reader; and I think it is true, even to a greater degree than has been believed. In his profession of politics, nothing, I think, worthy of attention, had escaped him—nothing of the ancient or modern prudence, nothing which Greek or Roman, or European, or Universal History, or public Biography exemplified. I shall not soon forget with what admiration he spoke at an interview to which he admit-

ted me while in the Law School at Cambridge, of the politics and ethics of Aristotle, and of the mighty mind, which, as he said, seemed to have "thought through" all the great problems which form the discipline of social man. American history and American political literature, he had by heart—the long series of influences which trained us for representative and free government;—that other series of influences which moulded us into an united government; the colonial era; the age of controversy before the revolution; every scene and every person in that great tragic action; every question which has successively engaged our politics, and every name which has figured in them—the whole stream of our time was open, clear and present, even, to his eye.

Beyond his profession of politics, so to call it, he had been a diligent and choice reader, as his extraordinary style in part reveals, and I think the love of reading would have gone with him, to a later and riper age, if to such an age it had been the will of God to reserve him. This is no place or time to appreciate this branch of his acquisitions; but there is an interest inexpressible in knowing who were any of the chosen from among the great dead, in the library of such a man. Others may correct me, but I should say of that interior and narrower circle were Cicero, Virgil, Shakspeare, Bacon, Milton, Burke, Johnson—to whom I hope it is not pedantic nor fanciful to say, I often thought his nature presented some resemblance; the same abundance of the general propositions required for explaining a difficulty and returning a sophism, copiously and promptly occurring to him—the same

kindness of heart and wealth of sensibility; under a manner, of course, more courteous and gracious, yet more sovereign; the same sufficient, yet not predominant imagination, stooping ever to truth, and giving affluence, vivacity and attraction to a powerful, correct and weighty style of prose.

I cannot leave his life and character, without selecting and dwelling a moment on one or two of his traits, or virtues, or facilities, a little longer. There is a collective impression made by the whole of an eminent person's life, beyond and other than, and apart from, that which the mere general biographer would afford the means of explaining. There is an influence of a great man, derived from things, indescribable almost, or incapable of enumeration, or singly insufficient to account for it, but through which his spirit transpires, and his individuality goes forth on the contemporary generation. And thus, I should say, one great tendency of his life and character was, to elevate the whole tone of the public mind. He did this, indeed, not merely by example; he did it by dealing, as he thought, truly and in manly fashion, with that public mind. He evinced his love for the people, not so much by honeyed phrases, as by good counsels and useful service—*vera pro gratis*.

He showed how he appreciated them, by submitting sound arguments to their understandings, and right motives to their free will. He came before them less with flattery than with instruction; less with a vocabulary larded with the words humanity and philanthropy, and progress and brotherhood, than with a scheme of politics, an educational, social and

governmental system, which would have made them prosperous, happy and great.

What the Greek historians said of Pericles, we all feel might be said of him—"He did not so much follow as lead the people, because he framed not his words to please them, like one who is gaining power by unworthy means, but was able, and dared on the strength of high character, even to brave their anger by contradicting their will."

I should indicate it as another influence of his life, acts and opinions, that it was in an extraordinary degree uniformly and liberally conservative. He saw with the vision as of a prophet, that if our system of united government can be maintained till a nationality shall be generated of due intensity and due comprehension, a glory indeed millennial, a progress without end—a triumph of humanity hitherto unseen—were ours, and therefore he addressed himself to maintain that united government.

Standing on the rock of Plymouth, he bid distant generations hail, and saw them rising—demanding life—"impatient from the skies," from what then were "fresh, unbounded, magnificent wildernesses"—from the shore of the great tranquil sea—not yet become ours. But observe to what he would welcome them. It is "to good government." It is to "treasures of science and delights of learning." It is to the "sweets of domestic life—the immeasurable good of a rational existence—the immortal hopes of Christianity—the light of everlasting truth."

It will be happy, if the wisdom and temper of his administration of our foreign affairs, shall preside

in the time which is at hand. Sobered, instructed by the examples and warnings of all the past, he yet gathered, from the study and comparison of all the eras, that there is a silent progress of the race without return, to which the counsellings of history are to be accommodated by a wise philosophy. More than, or as much as that of any of our public characters, his statesmanship was one which recognized a Europe, an Old World, but yet grasped the capital idea of the American position, and deduced from it the whole fashion and color of its policy; which discerned that we are to play a high part in human affairs, but discerned also, what part it is, peculiar, distant, distinct and grand, as our hemisphere; an influence, not a contact—the stage—the drama—the catastrophe, all but the audience, all our own, and if ever he felt himself at a loss, he consulted, reverently, the genius of WASHINGTON.

In bringing these memories to a conclusion, for I omit many things because I dare not trust myself to speak of them—I shall not be misunderstood or give offence, if I hope that one other trait in his public character, one doctrine, rather, of his political creed, may be remembered and appreciated. It is one of the two fundamental precepts in which Plato, as expounded by the great master of Latin eloquence, and reason and morals, comprehends the duty of those who share in the conduct of the State, "*Ut quæcunque agunt, TOTUM corpus reipublicæ curent nedum partem aliquam tuentur, reliquas deserant,*" that they comprise in their care, the whole body of the republic, nor keep one part and desert another.

He gives the reason, one reason, of the precept, "*Qui autem parti civium consulant, partem negligunt rem perniciosissimam in civitatem inducunt seditionem atque discordiam.*" The patriotism which embraces less than the whole, induces sedition and discord, the last evil of the State.

How profoundly he had comprehended this truth —with what persistency—with what passion, from the first hour he became a public man to the last beat of the great heart, he cherished it—how little he accounted the good, the praise, the blame—of this locality or that—in comparison of the larger good and the general and thoughtful approval of his own, and our, whole America,—she this day feels and announces. Wheresoever a drop of her blood flows in the veins of man, this trait is felt and appreciated. The hunter beyond Superior—the fisherman on the deck of the nigh night-foundered skiff—the sailor on the uttermost sea—will feel, as he hears these tidings, that the protection of a sleepless, all-embracing, parental care, is withdrawn from him for a space—and that his pathway henceforward, is more solitary and less safe than before.

But I cannot pursue these thoughts. Among the eulogists who have just uttered the eloquent sorrow of England at the death of the great Duke—one has employed an image and an idea, which I venture to modify and appropriate.

"The Northman's image of death is finer than that of other climes; no skeleton, but a gigantic figure, that envelopes men within the massive folds of its dark garment. Webster seems so enshrouded

from us as the last of the mighty three, themselves following a mighty series; the greatest closing the procession. The robe draws round him, and the era is past."

Yet how much there is which that all-ample fold shall not hide; the recorded wisdom; the great example; the assured immortality.

They speak of moments!

> Nothing need cover his high fame but heaven,
> No pyramids set off his memories,
> But the eternal substance of his greatness,
> To WHICH I LEAVE HIM.

EULOGY PRONOUNCED IN FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, NOVEMBER 30, 1852, BY GEORGE S. HILLARD, ESQ.

It is now twenty-six years since the heart of the nation was so deeply moved by the death of two great founders of the Republic, on the fiftieth anniversary of the day when its independence was declared. Then, for the first time, these consecrated walls wore the weeds of mourning. Then the multitude that filled this hall were addressed by a man whose thoughts rose without effort to the height of his great theme. He seemed inspired by the occasion, and he looked and spoke like one on whom the mantle of some ascended prophet had at that moment fallen. He lifted up and bore aloft his audience on the wings of his mighty eloquence. His words fell upon his hearers with irresistible subduing power, and their hearts poured themselves forth in one deep and strong tide of patriotic and reverential feeling.

And now he, that was then so full of life and power, has gone to join the patriots whom he commemorated. Webster is no more than Adams and Jefferson. The people, that then came to listen to him, are now here to mourn for him. His voice of wisdom and eloquence is silent. The arm on which

a nation leaned is stark and cold. The heroic form is given back to the dust. We that delighted to honor him in life, are now here to honor him in death. One circle of duties is ended and another is begun. We can no longer give him our confidence, our support, our suffrages; but memory and gratitude are still left to us. As he has not lived for himself alone, so he has not died for himself alone. The services of his life are crowned and sealed with the benediction of his death. So long as a man remains upon earth, his life is a fragment. It is exposed to chance and change, to the shocks of fate and the assaults of trial. But the end crowns the work. A career that is closed becomes a firm possession and a completed power. The arch is imperfect till the hand of death has fixed the keystone.

The custom of honoring great public benefactors by these solemn observances is natural, just and wise. But the tributes and testimonials which we offer to departed worth are for the living, and not for the dead. Eulogies, monuments, and statues can add nothing to the peace and joy of that serene sphere into which the great and good, who have finished their earthly career, have passed. But these expressions and memorials do good to those from whom they flow. They lift us above the region of low cares and selfish struggles. They link the present to the past, and the world of sense to the world of thought. They break the common course of life with feelings brought from a higher region. Who can measure the effect of a scene like this—these mourning walls—these saddened faces—those solemn strains of music?

The seed of a deep emotion here planted may ripen into the fruit of noble action.

A great man is a gift, in some measure, a revelation of God. A great man, living for high ends, is the divinest thing that can be seen on earth. The value and interest of history are derived chiefly from the lives and services of the eminent men whom it commemorates. Indeed, without these, there would be no such thing as history, and the progress of a nation would be as little worth recording, as the march of a trading caravan across a desert. The death of Mr. Webster is too recent, and he was taken away too suddenly from a sphere of wide and great influence, for the calm verdict of history to be passed upon him, and an accurate gauge to be taken of his works and claims. But all men, whatever may have been the countenance they turned towards him in life, now feel that he was a man of the highest order of greatness, and that whatever of power, faculty and knowledge there was in him, was given freely, heartily, and during a long course of years, to the service of his country. He, who in the judgment of all, was a great man and a great patriot, not only deserves these honors at our hands, but it would be disgraceful in us to withhold them. We among whom he lived, who felt the power of his magnificent presence,—his brow, his eyes, his voice, his bearing,—can never put him anywhere but in the front rank of the great men of all time. In running along the line of statesmen and orators, we light upon the name of no one to whom we are willing to admit his inferiority.

The theory that a great man is merely the pro-

duct of his age, is rejected by the common sense and common observation of mankind. The power that guides large masses of men, and shapes the channels in which the energies of a great people flow, is something more than a mere aggregate of derivative forces. It is a compound product, in which the genius of the man is one element, and the sphere opened to him by the character of his age and the institutions of his country, is another. In the case of Mr. Webster, we have a full co-operation of these two elements. Not only did he find opportunities for his great powers, but the events of his life, and the discipline through which he passed, were well fitted to train him up to that commanding intellectual stature, and perfect intellectual symmetry, which have made him so admirable, so eminent, and so useful a person.

He was fortunate in the accident, or rather the providence, of his birth. His father was a man of uncommon strength of mind and worth of character, who had served his country faithfully in trying times, and earned in a high degree the respect and confidence of his neighbors—a man of large and loving heart, whose efforts and sacrifices for his children were repaid by them with most affectionate veneration. The energy and good sense of his mother exerted a strong influence upon the minds and characters of her children. He was born to the discipline of poverty; but a poverty such as braces and stimulates, not such as crushes and paralyzes. The region in which his boyhood was passed was new and wild, books were not easy to be had, schools were only an occasional privi lege, and intercourse with the more settled parts of

the country was difficult and rare. But this scarcity of mental food and mental excitement had its advantages, and his training was good, however imperfect his teaching might have been. His labors upon the farm helped to form that vigorous constitution which enabled him to sustain the immense pressure of cares and duties laid upon him in after years. Such books as he could procure were read with the whole heart and the whole mind. The conversation of a household, presided over by a strong-minded father, and a sensible, loving mother, helped to train the faculties of the younger members of the family. Nor were their winter evenings wanting in topics which had a fresher interest than any which books could furnish. There were stirring tales of the revolutionary struggle and the old French war, in both of which his father had taken a part, with moving traditions of the hardships and perils of border life, and harrowing narratives of Indian captivity, all of which sunk deep into the heart of the impressible boy. The ample page of nature was ever before his eyes, not beautiful or picturesque, but stern, wild and solitary, covered with a primeval forest: in winter, swept over by tremendous storms, but in summer, putting on a short-lived grace, and in autumn, glowing with an imperial pomp of coloring. In the deep, lonely woods, by the rushing streams, under the frosty stars of winter, the musing boy gathered food for his growing mind. There to him the mighty mother unveiled her awful face, and there we may be sure that the dauntless child stretched forth his hands and smiled. We feel a pensive pleasure in calling up the image of this slender, dark-

browed, bright-eyed youth, going forth in the morning of life to sow the seed of future years. A loving brother, and a loving and dutiful son, he is cheerful under privation, and patient under restraint. Whatever work he finds to do, whether with the brain or the hand, he does it with all his might. He opens his mind to every ray of knowledge that breaks in upon him. Every step is a progress, and every blow removes an obstacle. Onward, ever onward, he moves; borne "against the wind, against the tide," by an impulse self-derived and self-sustained. He makes friends, awakens interest, inspires hopes. Thus, with these good angels about him, he passes from boyhood to youth, and from youth to early manhood. The school and the college have given him what they had to give; an excellent professional training has been secured; and now, with a vigorous frame and a spirit patient of labor, with manly self-reliance, and a heart glowing with generous ambition and warm affections, the man, Daniel Webster, steps forth into the arena of life.

From this point his progress follows the natural law of growth, and every advance is justified and explained by what had gone before. For every thing that he gains he has a perfect title to show. He is borne on by no fortunate accident. The increase of his influence keeps no more than pace with the growth of his mind and the development of his character. He is diligent in his calling, and faithful to the interests intrusted to his charge. His professional bearing is manly and elevated. He has the confidence of the Court, and the ear of the jury, and has fairly

earned them both. His business increases, his reputation is extended, and he becomes a marked man. He is not only equal to every occasion, but he always leaves the impression of having power in reserve, and of being capable of still greater efforts. What he does is judicious, and what he says is wise. He is not obliged to retrace his steps or qualify his statements. He blends the dignity and self-command of mature life with the ardor and energy of youth. To such a man, in our country, public life becomes a sort of necessity. A brief service in Congress wins for him the respect and admiration of the leading men of the country, who see with astonishment in a young New-Hampshire lawyer, the large views of a ripe statesman, and a generous and comprehensive tone of discussion, free alike from party bias, and sectional narrowness. A removal to the metropolis of New-England brings increase of professional opportunity, and in a few years he stands at the head of the Bar of the whole country. Public life is again thrust upon him, and at one stride he moves to the foremost rank of influence and consideration. His prodigious powers of argument and eloquence, freely given to an administration opposed to him in politics, crush a dangerous political heresy, and kindle a deeper national sentiment. The whole land rings with his name and praise, and foreign nations take up and prolong the sound. Every year brings higher trusts, weightier responsibilities, wider influence, until his country reposes in the shadow of his wisdom, and the power that proceeds from his mind and character be-

comes one of the controlling forces in the movements and relations of the civilized world.

To trace, step by step, the incidents of such a career, would far transcend the limits of a discourse like this, and of all places, it is least needed here. Judging of him by what he was, as well as by what he did, and analyzing the aggregate of his powers, we observe that his life moves in three distinct paths of greatness. He was a great lawyer, a great statesman, and a great writer. The gifts and training, which make a man eminent in any one of these departments, are by no means identical with those which make him eminent in any other. Very few have attained high rank in any two; and the distinction which Mr. Webster reached in all the three is almost without parallel in history.

He was, from the beginning, more or less occupied with public affairs, and he continued to the last to be a practising lawyer; but as regards these two spheres of action, his life may be divided into two distinct portions. From his twenty-third to his forty-first year, the practice of the law was his primary occupation and interest, but from the latter period to his death, it was secondary to his labors as a legislator and statesman. Of his eminence in the law—meaning the law as administered in the ordinary tribunals of the country, without reference, for the present, to constitutional questions—there is but one opinion among competent judges. Some may have excelled him in a single faculty or accomplishment, but in the combination of qualities which the law requires, no man of his time was on the whole equal

to him. He was a safe counsellor and a powerful advocate—thorough in the preparation of causes and judicious in the management of them—quick, far-seeing, cautious and bold. His addresses to the jury were simple, manly, and direct; presenting the strong points of the case in his strong way, appealing to the reason and the conscience, and not to passions and prejudices, and never weakened by over-statement. He laid his own mind fairly alongside that of the jury, and won their confidenee by his sincere way of dealing with them. He had the grace to cease speaking when he had come to an end. His most conspicuous power was his clearness of statement. He threw upon every subject a light like that of the sun at noonday. His mind, by an unerring instinct, separated the important from the unimportant facts in a complicated case, and so presented the former, that he was really making a powerful and persuasive argument, when he seemed to be telling only a plain story in a plain way. The transparency of the stream veiled its depth, and its depth concealed its rapid flow. His legal learning was accurate and perfectly at command, and he had made himself master of some difficult branches of law, such as special pleading and the law of real property; but the memory of some of his contemporaries was more richly stored with cases. From his remarkable powers of generalization, his elementary reading had filled his mind with principles, and he examined the questions that arose by the light of these principles, and then sought in the books for cases to confirm the views which he had reached by reflection. He never

resorted to stratagems and surprises, nor did he let his zeal for his client run away with his self-respect. His judgment was so clear, and his moral sense so strong, that he never could help discriminating between a good cause and a bad one, nor betraying to a close observer when he was arguing against his convictions. His manner was admirable, especially for its repose—an effective quality in an advocate, from the consciousness of strength which it implies. The uniform respect with which he treated the Bench should not be omitted, in summing up his merits as a lawyer.

The exclusive practice of the law is not held to be the best preparation for public life. Not only does it invigorate without expanding—not only does it narrow at the same time that it sharpens—but the custom of addressing juries begets a habit of over-statement, which is a great defect in a public speaker, and the mind that is constantly occupied in looking at one side of a disputed question, is apt to forget that it has two. Great minds triumph over these influences, but it is because they never fail, sooner or later, to overleap the formal barriers of the law. Had Mr. Webster been born in England, and educated to the bar, his powers could never have been confined to Westminster Hall. He would have been taken up and borne into Parliament by an irresistible tide of public opinion. Born where he was, it would have been one of the greatest misfortunes, if he had narrowed his mind and given up to his clients the genius that was meant for the whole country and all time. Admirably as he put a case to a jury, or

argued it to the court, it was impossible not to feel that in many instances an inferior person would have done it nearly or quite as well; and sometimes the disproportion between the man and his work was so great that it reminded one of the task given to Michael Angelo, to make a statue of snow.

His advancing reputation, however, soon led him into a class of cases, the peculiar growth of the institutions of his country, and admirably fitted to train a lawyer for public life, because, though legal in their form, they involve great questions of politics and government. The system under which we live is, in many respects, without a precedent. Singularly complicated in its arrangements, embracing a general government of limited and delegated powers, organized by an interfusion of separate sovereignties, all with written Constitutions to be interpreted and reconciled, the imperfection of human language and the strength of human passion, leaving a wide margin for warring opinions, it is obvious to any person of political experience that many grave questions, both of construction and conflicting jurisdiction must arise, requiring wisdom and authority for their adjustment. Especially must this be the case in a country like ours, of such great extent, with such immense material resources, and inhabited by so enterprising and energetic a people. It was a fortunate, may we not say a providential circumstance, that the growth of the country began to devolve upon the Supreme Court of the United States the consideration of this class of questions, just at the time when Mr. Webster, in his ripe manhood, was able to give them the

benefit of his extraordinary powers of argument and analysis. Previous to the Dartmouth College case, in 1818, not many important constitutional questions had come before the Court, and, since that time, the great lawyer, who then broke upon them with so astonishing a blaze of learning and logic, has exerted a commanding influence in shaping that system of constitutional law—almost a supplementary Constitution—which has contributed so much to our happiness and prosperity. Great as is our debt of gratitude to such judges as Marshall and Story, it is hardly less great to such a lawyer as Mr. Webster. None would have been more ready than these eminent magistrates, to acknowledge the assistance they had derived from his masterly arguments.

In the discussion of constitutional questions, the mind of this great man found a most congenial employment. Here, books, cases, and precedents, are of comparatively little value. We must ascend to first principles, and be guided by the light of pure reason. Not only is a chain of logical deduction to be fashioned, but its links must first be forged. Geometry itself hardly leads the mind into a region of more abstract and essential truth. In these calm heights of speculation and analysis, the genius of Mr. Webster moved with natural and majestic sweep. Breaking away from precedents and details, and soaring above the flight of eloquence, it saw the forms of truth in the colorless light and tranquil air of reason. When we dream of intelligence higher than man, we imagine their faculties exercised in serene inquisitions like these,—not spurred by ambition,—not kin-

dled by passion,—roused by no motive but the love of truth, and seeking no reward but the possession of it.

The respect which has been paid to the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, is one of the signs of hope for the future, which are not to be overlooked in our desponding moods. The visitor in Washington sees a few grave men, in an unpretending room, surrounded by none of the symbols of command. Some one of them, in a quiet voice, reads an opinion in which the conflicting rights of sovereign States are weighed and adjusted, and questions, such as have generally led to exhausting wars, are settled by the light of reason and justice. This judgment goes forth, backed by no armed force, but commanded by the moral and intellectual authority of the tribunal which pronounces it. It falls upon the waves of controversy with reconciling, subduing power; and haughty sovereignties, as at the voice of some superior intelligence, put off the mood of conflict and defiance, and yield a graceful obedience to the calm decrees of central justice. There is more cause for national pride in the deference paid to the decisions of this august tribunal, than in all our material triumphs; and so long as our people are thus loyal to reason and submissive to law, it is a weakness to despair.

The Dartmouth College case, which has been already mentioned, may be briefly referred to again, since it forms an important era in Mr. Webster's life. His argument in that case stands out among his other arguments, and his speech in reply to Mr. Hayne, among his other speeches. No better argu-

ment has been spoken in the English tongue, in the memory of any living man, nor is the child that is born to-day, likely to live to hear a better. Its learning is ample, but not ostentatious; its logic irresistible; its eloquence vigorous and lofty. I have often heard my revered and beloved friend, Judge Story, speak with great animation of the effect he then produced upon the Court. "For the first hour," said he, "we listened to him with perfect astonishment; for the second hour, with perfect delight; for the third hour, with perfect conviction." It is not too much to say that he entered the Court on that day a comparatively unknown name, and left it with no rival but Pinckney. All the words he spoke on that occasion have not been recorded. When he had exhausted the resources of learning and logic, his mind passed naturally and simply into a strain of feeling not common to the place. Old recollections and early associations came over him, and the vision of his youth rose up. The genius of the institution where he was nurtured, seemed standing by his side in weeds of mourning, with a countenance of sorrow. With suffused eyes and faltering voice, he broke into an unpremeditated strain of emotion, so strong and so deep, that all who heard him were borne along with it. Heart answered to heart as he spoke, and when he had ceased, the silence and tears of the impassive Bench, as well as the excited audience, were a tribute to the truth and power of the feeling by which he had been inspired.

With his election to Congress, from the city of Boston, in 1822, the great labors and triumphs of his

life begin. From that time until his death, with an interval of about two years after leaving President Tyler's Cabinet, he was constantly in the public service, as Representative, Senator, or Secretary of State. In this period, his biography is included in the history of his country. Without pausing to dwell upon the details, and looking at his public life as a whole, let us examine its leading features and guiding principles, and inquire upon what grounds he enjoyed our confidence and admiration, while living, and is entitled to our gratitude when dead.

Public men, in popular governments, are divided into two great classes—statesmen and politicians. The difference between them is like the difference between the artist and the mechanic. The statesman starts with original principles, and is propelled by a self-derived impulse. The politician has his course to choose, and puts himself in a position to make the best use of the forces which lie outside of him. The statesman's genius sometimes fails in reaching its proper sphere, from the want of the politician's faculty; and, on the other hand, the politician's intellectual poverty is never fully apprehended till he has contrived to attain an elevation which belongs only to the statesman. The statesman is often called upon to oppose popular opinion, and never is his attitude nobler than when so doing; but the sagacity of the politician is shown in seeing, a little before the rest of the world, how the stream of popular feeling is about to turn, and so throwing himself upon it, as to seem to be guiding it, while he is only propelled by it.

A statesman makes the occasion, but the occasion makes the politician.

Mr. Webster was pre-eminently a statesman. He rested his claims upon principles; and by these he was ready to stand or fall. In looking at the endowments which he brought to the service of his country, a prominent rank is to be assigned to that deep and penetrating wisdom which gave so safe a direction to his genius. His imagination, his passion and his sympathies were all kept in subordination to this sovereign power. He saw things as they are, neither magnified nor discolored by prejudice or prepossession. He heard all sides, and did not insist that a thing was true because he wished it to be true, or because it seemed probable to his first inquiry. His post of observation was the central and fixed light of reason, from which all wandering and uncertain elements were at last discerned in their just relations and proportions. The functions of government did not, in his view, lie in the regions of speculation or emotion. It was "a contrivance of human wisdom to provide for human wants." The ends of government are, indeed, ever identical; but the means used to attain them are various. The practical statesman must aim, not at the best conceivable, but the best attainable good. Thus, Mr. Webster always recognized and accepted the necessities of his position. He did not hope against hope, nor waste his energies in attempting the impossible. Living under a government in which universal suffrage is the ultimate propelling force, he received the expressed sense of the people as a fact, and not an hypothesis. Like all men who are

long in public life under popular institutions, he incurred the reproach of inconsistency; a reproach not resting upon any change of principle—for he never changed his principles—but upon the modification of measures and policy which every enlightened statesman yields to the inevitable march of events and innovations of time.

Nor was he less remarkable for the breadth and comprehensiveness of his views. He knew no North, no South, no East, no West. His great mind and patriotic heart embraced the whole land with all its interests and all its claims. He had nothing of partisan narrowness or sectional exclusiveness. His point of sight was high enough to take in all parts of the country, and his heart was large enough and warm enough to love it all, to cling to it, to live for it, or die for it. Nothing is more characteristic of greatness than this capacity of enlarged and generous affections. No public man ever earned more fully the title of a national, an American statesman. No heart ever beat with a higher national spirit than his. The honor of his country was as dear to him as the faces of his children. Where that was in question, his great powers blazed forth like a flame of fire in its defence. Never were his words more weighty, his logic more irresistible, his eloquence more lofty—never did his mind move with more majestic and victorious flight—than when vindicating the rights of his country, or shielding her from unjust aspersions.

It is a hasty and mistaken judgment to guage the merits of a statesman, under popular institutions, by the results which he brings about and the measures

which he carries through. His opportunities in this respect will depend, generally, upon the fact whether he happens to be in the majority or the minority. How much would be taken from the greatness of one of the greatest of statesmen, Mr. Fox, if this test were applied to him. The merits of a statesman are to be measured by the good which he does, by the evil which he prevents, by the sentiments which he breathes into the public heart, and the principles he diffuses through the public mind. Mr. Webster did not belong to that great political party which, under ordinary circumstances, and when no exceptional elements have been thrown in, have been able to command a majority in the whole nation, and upon which the responsibility of governing the country has been consequently thrown. Thus, for the larger part of his public life, he was in the minority. But a minority is as important an element, in carrying on a representative government, as a majority; and he never transcended its legitimate functions. His opposition was open, manly, and conscientious; never factious, never importunate. He stated fairly the arguments to which he replied. He did not stoop to personality, or resort to the low and cheap trick of impugning the motives or characters of his opponents. He has earned the respect which the Democratic party, to their honor be it spoken, have shown to his memory. He was a party man, to this extent—he believed that under a popular government, it was expedient that men of substantially the same way of thinking in politics should act together, in order to accomplish any general good, but he never gave up to his party what

was meant for his country. When the turn of the tide threw upon him the initiative of measures, no man ever showed a wiser spirit of legislation or a more just and enlightened policy of statesmanship. He combined what Bacon calls the logical with the mathematical part of the mind. He could judge well of the mode of attaining any end, and estimate, at the same time, the true value of the end itself. His powers were by no means limited to attack and defence, but he had the organizing and constructing mind, which shapes and fits a course of policy to the wants and temper of a great people.

His influence as a public man extends over the last forty years, and, during that period, what is there that does not bear his impress? Go where we will, upon land or sea—from agriculture to commerce, and from commerce to manufactures—turn to domestic industry, to foreign relations, to law, education and religion—everywhere we meet the image and superscription of this imperial mind. The Ashburton treaty may stand as a monument of the good he did. His speech in reply to Mr. Hayne may be cited as a proof of the evil he prevented; and, for this reason, while its whole effect can never be measured, its importance can hardly be overrated. Probably no discourse ever spoken by man had a wider, more prominent, and more beneficial influence. Not only did it completely overthrow a most dangerous attack on the Constitution, but it made it impossible for it ever to be renewed. From that day forward the specious front of nullification was branded with treason. If we estimate the claims of a public man

by his influence upon the national heart, and his contributions to a high-toned national sentiment, who shall stand by the side of Mr. Webster? Where is the theory of constitutional liberty better expounded, and the rules and conditions of national well-being and well-doing better laid down than in his speeches and writings? What books should we so soon put into the hands of an intelligent foreigner, who desired to learn the great doctrines of government and administration on which the power and progress of our country repose, and to measure the intellectual stature of a finished American man!

The relation which he held to the politics of the country was the natural result of a mind and temperament like his. A wise patriot, who understands the wants of his time, will throw himself into the scale which most needs the weight of his influence, and choose the side which is best for his country and not for himself. Hence, it may be his duty to espouse defeat, and cleave to disappointment. In weighing the two elements of law and liberty, as they are mingled in our country, he felt that danger was rather to be apprehended from the preponderance of license than of authority—that men were attracted to liberty by the powerful instincts of the blood and heart, but to law by the colder and fainter suggestions of the reason. Hence he was a conservative at home, and gave his influence to the party of permanence rather than progression. But in Europe it was different. There he saw that there were abuses to be reformed, and burdens to be removed; that the principle of progress was to be encouraged, and that larger infu-

sions of liberty should be poured into the exhausted frames of decayed states. Hence, his sympathies were always on the side of the struggling and the suffering; and, through his powerful voice, the public opinion of America made itself heard and respected in Europe. It is a fact worthy of being stated in this connection, that at the moment when a tempest of obloquy was beating upon him, from his supposed hostility to the cause of freedom here, a very able writer of the Catholic faith, in a striking and, in many respects, admirable essay upon his writings and public life, came reluctantly and respectfully to the conclusion that Mr. Webster had forfeited all claim to the support of Catholic voters, from the countenance he had given to the revolutionary spirit of Europe. Such are ever the judgments passed by fragmentary men upon a universal man.

His strong sense of the value of the Union, and the force and frequency with which he discoursed upon this theme, are to be explained by the same traits of mind and character. He believed that we were more in danger of diffusion than consolidation. He felt that all the primal instincts of patriotism—all the chords of the heart—bound men to their own state, and not to the common country; and that with the territorial increase of that country, it became more and more difficult for the central heart to propel to the extremities the life-blood of invigorating national sentiment, without which a state is but a political corporation without a soul. He knew, too, that the name of a Union might exist without the substance, and that a Union for mutual annoyance

and defiance, and for mutual aid and support, which kept the word of promise to the ear and broke it to the hope, was hardly worth the having. Hence, he labored earnestly and perseveringly to inculcate a love of the Union, and to present the whole country as an object to be cherished, honored and valued, because he felt that on that side our affections needed to be quickened and strengthened.

As was to be expected, so powerful a man could not pass through life without encountering strong opposition. All his previous experiences, however, were inconsiderable in comparison with the storm of denunciation which he drew down upon himself by his course on what are commonly called the Compromise measures, and, especially, his speech on that occasion. It was natural that men, whose fervid sympathies are wedded to a single idea, should have felt aggrieved by the stand he then took; and if decency and decorum had governed their expressions, neither he nor his friends could have had any right to complain. But, in many cases, the attacks were so foul and ferocious that they lost all claim to be treated as moral judgments, and sunk to the level of the lowest and coarsest effusions of malice and hatred. It is a good rule in politics, as elsewhere, to give men credit for the motives they profess to be actuated by, and to accept their own exposition of their opinions as true. Let us apply these rules to his course at that time. He had opposed the admission of Texas, and predicted the train of evils which would come with it. He had warned the North of the perilous questions with which that measure was fraught. But

his prophetic voice was unheeded. Between zeal on one side, and apathy on the other, Texas came in. Then war with Mexico followed, ending in conquest, and leaving the whole of that unhappy country at our mercy. Mr. Webster opposed the dismemberment of Mexico, provided for in the treaty of peace, on the ground that no sooner should we have the immense territory, which we proposed to take, than the question whether Slavery should exist there, would agitate the country. But again the warning voice of his wisdom was unheeded, and the storm, which he had predicted, gathered in the heavens. The questions against which he had forewarned his countrymen now clamored for settlement, and would not be put by. They required for their adjustment the most of reason and the least of passion, and they were met in a mood which combined the most of passion and the least of reason. The North and the South met in "angry parle," and the air was darkened with their strife. Mr. Webster's prophetic spirit was heavy within him. He felt that a crisis had arrived in the history of his country, and that the lot of a solemn duty and a stern self-sacrifice had fallen upon him. As he himself said, "he had made up his mind to embark alone on what he was aware would prove a stormy sea, because, in that case, should disaster ensue, there would be but one life lost." In this mood of calm and high resolve he went forward to meet the portentous issue.

It is not to be expected that a speech made under such circumstances, going over so wide a range of exciting topics, should, in every part, command the

immediate and entire assent even of those who would admit its truth and seasonableness as a whole. It is also doubtless true, that there are single expressions in it, which, when torn from their context, and set by the side of passages from former speeches, dealt with in like manner, will not be found absolutely identical. But the speech of such a man, at such a crisis, is not to be dissected and criticised like a rhetorical exercise. It should be judged as a whole, and read by the light of the occasion which gave it birth.

The judgments which Mr. Webster's course has called forth were widely divided. By those who hold extreme views, he was charged with expressing sentiments which he did not believe to be true. It was a bid for the Presidency, and his conscience was the price he offered. It is a mere waste of words to argue with men of this class. Fanaticism darkens the mind, and hardens the heart, and where there is neither common sense nor common charity, the first step in a process of reasoning cannot be taken. Others maintained that he was mistaken in point of fact, that he took counsel of his fears and not of his wisdom, and that, through him, the opportunity was lost of putting down the South in an open struggle for influence and power. But, in the first place, it is not probable that a man, who, upon subordinate questions, had shown so much political wisdom and forecast, should have been mistaken upon a point of such transcendent importance, to which his attention had been so long and so earnestly directed; and, in the second place, the testimony of all men whose evidence would be received with respect upon any similar subject, fully

sustains Mr. Webster in the views he then took of the state of the country, and is equally strong as to the value of the services he rendered. In such an issue, the testimony of retired persons, living among books and their own thoughts, is not entitled to any great value, because they can have no adequate notion of the duties, responsibilities or difficulties of governing a great state, and what need there is of patience and renunciation in those who are called to this highest of human functions. A statesman has the right to be tried by his peers.

It is curious to observe how hatred, whether personal or political, when it enters into the mind, disturbs its functions, as a piece of iron in the binnacle of a ship misleads the compass. Many who have found it so hard to forgive Mr. Webster for his independence in opposing them, would admit the importance of having a class of public men who will lead the people and not be led by them, and that a great man is never so great as when withstanding their dangerous wishes, and calmly braving their anger. Their eyes will sparkle when they speak of the neutral countenance of Washington, undismayed by Jacobin clamor, and of the sublime self-devotion of Jay. It is strange that they cannot, or will not, for a moment look at Mr. Webster's position from a point of view opposite to their own, admit that he may have been in the right, and see him clad in the beauty of self-sacrifice. It is to be feared that this form of virtue is growing more and more rare, as it is more and more needed. The story of Curtius leaping into a gulf in the Roman forum is but the legendary form

in which a perpetual truth is clothed. In the path of time there are always chasms of error, which only a great self-immolating victim can close. The glory has departed from the land in which that self-devoting stock has died out.

Mr. Webster was an ambitious man. He desired the highest office in the gift of the people. But on this subject, as on all others, there was no concealment in his nature. And ambition is not a weakness, unless it be disproportioned to the capacity. To have more ambition than ability, is to be at once weak and unhappy. With him it was a noble passion, because it rested upon noble powers. He was a man cast in a heroic mould. His thoughts, his wishes, his passions, his aspirations, were all on a grander scale than those of other men. Unexercised capacity is always a source of rusting discontent. The height to which men may rise is in proportion to the upward force of their genius, and they will never be calm till they have attained their predestined elevation. Lord Bacon says, "as in nature things move violently to their place, and calmly in their place, so virtue in ambition, is violent; in authority, settled and calm." Mr. Webster had a giant's brain and a giant's heart, and he wanted a giant's work. He found repose in those strong conflicts and great duties, which crush the weak and madden the sensitive. He thought that, if he were elevated to the highest place, he should so administer the government as to make the country honored abroad, and great and happy at home. He thought, too, that he could do something to make us more truly one people. This, above every thing else,

was his ambition. And we, who knew him better than others, felt that it was a prophetic ambition, and we honored and trusted him accordingly.

As a writer and as a public speaker, upon the great interests of his country, Mr. Webster stands before us and will stand before those who come after us, as the leading spirit of his time. Sometimes, indeed, his discussions may have been too grave to be entirely effective, at the moment of their delivery; but all of them are quarries of political wisdom; for while others have solved only the particular problem before them, he has given the rule that reaches all of the same class. As a general remark, his speeches are a striking combination of immediate effectiveness and enduring worth. He never, indeed, goes out of his way for philosophical observations, nor lingers long in the tempting regions of speculation, but his mind, while he advances straight to his main object, drops from its abundant stores those words of wisdom which will keep, through all time, a vital and germinating power. His logic is vigorous and compact, but there is no difficulty in following his argument, because his reasoning is as clear as it is strong. The leading impression he leaves upon the mind, is that of irresistible weight. We are conscious of a propelling power, before which everything gives way or goes down. The hand of a giant is upon us, and we feel that it is in vain to struggle. The eloquence of Burke, with whom he is always most fitly compared, is like a broad river, winding through a cultivated landscape; that of Mr. Webster is like a clear mountain stream, compressed between walls of rock.

But his claims as a writer do not rest exclusively upon his political speeches. His occasional discourses, and his diplomatic writings, would alone make a great reputation. His occasional discourses rise above the rest of their class, as the Bunker Hill Monument soars above the objects around it. His Plymouth Oration, especially, is a production which all, who have followed in the same path, must ever look upon with admiration and despair. It was the beginning of a new era in that department of literature. It was the first and greatest of its class; and has naturally fixed a standard of excellence which has been felt in the efforts of all who have come after him. Its merits of style and treatment are of the highest order, and it is marked throughout by great dignity of sentiment and an elevating and stirring tone of moral feeling, which lifts the mind into regions higher than can be reached by eloquence, or power of expression alone.

His diplomatic writings claim unqualified praise. Such discussions require a cautious as well as firm hand, for a single rash expression, falling upon an explosive state of mind, may shatter to pieces the most hopeful negotiation. Mr. Webster combines great force of statement with perfect decorum of manner. It is the iron hand but the silken glove. He neither claims nor yields a single inch beyond the right. His attitude is neither aggressive nor distrustful. He is strong in himself and strong in his position. His style is noble, dignified and transparent. It is the "large utterance" of a great people. I know of no modern compositions which, in form and

substance, embody so much of what we understand by the epithet, Roman. Such, indeed, we may imagine the State papers of the Roman Senate to have been, in the best days of the Republic.

His arguments, speeches, occasional discourses, and diplomatic writings, have all a marked family likeness. They are all characterized by strength and simplicity. He never goes out of his way to make a point or drag in an illustration. His ornaments, sparingly introduced, are of that pure gold, which defies the sharpest test of criticism. He had more of imagination, properly so called, than fancy, and his images are more grand than picturesque. He writes like a man who is thinking of his subject, and not of his style, and thus wastes no time upon the mere garb of his thoughts. His mind was so full, that epithet and illustration grew with his words, like flowers on the stalk. It is a striking fact that a man who has had so great an influence over the mind of America, should have been so free from our national defects; our love of exaggeration, and our excessive use of figurative language. His style is Doric, not Corinthian. His sentences are like shafts hewn from the granite of his own hills—simple, massive, and strong. We may apply to him what Quintilian says of Cicero, that a relish for his writings is itself a mark of good taste. He is always plain; sometimes even homely and unfinished. But a great writer may be, and indeed must be, homely and unfinished at times. Dealing with great subjects, he must vary his manner. Some things he will put in the foreground, and some in the background; some in light, and some in

shadow. He will not hesitate, therefore, to say plain things in a plain way. When the glow and impulse of his genius are upon him, he will not stop to adjust every fold in his mantle. His writings will leave upon the mind an effect, like that of the natural landscape upon the eye, where nothing is trim and formal, but where all the sweeps and swells, though rarely conforming to an ideal line of beauty, blend together in a general impression of grace, fertility, and power.

His knowledge of law, politics and government was profound, various and exact; but a man of learning, in the sense in which this word is commonly used, he could not be called. His life had been too busy to leave much time for scientific or literary research; nor had he that passionate love of books which made him content to pass all his leisure hours in his library. He had read much, but not many books. He was a better Latin scholar than the average of our educated men, and he read the Roman authors, to the last, with discriminating relish. A mind like his was naturally drawn to the grand and stately march of Roman genius. With the best English writers he was entirely familiar, and he took great pleasure in reading them, and discussing their merits.

To science, as recorded in books, he had given little time, but he had the faculties and organization which would easily have made him a man of science. He had the senses of an Indian hunter. Of the knowledge that is gathered by observation—as of the names and properties of plants, the song and plumage of birds, and the forms and growth of trees—he had

much more than most men of his class. His eye was accurate as his mind was discriminating. Never was his conversation more interesting than when speaking of natural objects and natural phenomena. His words had the freshness of morning, and seemed to bring with them the breezes of the hills and the fragrance of Spring.

Mr. Webster, both as a writer and a speaker, was unequal, and from the nature of his mind and temperament, it could not be otherwise. He was not of an excitable organization, and felt no nervous anxiety lest he should fall below the standard of expectation raised by previous efforts. Hence, he was swayed by the mood, mental or physical, in which each occasion found him. He required a great subject, or a great antagonist, to call forth all his slumbering power. At times, he looked and spoke almost like a superhuman creature: at others, he seemed but the faint reflex of himself. His words fell slowly and heavily from his lips, as if each cost him a distinct effort. The influence, therefore, which he had over popular assemblies, was partly owing to his great weight of character.

He had strong out-of-door tastes, and they contributed to the health of his body and mind. He was a keen sportsman, and a lover of the mountains and the sea. His heart warmed to a fine tree, as to the face of a friend. He had that fondness for agriculture and rural pursuits so common among statesmen. Herein the grand scale of the whole man gave direction and character to his tastes. He did not care for minute finish and completeness on a limited

scale. He had no love for trim-gardens and formal pleasure-grounds. His wishes clasped the whole landscape. He liked to see the broad fields of clover, with the morning dew upon them, yellow waves of grain, heaving and rolling in the sun, and great cattle lying down in the shade of great trees. He liked to hear the whetting of the mower's scythe, the loud beat of the thresher's flail, and the heavy groan of loaded wagons. The smell of the new-mown hay, and of the freshly-turned furrows in Spring, was cordial to his spirit. He took pleasure in all forms of animal life, and his heart was glad when his cattle lifted up their large-eyed, contemplative faces, and recognized their lord by a look.

His mental powers were commended by a remarkable personal appearance. He was probably the grandest-looking man of his time. Wherever he went, men turned to gaze at him—and he could not enter a room without having every eye fastened upon him. His face was very striking, both in form and color. His brow was to common brows, what the great dome of St. Peters is to the small cupolas at its side. The eyebrow, the eye, and the dark and deep socket in which it glowed, were full of power; but the great expression of his face lay in the mouth. This was the most speaking and flexible of features, moulded by every mood of feeling, from iron severity to the most captivating sweetness. His countenance changed from sternness to softness with magical rapidity. His smile was beaming, warming, fascinating, lighting up his whole face like a sudden sunrise. His voice was rich, deep, and strong; filling the largest space with-

out effort, capable of most startling and impressive tones, and when under excitement, rising and swelling into a volume of sound, like the roar of a tempest. His action was simple and dignified—and in his animated moods highly expressive. Those of us who recall his presence as he stood up here to speak, in the pride and strength of his manhood, have formed from his words, looks, tones, and actions, an ideal standard of physical and intellectual power, which we never expect to see approached, but by which we unconsciously try the greatness of which we read, as well as that which we meet

He was a man more known and admired than understood. His great qualities were conspicuous from afar—but that part of his nature, which he shared with other men, was apprehended by comparatively few. His manners did not always do him justice. For many years of his life, great burdens rested upon him, and at times his cares and thoughts settled down darkly upon his spirit, and he was then a man of an awful presence. He required to be loved, before he could be known. He, indeed, grappled his friends to him with hooks of steel, but he did not always conciliate those who were not his friends. He had a lofty spirit, which could not stoop or dissemble. He could neither affect what he did not feel, nor desire to conceal what he did. His wishes clung with tenacious hold to everything they grasped—and from those who stood, or seemed to stand in his way, his countenance was averted. Some, who were not unwilling to become his friends, were changed by his manners into foes. He was social in his nature, but

not facile. He was seen to the best advantage among a few old and tried friends, especially in his old home. Then his spirits rose, his countenance expanded, and he looked and moved like a schoolboy on a holiday. Conscious that no unfriendly ear was listening to him, his conversation became easy, playful, and natural. His memory was richly stored with characteristic anecdotes, and with amusing reminiscences of his own early life and of the men who were conspicuous when he was young, all of which he narrated with an admirable mixture of dignity and grace. Those who saw him in these hours of social ease, with his armor off, and the current of his thoughts turning, gently and gracefully, to chance topics and familiar themes, could hardly believe that he was the same man who was so reserved and austere in public.

But it may be asked, had this great man no faults? Surely he had. No man liveth, and sinneth not. There were veins of human imperfection running through his large heart and large brain. But neither men, nor the works of men, should be judged by their defects. Like all eminent persons, he fell upon evil tongues; but those who best knew his private life, most honored, venerated and loved him.

He was a man of strong religious feeling. For theological speculations he had little taste, but he had reflected deeply on the relations between God and the human soul, and his heart was penetrated with a devotional spirit. He had been, from his youth upwards, a diligent student of the Scriptures, and few men, whether clergymen or laymen, were more fami-

liar with their teachings and their language. He had a great reverence for the very words of the Bible, and never used them in any light or trivial connection. He never avoided the subjects of life, death, and immortality, and when he spoke of them, it was with unusual depth of feeling and impressiveness of manner. Within the last few months of his life, his thoughts and speech were often turned upon such themes. He felt that he was an old man, and that it became him to set his house in order. On the eighteenth day of January last, he had completed the threescore and ten years which are man's alloted portion, and yet his eye was not dim, nor his natural force much abated. But he grew weaker with the approach of summer, and his looks and voice, when he last addressed us from this place, a few months ago, forced upon us the mournful reflection that this great light must soon sink below the horizon. But yet, when the news came that the hand of death was upon him, it startled us like a sudden blow, for he was become so important to us, that we could not look steadily at the thought of losing him. You remember what a sorrow it was that settled down upon our city. The common business of life dragged heavily with us in those days. There was but one expression on the faces of men, and but one question on their lips. We listened to the tidings which came up, hour after hour, from his distant chamber, as men upon the shore, in a night of storm, listen to the minute guns of a sinking ship, freighted with the treasures of their hearts. The grief of the people was eager for the minutest details of his closing hours, and he died with

his country around his bed. Of the beauty and grandeur of that death I need not speak to you, for it is fixed in your memories, and deep in your hearts. It fell upon the whole land like a voice from heaven. He died calmly, simply and bravely. He was neither weary of life, nor afraid of death. He died like a husband, a father, a friend, a Christian, and a man; with thoughtful tenderness for all around him, and a trembling faith in the mercy of God. He was not tried by long and hopeless suffering; nor were his friends saddened by seeing the lights put out before the curtain fell. His mind, like a setting sun, seemed larger at the closing hour. Such a death narrows the dark valley to a span. Such is a midsummer's day at the poles, where sunset melts into sunrise, and the last ray of evening is caught up, and appears once more as the first beam of the new morning.

I should not feel that my duty had been wholly discharged, did I not speak of the touching simplicity and solemnity of his funeral. In his will, made a few days before his death, he says: "I wish to be buried without the least show or ostentation, but in a manner respectful to my neighbors, whose kindness has contributed so much to the happiness of me and mine, and for whose prosperity I offer sincere prayers to God." His wishes were faithfully observed, and, in the arrangements for his funeral, there was no recognition of worldly distinction or official rank. He was buried simply as the head of a household, after the manner of New England. But the immense crowds which were there, drawn from all parts of the land by their own veneration and love, formed an element

of impressiveness far above all civil pageantry or military honors. Who, that was there present, will ever forget the scene on which fell the rich light of that soft atumnal day? There was the landscape so stamped with his image and identified with his presence. There were the trees he had planted, the fields over which he had delighted to walk, and the ocean whose waves were music to his ear. There was the house, with its hospitable door: but the stately form of its master did not stand there, with outstretched hand and smile of welcome. That smile had vanished for ever from the earth, and the hand and form were silent, cold and motionless. The dignity of life had given place to the dignity of death. No narrow chamber held that illustrious dust; no coffin concealed that majestic frame. In the open air, clad as when alive, he lay extended in seeming sleep; with no touch of disfeature upon his brow; as noble an image of reposing strength as ever was seen upon earth. Around him was the landscape that he had loved, and above him was nothing but the dome of the covering heavens. The sunshine fell upon the dead man's face, and the breeze blew over it. A lover of nature, he seemed to be gathered into her maternal arms, and to lie like a child upon a mother's lap. We felt, as we looked upon him, that death had never stricken down, at one blow, a greater sum of life. And whose heart did not swell, when from the honored and distinguished men there gathered together, six plain Marshfield farmers were called forth, to carry the head of their neighbor to the grave. Slowly and sadly the vast multitude followed, in mourning silence, and he was laid down

to rest among dear and kindred dust. There, among the scenes that he loved in life, he sleeps well. He has left his name and memory to dwell for ever upon those hills and valleys, to breathe a more spiritual tone into the winds that blow over his grave, to touch with finer light the line of the breaking wave, to throw a more solemn beauty upon the hues of Autumn and the shadows of twilight.

But though his mortal form is there, his spirit is here. His words are written in living light along these walls. May that spirit rest upon us and our children. May those words live in our hearts and the hearts of those who come after us. May we honor his memory, and show our gratitude for his life, by taking heed to his counsels and walking in the way on which the light of his wisdom shines.

PERSONAL ANECDOTES,

LETTERS, REMINISCENCES, TRIBUTES, ETC.,

FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

FRANKLIN PIERCE'S SPEECH ON THE DEATH OF WEBSTER, AT CONCORD, N. H.

MR. CHAIRMAN:—How deeply have all hearts been impressed by the fervent appeal to that Power in which our fathers put their trust, in the hour of their weakness and trials! And how has that solemn impression been enhanced by the last words of the truly great man, just read by the Rev. Dr. Bouton!

But a few weeks have passed since a deep gloom was cast over our country by the death of the great statesman of the West. It had long been understood that his light was flickering in its socket, and must soon go out. Still, the announcement, when it came, was laden with sadness; and we have all, since then, been disposed to look with warmer affection and more glowing gratitude to his great compeer and associate, the intelligence of whose sudden decease will fall like a funeral pall upon the public throughout that Union to which he gave his best affections and noblest efforts.

I had met Mr. Webster repeatedly prior to 1833, but my personal acquaintance with him may be said to have commenced with my first winter at Washington. His attachment to our State was singularly strong, and this circumstance, perhaps, led to a series of kind acts and courtesies toward me, during the session of 1833–4, and afterward, the grateful recollection of which will never be effaced. I mourn for him as for a friend, for whose personal regard my own heart has given back a true and full response.

Among eminent citizens, of commanding power and influence, while I was in the Senate, he stood, perhaps, pre-eminent. In his rich combination of qualities as an orator, lawyer and statesman, it may be safely said, he had no rival. How forcibly and sadly are we reminded of the great men with whom he was associated in the Senate chamber, and who preceded him in his transit through the "dark valley!" White, Grundy, Forsyth, Southard, Wall, Linn, Sevier, Silas Wright, Hill, Woodbury, Calhoun, Clay—men who left their impress upon the age—names indissolubly connected with the fame and history of their country; all, like him whose death we are now called upon to deplore, were links in the chain which bound the past generation to the present, and all, like him, are now on the other side of that narrow line which divides time from eternity. Upon whom have their mantles fallen? Who are to take their places in the perils through which our country may be called to pass? Who, with patriotic courage and statesman-like forecast, are to guide in the storms that will, at times, inevitably threaten us, in our unexam-

pled development of resources as a nation, our almost fearful progress, our position of amazing responsibility, as the great, confederated, self-governing power of the globe? These are questions which will press themselves upon all minds; but who, alas, can satisfactorily answer them?

To speak of Mr. Webster's genius, his varied and solid attainments, his services, would be to discourse of matters as familiar, even to the children of his native state, as household words. Besides, this must be left to vigorous pens and eloquent tongues, after the first gush of grief, and the oppressive sense of loss, shall, to some extent, have passed away. It is, and long has been, my firm conviction that Mr. Webster had a hold upon the minds and hearts of his countrymen, which will fail to be justly estimated, only because there has been no full opportunity to measure it. You, Mr. Chairman, have truly said that Mr. Webster's greatness was of that rare character which no earthly position could exalt. He came to official stations, as he approached all subjects presented to his mind, their superior and their master. He has reared for himself a vast pillar of renown, which will stand, in undiminished strength and grandeur, when the work of men's hands, erected to his honor, will be like Nineveh; and, I fear, when this Union may have shared the fate which was the dread of his later years. A few years ago, when the distinguished brother of the deceased was called in an instant from time to eternity, in the court-room in this place, with the last word of a perfect sentence lingering on his lips, another citizen, most eminent

and beloved, (the late lamented George Sullivan), exclaimed, "What shadows we are, what shadows we pursue!" How these emphatic words come back to us here, as if by an echo! How mere earthly honors and distinctions fade amid a gloom like this; how political asperities are chastened; what a lesson to the living; what an admonition to personal malevolence, now awed and subdued, as the great heart of the nation throbs heavily at the portals of his grave!

I have no heart to speak, or to contemplate the extent of the loss we have sustained. As a personal friend, as a son of New Hampshire, as an American citizen, I shall be, with thousands, a sincere mourner at his obsequies.

THE REV. DR. HAWKS'S INTRODUCTION TO THE RESOLUTIONS ON THE DEATH OF WEBSTER, BEFORE THE NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

MR. PRESIDENT: A sad duty has been confided to me, and I, in common with my countrymen, mourn over the occasion which calls for its performance. When I recall the saddened expression which, for the last week, I have seen on the countenance of my fellow-citizens; when I observe the deep stillness which pervades this hall, I feel that words are scarce necessary to render the tribute that we fain would yield to the memory of the illustrious man to whom you have alluded. Our hearts are already rendering that tribute by expressive silence.

And yet, when such a man as Daniel Webster dies, we owe it alike to him and to ourselves to speak;

it is meet that American hearts should render, in the face of the world, their outspoken attestation to the worth of one to whom, if to any man, justly belonged the epithet "*The* Great American."

I am unmeet to speak this eulogy; I came not here for that purpose. Let that task be committed to a more skilful tongue than mine. Should I make the effort, the feelings under which I labor would disqualify me for the performance. But thus much will I venture to say: the head and the heart constitute all that really make the man. Of his high intellectual powers, so happily blended, the story has at once been told with equal brevity and beauty by one of the worthiest of his countrymen, in a single sentence. In his illustrations of mind, "the lightning of passion flashed along the links of the iron chain of argument." And, sir, of his heart, and that deep sea of human affection in which it floated, the story is one just as long as his life, and of touching beauty. You may read its beginning in the history of the New Hampshire farmer's boy, whose deep and generous fraternal love consecrated his earliest earnings to a beloved brother's education; you may read its close in the honest tears shed over his remains by the faithful, though humble, dependents, who, for ten twenty, aye, even thirty years, had loved his service because they knew his kindness.

But, sir, he has only gone before us; he is not lost to us. He yet lives. True, we have said "earth to earth" over that which was mortal, but he has left behind him that which I would fain believe his countrymen "will not willingly let die."

It only remains to discharge the duty attached to me by submitting the following preamble and resolutions :—

" *Whereas*, The dispensation of an all-wise Providence has removed from the earth Hon. Daniel Webster, late Secretary of State of the United States, and for nearly half a century associated in the councils, and identified with the history of the nation; and whereas (to use his own most appropriate and expressive language), 'it is fit that we commemorate the services of national benefactors, extol their virtues, and render thanks to God for eminent blessings early given and long continued to our favored country;' therefore we, the New-York Historical Society, as a body, would add our mournful tribute to the sounds of sorrow which now come up from a nation's heart, at the bereavement, which but too forcibly reminds us of one who, springing from the ranks of the people, evinced, with the generosity natural to youth, the resolute determination that belongs to the maturity of manhood, and with indefatigable industry, surmounting obstacles amidst the vast labors of an arduous profession, and continuous devotion to legislative duties, prosecuted his extended researches in the domains of general learning, having acquired in early life those solid attainments which formed the strong foundation on which he reared in after times an intellectual structure, on which men looked with undiminished admiration to the last, brought to the service of his country the best labors of his head and the best affections of his heart ; maintained his principles with an energy, manliness and eloquence, worthy

an American statesman; with an indomitable moral courage, stood ever fearlessly in the front rank in defence of the Constitution, regardless of personal consequences; with an intensity of patriotism worthy of the purest days of the Republic, acknowledged no earthly allegiance, and rendered no loyalty save to his country and his whole country; and, finally, with calm dignity, in beautiful harmony with his long and illustrious career, met death with a 'reasonable, religious and holy hope;' thus, after 'sounding all the depths and shoals of honor,' adding the weight of his testimony to the truth of God, and relinquishing the glories of the statesman, to repose his soul in the humblest hope of the Christian.

"*Resolved*, That while we thus feebly express our sympathies in the nation's loss, we feel the true and appropriate tribute which becomes American citizens in youth to imitate his indefatigable industry; in manhood his honorable and disinterested patriotism; and so live, that, in old age, theirs may be, as was his, the tranquil composure, which, resting on a Christian's hope, disarmed death of his terrors.

"*Resolved*, That these resolutions be entered on the journal of the Society, and a copy thereof, duly authenticated by the officers of the New-York Historical Society, be forwarded to the immediate relatives of Mr. Webster."

MR. WEBSTER IN COLLEGE.

Prof. Shurtleff, of Dartmouth College, made the following remarks at a meeting held on receiving intelligence of Mr. Webster's death:

I wish for liberty to state, before the close of the meeting, a few facts in Mr. Webster's history for the benefit of the young gentlemen in College.

When I came to enter this Institution in 1797, I put up, with others from the same Academy, at what is now called the *Olcott House*, which was then a tavern. We were conducted to a chamber, where we might brush our clothes and make ready for examination. A young man, a stranger to us all, was soon ushered into the room. Similarity of object rendered the ordinary forms of introduction needless. We learned that his name was Webster, also where he had studied, and how much Latin and Greek he had read, which I think was just to the limit prescribed by law at that period, and which was very much below the present requisition.

Mr. Webster, while in College, was remarkable for his steady habits, his intense application to study, and his punctual attendance upon all the prescribed exercises. I know not that he was absent from a recitation, or from morning and evening prayers in the Chapel, or from public worship on the Sabbath; and I doubt if ever a smile was seen upon his face during any religious exercise. He was always in his place, and with a decorum suited to it. He had no collision with any one, nor appeared to enter into the

concerns of others, but emphatically *minded his own business.*

But as steady as the sun, he pursued with intense application the great object for which he came to College. This I conceive was the secret of his popularity in College, and his success in subsequent life. But notwithstanding Mr. Webster's constancy and sobriety at religious services, I never spoke to him in regard to his opinions and feelings on the all-important subject, and I know not that he uttered them to the members of his own class. A few years, however, after he left College, either while a student at law, or soon after he opened an office, I heard that he had become a professor of religion by joining an orthodox church; and I think his Christian example was without reproach, so long as he remained in his native State

For several years after his removal I could hear little in regard to his religious course, and the thought occurred to me that such eminent men might suffer for the want of direct personal influence through the fear of their pastor to approach them; and it appeared that considering my age and profession, and relation to those who had been educated at Dartmouth, it belonged to me as much as to any one, so far as I could, to supply the deficiency. About two years ago, being in Boston, I received a message inviting me to an interview with Mr. Webster at the house of a mutual friend. The call was gladly responded to; and while I was crossing the street, my resolution recurred to me. He met me with his usual cordiality, and when I attempted to turn the conver-

sation towards religion, he at once anticipated me, and laid the subject fully open between us; and I need not tell you how much I was gratified in finding that not only his opinions in regard to the great doctrines and duties of our holy religion, but also his views of what is needful to prepare a soul for death and the coming judgment, were in sympathy with my own.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S FAMILY RECOLLECTIONS.

In a letter dated Franklin, N. H., May 3d, 1846, to a friend in New-York, communicated to the *Commercial Advertiser*.

I have made satisfactory arrangements respecting my house here, the best of which is, that I can leave it where it is, and yet be comfortable, notwithstanding the railroad.

This house faces due north. Its front windows look toward the river Merrimack. But then the river soon turns to the south, so that the eastern windows look toward the river also. But the river has so deepened its channel in this stretch of it, in the last fifty years, that we cannot see its waters, without approaching it, or going back to the higher lands behind us. The history of this change is of considerable importance in the philosophy of streams. I have observed it practically, and know something of the theory of the phenomenon; but I doubt whether the world will ever be benefited, either by my learning, or my observation, in this respect.

Looking out at the east windows at this moment,

(2 P. M.) with a beautiful sun just breaking out, my eye sweeps a rich and level field of 100 acres. At the end of it, a third of a mile off, I see plain marble grave-stones, designating the places where repose my father, my mother, my brother Joseph, and my sisters Mehitable, Abigail, and Sarah; good Scripture names, inherited from their Puritan ancestors.

My father! Ebenezer Webster!—born at Kingston, in the lower part of the State, in 1739—the handsomest man I ever saw, except my brother Ezekiel, who appeared to me, and so does he now seem to me, the very finest human form that ever I laid eyes on. I saw him in his coffin—a white forehead—a tinged cheek—a complexion as clear as heavenly light! But where am I straying?

The grave has closed upon him, as it has on all my brothers and sisters. We shall soon be all together. But this is melancholy—and I leave it. Dear, dear kindred blood, how I love you all!

This fair field is before me—I could see a lamb on any part of it. I have ploughed it, and raked it, and hoed it, but I never mowed it. Somehow, I could never learn to hang a scythe. I had not wit enough. My brother Joe used to say that my father sent me to college in order to make me equal to the rest of the children!

Of a hot day in July—it must have been one of the last years of Washington's administration, I was making hay with my father, just where I now see a remaining elm tree, about the middle of the afternoon. The Hon. Abiel Foster, M. C., who lived in Canterbury, six miles off, called at the house,

and came into the field to see my father. He was a worthy man, college learned, and been a minister, but was not a person of any considerable natural powers. My father was his friend and supporter. He talked awhile in the field, and went on his way. When he was gone, my father called me to him, and we sat down beneath the elm on a hay-cock. He said, "My son, that is a worthy man—he is a member of Congress—he goes to Philadelphia, and gets six dollars a day, while I toil here. It is because he had an education, which I never had. If I had had his early education, I should have been in Philadelphia, in his place. I came near it as it was. But I missed it, and now I must work here." "My dear father," said I, "you shall not work. Brother and I will work for you, and wear our hands out, and you shall rest"—and I remember to have cried—and I cry now at the recollection. "My child," said he, "it is of no importance to me—I now live but for my children; I could not give your elder brother the advantages of knowledge, but I can do something for you. Exert yourself—improve your opportunities—*learn—learn*—and when I am gone, you will not need to go through the hardships which I have undergone, and which have made me an old man before my time."

The next May he took me to Exeter, to the Phillips Exeter Academy—placed me under the tuition of its excellent preceptor, Dr. Benjamin Abbott, still living.

My father died in April, 1806. I neither left him, nor forsook him. My opening an office at Bos-

cawen was that I might be near him. I closed his eyes in this very house. He died at sixty-seven years of age—after a life of exertion, toil, and exposure—a private soldier, an officer, a legislator, a judge—every thing that a man could be, to whom learning never had disclosed her "ample page."

My first speech at the bar was made when he was on the bench—he never heard me a second time.

He had in him what I recollect to have been the character of some of the old Puritans. He was deeply religious, but not sour—on the contrary, good-humored, facetious—showing even in his age, with a contagious laugh, teeth, all as white as alabaster—gentle, soft, playful—and yet having a heart in him, that he seemed to have borrowed from a lion. He could frown; a frown it was, but cheerfulness, good humor, and smiles, composed his most usual aspect.

Ever truly, your friend,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER'S LIBRARY, AND CONVERSATION ON THE SCRIPTURES.

Around the Library room, writes a correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce*, upon all sides, was that choice selection of books that the owner had carefully gathered in Europe and America, during the last thirty years. There had often spoke to him the kindred minds of Bacon, Milton, Shakspeare, Chatham and Burke. There he had been pleased with the lesser poets, such as Gray, the author of the Elegy in the Country Church Yard, which he indistinctly

called for on the night of his death. This was a favorite room with the owner, and there he was accustomed to sit, and write, and read. On a Sabbath, when detained from the house of God by ill health, as he often was during the last years of his life, he was accustomed to peruse the book that he regarded as the best of all—the Bible, and commentaries thereupon. For a Sunday sermon he delighted to read one from Dr. Barrow, a prince of English sermonizers of the 17th century.

It was in this very room that the writer, who had just then taken charge of the parish to which Mr. Webster belonged, had his first interview with him, several summers since. The conversation turned upon theological and Bible topics. Mr. Webster discoursed most eloquently upon the book of Job, which has been for many years a favorite portion of Holy Writ with him. He had just been reading Barnes on Job, and did not agree with that learned author, whom he respected, that Job was an historical character. Said Mr. Webster, "There was no such person, in my judgment, as J-o-b" (spelling the name as he spoke). "Job was the hero of a great epic poem," he continued, "the object of which is to teach religious truth: a poem as much superior to the boasted Homer of antiquity, as Homer is superior to the production of a mere school-boy."

After discoursing upon other portions of the Scriptures, he proceeded to speak of the ministry of this and a former day. He spoke of the great eloquence of Dr. Osgood, of Medford, whom he was accustomed to hear often when he first removed to

Boston, in 1816. He spoke of how the cause of orthodoxy was protected in the north of Boston, by the indefatigable Dr. Morse of Charlestown, "a man who was always thinking, always reading, always writing, always preaching, always acting;"—of Rev. Dr. Codman, who maintained the cause of the South at Dorchester, and of other clergymen of that day. It was his impression, that the clergy of that day were more strictly students of the Scriptures, and abler divines and preachers, than those of the present day. He expressed the idea, that though the ministers of our day had been quite useful in giving so much of their attention, as they have, to the various charities and other labors, than those more strictly belonging to their profession, they have lost as students, and pastors, and as to their power in the pulpit. "But after all," said the profound critic, "I do not know; I cannot judge for others; perhaps I ought not to have ventured these suggestions."

MR. WEBSTER ON THE EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY.

A few evenings since, says a writer in the *Congregational Journal*, sitting by his own fireside, after a day of severe labor in the Supreme Court, Mr. Webster introduced the last Sabbath's sermon, and discoursed in animated and glowing eloquence for an hour on the great truths of the Gospel. I cannot but regard the opinions of such a man in some sense as public property. This is my apology for attempt-

ing to recall some of those remarks which were uttered in the privacy of the domestic circle.

Said Mr. Webster: "Last Sabbath I listened to an able and learned discourse upon the evidences of Christianity. The arguments were drawn from prophecy, history, with internal evidence. They were stated with logical accuracy and force; but, as it seemed to me, the clergyman failed to draw from them the right conclusion. He came so near the truth that I was astonished he missed it. In summing up his arguments, he said the only alternative presented by these evidences is this: Either Christianity is true, or it is a delusion produced by an excited imagination. Such is not the alternative, said the critic; but it is this: the Gospel is either true history, or it is a consummate fraud; it is either a reality or an imposition. Christ was what he professed to be, or he was an impostor. There is no other alternative. His spotless life in his earnest enforcement of the truth, his suffering in its defence, forbids us to suppose that he was suffering an illusion of the heated brain.

Every act of his pure and holy life shows that he was the author of truth, the advocate of truth, the earnest defender of truth, and the uncomplaining sufferer for truth. Now, considering the purity of his doctrines, the simplicity of his life, and the sublimity of his death, is it possible that he would have died for an illusion? In all his preaching the Saviour made no popular appeals. His discourses were all directed to the individual. Christ and his Apostles sought to impress upon every man the conviction that he must stand or fall alone—he must live for himself

and die for himself, and give up his account to the omniscient God, as though he were the only dependent creature in the Universe. The Gospel leaves the individual sinner alone with himself and his God. To his own master he stands or falls. He has nothing to hope from the aid and sympathy of associates. The deluded advocates of new doctrines do not so preach. Christ and his Apostles, had they been deceivers, would not have so preached.

If clergymen in our days would return to the simplicity of the Gospel, and preach more to individuals and less to the crowd, there would not be so much complaint of the decline of true religion. Many of the ministers of the present day take their text from St. Paul, and preach from the newspapers. When they do so, I prefer to enjoy my own thoughts rather than to listen. I want my pastor to come to me in the spirit of the Gospel, saying, "You are *mortal!* your probation is brief; your work must be done speedily. You are *immortal*, too. You are hastening to the bar of God; the Judge standeth before the door." When I am thus admonished, I have no disposition to muse or to sleep. "These topics," said Mr. Webster, "have often occupied my thoughts; and if I had time I would write on them myself."

The above remarks are but a meagre and imperfect abstract, from memory, of one of the most eloquent sermons to which I ever listened.

MR. WEBSTER IN 1830.

The late Col. Samuel L. Knapp thus described Mr. Webster's personal characteristics, twenty-two years ago:

The person of Mr. Webster is singular and commanding; his height is above the ordinary size, but he cannot be called tall; he is broad across the chest, and stoutly and firmly built, but there is nothing of clumsiness either in his form or gait. His head is very large, his forehead high, with good shaped temples. He has a large, black, solemn looking eye, that exbibits strength and steadfastness, and which sometimes burns, but seldom sparkles. His hair is of raven black, and both thick and short, without the mark of gray hair. His eyebrows are of the same color, thick and strongly marked, which give his features the appearance of sternness; but the general expression of his face, after it is properly examined, is rather mild and amiable than otherwise. His movements in the house and in the street are slow and dignified; there is no peculiar sweetness in his voice—its tones are rather harsh than musical; still there is a variety in them, and some of them catch the ear and chain it down to the most perfect attention. He bears traits of great mental labor, but no marks of age; in fact, his person is more imposing now, in his forty-eighth year, than it was at thirty years of age. His manners at the bar, and in the deliberative assembly, are peculiar. Hear him, and you will say that his eloquence is founded on no model, ancient or modern—all his own excellences and defects. His voice has an ex-

traordinary compass. His emphasis belongs to himself alone; it is founded on no rule, nor can it be reduced to any.

MR. WEBSTER'S LETTER ON THE MORNING.

The following beautiful letter, from the pen of Mr. Webster, was written to a friend some years ago. It will be read with much interest, not only for its intrinsic beauties, but as a purely literary production:

RICHMOND, VA.,
Five o'clock, A. M., April 29, 1852.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—Whether it be a favor or an annoyance, you owe this letter to my early habits of rising. From the hour marked at the top of the page, you will naturally conclude that my companions are not now engaging my attention, as we have not calculated on being early travellers to-day.

This city has a "pleasant seat." It is high; the James river runs below it, and when I went out, an hour ago, nothing was heard but the roar of the Falls. The air is tranquil and its temperature mild. It is morning, and a morning sweet and fresh, and delightful. Everybody knows the morning in its metaphorical sense, applied to so many occasions. The health, strength, and beauty of early years, lead us to call that period the "morning of life." Of a lovely young woman we say she is "bright as the morning," and no one doubts why Lucifer is called "son of the morning."

But the morning itself, few people, inhabitants of

cities, know anything about. Among all our good people, no one in a thousand sees the sun rise once in a year. They know nothing of the morning. Their idea of it is, that it is that part of the day which comes along after a cup of coffee and a beefsteak, or a piece of toast. With them morning is not a new issuing of light, a new bursting forth of the sun, a new waking up of all that has life from a sort of temporary death, to behold again the works of God, the heavens and the earth; it is only a part of the domestic day, belonging to reading the newspapers, answering notes, sending the children to school and giving orders for dinner. The first streak of light, the earliest purpling of the east, which the lark springs up to greet, and the deeper and deeper coloring into orange and red, till at length the "glorious sun is seen, regent of the day"—this they never enjoy, for they never see it.

Beautiful descriptions of the morning abound in all languages, but they are the strongest perhaps in the East, where the sun is often an object of worship.

King David speaks of taking to himself the "wings of the morning." This is highly poetical and beautiful. The wings of the morning are the beams of the rising sun. Rays of light are wings. It is thus said that the sun of righteousness shall arise "with healing in his wings"—a rising sun that shall scatter life, health and joy throught the Universe.

Milton has fine descriptions of morning, but not so many as Shakspeare, from whose writings pages of the most beautiful imagery, all founded on the glory of morning, might be filled.

I never thought that Adam had much the advantage of us from having seen the world while it was new.

The manifestations of the power of God, like His mercies, are "new every morning," and fresh every moment.

We see as fine risings of the sun as ever Adam saw; and its risings are as much a miracle now as they were in his day, and I think a good deal more, because it is now a part of the miracle, that for thousands and thousands of years he has come to his appointed time, without the variation of a millionth part of a second. Adam could not tell how this might be. I know the morning—I am acquainted with it, and I love it. I love it fresh and sweet as it is—a daily new creation, breaking forth and calling all that have life and breath and being to new adoration, new enjoyments, and new gratitude.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER'S DEDICATIONS OF HIS SIX VOLUMES OF SPEECHES.

The following are Mr. Webster's tributes of affection to his family and friends, and to the memory of the dead, displayed in the dedication of his speeches and writings recently published in six volumes:

DEDICATION OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

TO MY NIECES, MRS. ALICE BRIDGE WHIPPLE, AND MRS. MARY ANN SANBORN:

Many of the speeches contained in this volume were delivered and printed in the lifetime of your

father, whose fraternal affection led him to speak of them with approbation. His death which happened when he had only just passed the middle period of life, left you without a father, and me without a brother. I dedicate this volume to you, not only for the love I have for yourselves, but also as a tribute of affection to his memory, and from a desire that the name of my brother Ezekiel Webster, may be associated with mine, as long as anything written or spoken by me shall be regarded or read.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

DEDICATION OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

To ISAAC P. DAVIS, ESQ.:

My Dear Sir:—A warm private friendship has subsisted between us for half our lives, interrupted by no untoward occurrences, and never for a moment cooling with indifference. Of this friendship, the source of so much happiness to me, I wish to leave, if not an enduring memorial, at least an affectionate and grateful acknowledgment. I inscribe this volume to you.

DEDICATION OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

To MRS. CAROLINE LE ROY WEBSTER.

My dearly-beloved Wife:—I cannot allow these volumes to go to the press, without containing a tribute of my affection and some acknowledgment of the deep interest that you have felt in the productions which they contain. You have witnessed the origin of most of them, not with less concern, certainly, than has been felt by their author; and the degree of favor with which they may now be received

by the public, will be as earnestly regarded, I am sure, by you as by myself. The opportunity seems also a fit one for expressing the high and warm regard which I ever entertained for your honored father, now deceased, and the respect and esteem which I cherish towards the members of that amiable and excellent family to which you belong.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

DEDICATION OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

TO FLETCHER WEBSTER, ESQ.:

My dear Sir:—I dedicate one of the volumes of these speeches to the memory of your deceased brother and sister, and I am devoutly thankful that I am able to inscribe another volume to you, my only surviving child, and the object of my affection and hopes. You have been of an age, at the appearance of most of these speeches and writings at which you were able to read and understand them; and in the preparation of some of them you have taken no unimportant part. Among the diplomatic papers, there are several written by yourself wholly or mainly, at the time when official and confidential connections subsisted between us in the Department of State. The principles and opinions expressed in these productions are such as I believe to be essential to the preservation of the Union, the maintenance of the Constitution, and the advancement of the country to still higher stages of prosperity and renown. These objects have constituted my pole star during the whole of my political life, which has now extended through more than half the period of the existence

of the government. And I know, my dear son, that neither parental authority nor parental example is necessary to induce you, in whatever capacity, public or private, you may be called to act, to devote yourself to the accomplishment of the same ends.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER.

DEDICATION OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

To J. W. PAGE, ESQ.:

My dear Sir:—The friendship which has subsisted so long between us, springs not more from our close family connections, than from similarity of opinions and sentiments. I count it among the advantages and pleasures of my life; and pray you to allow me as a slight, but grateful token of my estimate of it, to dedicate to you this volume of my speeches.

DEDICATION OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.

With the warmest parental affection, mingled with afflicted feelings, I dedicate this the last volume of my works, to the memory of my deceased children, Julia Webster Appleton, beloved in all the relations of daughter, wife, mother, sister, and friend; and Major Edward Webster, who died in Mexico, in the military service of the United States, with unblemished honor and reputation, and who entered the service solely from a desire to be useful to his country, and do honor to the State in which he was born.

"Go, gentle spirits, to your destined rest;
While I—reversed our Nature's kindlier doom,
Pour forth a Father's sorrow on your tomb."

DANIEL WEBSTER.

These eloquent and unique tributes to living and departed kindred and worth, we venture to say, will be admired and appreciated wherever the English language is spoken or the social affections are cherished. They will serve as models for this class of composition, and are worthy accompaniments of the treasures of intellectual worth displayed in the volumes to which they are affixed. Their publication in a combined form, we doubt not, will be deemed appropriate at this time, particularly to that numerous class of readers to whom these voluminous works are not readily accessible.

THE GREAT ARE FALLING FROM US.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

The great are falling from us—to the dust,
  Our flag droops midway, full of many sighs;
A nation's glory and a people's trust
  Lie in the ample pall where Webster lies.

The great are falling from us—one by one,
  As fall the patriarchs of the forest trees;
The winds shall seek them vainly, and the sun
  Gaze on each vacant space for centuries.

Lo, Carolina mourns her steadfast Pine,
  Which, like a mainmast, towered above her realm;
And Ashland hears no more the voice divine,
  From out the branches of her stately elm.

And Marshfield's giant oak, whose stormy brow
  Oft turned the ocean tempest from the West,
Lies on the shore he guarded long—and now,
  Our startled Eagle knows not where to rest!

LETTERS OF MR. WEBSTER TO HIS FARMER, JOHN TAYLOR, AT FRANKLIN, N. H.

WASHINGTON, March 13, 1822.

John Taylor:—I am glad to hear from you again, and to learn that you are well, and that your teams and tools are ready for Spring's work, whenever the weather will allow you to begin. I sometimes read books on farming; and I remember that a very sensible old author advises farmers "to plough naked and sow naked." By this he means that there is no use in beginning Spring's work till the weather is warm, that a farmer may throw aside his Winter clothes and roll up his sleeves. Yet he says we ought to begin as early in the year as possible. He wrote some very pretty verses on the subject, which as far as I remember, run thus:

"While yet the Spring is young, while earth unbinds
The frozen bosom to the western winds;
While mountain snows dissolve against the sun,
And streams, yet new, from precipices run—
E'en in this early dawning of the year,
Produce the plough, and yoke the sturdy steer;
And goad him till he smoke beneath his toil,
And the bright share is buried in the soil."

John Taylor, when you read these lines, do you not see the snow melting, and the little streams beginning to run down the slopes of your Punch-brook pasture, and the new grass starting and growing in the trickling water, all green, bright and beautiful? And do you not see your Durham oxen moking from heat and perspiration as they draw along your great

breaking-up plough, cutting and turning over the tough sward in your meadow in the great field? The name of this sensible author is Virgil; and he gives farmers much other advice, some of which you have been following all the Winter without even knowing that he had given it.

"But when cold weather, heavy snow and rain,
The laboring farmer in his house restrain,
Let him forecast his work, with timely care,
Which else is huddled when the skies are fair;
Then let him mark the sheep, and whet the shining share,
Or hollow trees for boats; or number o'er
His sacks; or measure his increasing store;
Or sharpen stakes, and mend each rake and fork,
So to be ready, in good time, to work—
Visit his crowded barns at early morn,
Look to his granary, and shell his corn;
Give a good breakfast to his numerous kine,
His shivering poultry and his fattening swine."

And Mr. Virgil says some other things which you understand up at Franklin as well as ever he did:

"In chilling Winter, swains enjoy their store,
Forget their hardships, and recruit for more;
The farmer to full feasts invites his friends,
And what he got with pains, with pleasure spends;
Draws chairs around the fire, and tells once more
Stories which often have been told before;
Spreads a clean table, with things good to eat,
And adds some moistening to his fruit and meat;
They praise his hospitality, and feel
They shall sleep better after such a meal!"

John Taylor, by the time you have got through this, you will have read enough. The sum of all is,

be ready for your Spring's work as soon as the weather becomes warm enough, and then put your hand to the plough, and look not back.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

WASHINGTON, March 17, 1852.

John Taylor:—Go ahead: The heart of the Winter is broken, and before the 1st day of April, all your land may be ploughed. Buy the oxen of Captain Marston, if you think the price fair. Pay for the hay. I send you a check for $160, for these two objects. Put the great oxen in a condition to be turned out and fattened. You have a good horse-team, and I think in addition to this, four oxen and a pair of four-year old steers will do your work. If you think so, then dispose of the Stevens oxen, or unyoke them, and send them to the pasture for beef. I know not when I shall see you, but I hope before planting. If you need any thing, such as guano, for instance, write to Joseph Buck, Esq., Boston, and he will send it to you.

Whatever ground you sow or plant, see that it is in good condition. We want no *pennyroyal crops.* "A little farm well tilled," is to a farmer the next best thing to a "little wife well willed." Cultivate your garden. Be sure to produce sufficient quantities of useful vegetables. A man may half support his family from a good garden. Take care to keep my mother's garden in good order, even if it cost you the wages of a man to take care of it. I have sent you many garden seeds. Distribute them among your neighbors. Send them to the stores in the village,

that everybody may have a part of them without cost. I am glad that you have chosen Mr. Pike Representative. He is a true man; but there are in New Hampshire many persons who call themselves Whigs, who are no Whigs at all, and no better than disunionists. Any man who hesitates in granting and securing to every part of the country its just and its constitutional rights, is an enemy to the whole country.

John Taylor: if one of your boys should say that he honors his father and mother, and loves his brothers and sisters, but still insists that one of them shall be driven out of the family, what can you say of him but this, that there is no real family love in him? You and I are farmers; we never talk politics; our talk is of oxen; but remember this—that any man who attempts to excite one part of the country against another, is just as wicked as he would be who should attempt to get up a quarrel between John Taylor and his neighbor, old Mr. John Sanborn, or his other neighbor, Captain Burleigh. There are some animals that live best in the fire, and there are some men who delight in heat, smoke, combustion, and even general conflagration. They do not follow the things which make for peace. They enjoy only controversy, contention and strife. Have no communion with such persons, either as neighbors or politicians. You have no more right to say that Slavery ought not to exist in Virginia, than a Virginian has to say that Slavery ought to exist in New Hampshire. This is a question left to every State to decide for itself; and if we mean to keep the

States together, we must leave to every State this power of deciding for itself.

I think I never wrote you a word before upon politics. I shall not do it again. I only say love your country, and your whole country; and when men attempt to persuade you to get into a quarrel with the laws of other States, tell them that "you mean to mind your own business," and advise them to mind theirs. John Taylor, you are a free man; you possess good principles; you have a large family to rear and provide for by your labor. Be thankful to the Government which does not oppress you, which does not bear you down by excessive taxation, but which holds out to you and to yours the hope of all the blessings which liberty, industry and security may give. John Taylor, thank God, morning and evening, that you were born in such a country. John Taylor, never write me another word upon politics. Give my kindest remembrance to your wife and children; and when you look from your eastern windows upon the graves of my family, remember that he who is the author of this letter, must soon follow them to another world.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

WEBSTER AND FRANKLIN.

I recall with pleasure, said Dr. J. W. Francis, in some remarks before the New-York Historical Society, a conversation once held with Mr. Webster in regard to that illustrious sage. No individual

throughout our wide domain cherished a deeper reverence for the talents and services of this incomparable man than did Mr. Webster.

In a discussion which arose among some friends, at a social board, Mr. Webster was asked his opinion concerning the political and fiscal integrity of Franklin, a subject which had been agitated with some asperity.

"Gentlemen," answered Mr. Webster, "the topic is too broad for present discussion. Among all our political men, Franklin stands prominent for astuteness, sagacity and integrity. Amidst all his negotiations, though the depositary of innumerable state transactions, he was never known to betray the slightest secret, or to utter a hint from which a sinister revelation might occur. As to his fiscal integrity, who knew him better than Washington? And had the slightest blemish rested upon that portion of his character, would that exalted man have nominated him as the first President of the Union, and at the time when he himself was waited upon by authoized delegates to urge him to accept that vast trust! I want no other demonstration of the incorruptible principles of Franklin than that nomination by Washington."

HIS LETTER TO HIS OLD SCHOOLMASTER, "MASTER TAPPAN."

BOSTON, July 20, 1852.

MASTER TAPPAN:—I hear with much pleasure, through the public press, that you continue to enjoy

life, with mental faculties bright and vivid, although you have arrived at a very advanced age, and are somewhat infirm. I came to-day from the very spot, in which you taught me; and, to me, a most delightful spot it is. The river and the hills are as beautiful as ever. But the graves of my father and mother, and brothers and sisters, and early friends, give it, to me, something of the appearance of a City of the Dead. But let us not repine. You have lived long, and my life is already not short; and we have both much to be thankful for. Two or three persons are still living, who, like myself, were brought up *sub tua ferula*. They remember "Master Tappan."

And now, my good old master, receive a renewed tribute of affectionate regard, from your grateful pupil; with his wishes and prayers, for your happiness, in all that remains to you, of this life, and more especially, for your rich participation, hereafter, in the more durable riches of Righteousness.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER AND THE FARMER.

Some years since, says a correspondent of the *New-York Daily Times*, Mr. Webster started off from Marshfield on a trouting expedition to Sandwich, a neighboring town on Cape Cod. On approaching a fine stream he alighted from his wagon, and just then he met the owner of the farm, whose stream ran through it. "Good morning," says Webster, "is there any trout here?" "Well," says the farmer,

"some people fish here, but I don't know what they do get." "I'll throw my line in," says Webster, "and see what there is."

Webster walked the banks of the stream trying his luck, and the old farmer followed him. Soon Webster remarked, "You have some bog on your farm." "Yes," says the farmer, "that ain t the worst of it." Fishing still further along, Webster says, "You seem to have plenty of mosquitoes here." "Yes," he replied, "that ain't the worst of it." Webster still kept on throwing his line into the deep pools, and then said, "You have plenty of briers here." "Yes," says the farmer, "and that ain't the worst of it." Mr Webster getting somewhat discouraged in a hot August day, bitten by mosquitoes, scratched by briers, and not raising a single fish, dropped his rod and said, "he didn't believe there was any trout here."—"And that ain't the worst of it," says the farmer. "Well," says Mr. Webster, "I would like to know *what the worst of it is?*" "*There never was any here!*" says the farmer. Mr. Webster enjoyed the joke, and often told it to his particular friends.

HIS RECREATIONS.

This taste for field sports, says a writer in the *Spirit of the Times*, Mr. Webster indulged to an extent that may be called passionate. With his private Secretary, Mr. Lanman, and his old friend Seaton, it was his wont to spend many hours almost

every day in the season, in the enjoyment of field sports. He was in the habit of getting up at 4 o'clock in the Summer morning, driving out to Georgetown, then taking in his Secretary and fellow sportsman, and, after passing a few hours angling in the Potomac, near the upper bridge, returning to the Capitol, and presenting himself at the Department, ready for business, at 10 o'clock.

Hon. J. Prescott Hall, U. S. Attorney for this District (himself a good Waltonian,) in announcing the death of Mr. Webster to the Bar of New-York remarked: "I have partaken of his innocent and manly amusements; I have walked with him alone at twilight, upon the shore of the far-resounding sea." His success at sea-fishing is proverbial, and there is scarcely a bay or an inlet within a day's sail or ride of Boston or Marshfield, that has not felt his line. Many members of the venerable "M. C. A." can bear testimony to his success in this, his private amusement.

Mr. Webster was a good trout killer, and delighted in this most refined of all the modes, "*salientes calamo aucere pisces.*" Apropos of this fact, we may quote a playful allusion of his in a dinner speech given to him in 1851, at Syracuse, in this State:

"It so happened," said he, "that all the public services which I have rendered, in my day and generation, have been connected with the General Government. I think I ought to make an exception. I was ten days a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, and I turned my thoughts to the search for some good object, in which I could be useful, in that

position, and after much reflection, I introduced a bill which, with the general consent of both houses, passed into a law, and is now a law of the State, which enacts that *no man in the State shall catch trout, in any other manner than the old way*, with an ordinary hook and line."

A STAGE-COACH ANECDOTE.

Mr. Webster used to relate this as no one but himself could do:

A few years since, but before the great Northern Railroad passed through his farm, Mr. Webster was on his way to the old homestead; he took the stage at Concord, New Hampshire, and had for his companion a very old man. After some conversation, he ascertained that the old man was from the neighboring town of Salisbury, and asked him if he ever knew Captain Webster. "Surely, I did," said the old man; "and the Captain was a brave and good man, sir; and nobly did he fight for us, with General Stark, at Bennington." "Did he leave any children?" inquired Mr. Webster. "O, yes; there was Ezekiel, and I think, Daniel." "And what has become of them?" asked Mr. Webster. "Why, Ezekiel—and he was a powerful man, sir: I have heard him plead in court often. Yes, sir, he was a powerful man, and fell dead while pleading in Concord." "Well," said Mr. Webster, "and what became of Daniel?" "Daniel—Daniel," repeated the old man thoughtfully; "why, Daniel, I *believe*, is a lawyer about Boston somewhere."

MR. WEBSTER'S RELIGIOUS CONVICTIONS.

A writer in the *Commercial Advertiser* remarks:

Some years ago we had the pleasure of spending several days in company with Mr. Webster at the residence of a mutual friend, Harvey Ely, Esq., at Rochester. During that intercourse, we had more than one opportunity of conversing on religious subjects—sometimes on doctrinal points, but more generally on the importance of the Holy Scriptures, as containing the plan of man's salvation, through the atonement of Christ. So far as our knowledge of the subject extends, Mr. Webster was as orthodox as any we ever conversed with.

On one occasion, when seated in the drawing-room with Mr. and Mrs. Ely, Mr. Webster laid his hand on a copy of the Scriptures, saying, with great emphasis, "This is the book!" This led to a conversation on the importance of the Scriptures, and the too frequent neglect of the study of the Bible by gentlemen of the legal profession, their pursuits in life leading them to the almost exclusive study of works having reference to their profession. Mr. Webster said, "I have read through the entire Bible many times. I now make a practice to go through it once a year. It is the book of all others for lawyers as well as for divines; and I pity the man that cannot find in it a rich supply of thought, and of rules for his conduct; it fits man for life—it prepares him for death."

The conversation then turned upon sudden deaths; and Mr. Webster adverted to the then recent death

of his brother, who expired suddenly at Concord, N. H. "My brother," he continued, "knew the importance of Bible truths. The Bible led him to prayer, and prayer was his communion with God. On the day on which he died, he was engaged in an important cause in the court then in session. But this cause, important as it was, did not keep him from his duty to his God; he found time for prayer, for on the desk which he had just left, was found a paper written by him on that day, which, for fervent piety, a devotedness to his Heavenly Master, and for expressions of humility, I think was never excelled."

Mr. Webster then mentioned the satisfaction he had derived from the preaching of certain clergymen, observing that "men were so constituted, that we could not all expect the same spiritual benefit under the ministry of the same clergymen." He regretted that there was not more harmony of feeling among professors generally, who believed in the great truths of our common Christianity. Difference of opinion, he admitted, was proper; but yet, with that difference, the main objects should be love to God—love to our fellow-creatures. In all Mr. Webster's conversations he maintained true catholicity of feeling.

MR. WEBSTER'S TABLE-TALK—STORY OF THE ROBBER.

"Mr. Webster," says a writer in the *Boston Atlas*, "was one of the best story-tellers in the world. He could relate an anecdote with wonderful effect, and nothing was more easy than for him to 'set the table

in a roar.' His fund of anecdote and of personal reminiscence was inexhaustible. No one could start a subject relating to history, and especially to American Congressional life, about which he could not relate some anecdote connected with some of the principal characters, which, when told, would throw additional light upon the narrative, and illustrate some prominent trait in the characters of the persons engaged in the transaction. This great gift he possessed in a degree unsurpassed. Mr. Webster's 'table-talk' was fully equal to any of his more elaborate efforts in the Senate. He could talk, to use a somewhat misnomeric expression, as well as he could speak. He had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and loved and appreciated nice touches of eccentric humor. We have many reminiscences of his story-telling, for, when at Washington, we often had the pleasure of dining at his table. On these occasions it was the purpose of those present to draw him out; and to do this, it was but necessary to start some topic in which he felt an interest. We shall never forget his account of his visit to Jefferson, at Monticello, his analysis of the character and intellectual attainments of Hamilton, who he thought bore a closer resemblance to the younger Pitt than any other man in English or American history, and his anecdotes of Chief Justice Marshall, and old Mr. Stockton, of New Jersey; and of his ride from Baltimore to Washington in a wagon, with a stout, burly fellow, who told him he was a robber."

Another journal, the *Evening Post*, supplies this anecdote of the robber in full:—

"The incident to which the *Atlas* alludes, we believe occurred to Mr. Webster, before railroads were built, as he was forced one night to make a journey by private conveyance from Baltimore to Washington. The man who drove the wagon was such an ill-looking fellow, and told so many stories of robberies and murders that, before they had gone far, Mr. Webster was almost frightened out of his wits. At last the wagon stopped, in the midst of a dense wood, when the man, turning suddenly round to his passenger, exclaimed fiercely, 'Now, sir, tell me who you are?' Mr. Webster replied, in a faltering voice, and ready to spring from the vehicle, 'I am Daniel Webster, member of Congress from Massachusetts!" 'What,' rejoined the driver, grasping him warmly by the hand, 'are you Webster? Thank God! thank God! You were such a deuced ugly chap, that I took you for some cut-throat or highwayman.' This is the substance of the story, but the precise words used by Mr. Webster himself, in repeating it, we cannot recall."

MR. WEBSTER'S DEVOTIONAL SPIRIT.

It was our fortune, writes the editor of the *Boston Atlas*, to pass several days at his home in Marshfield, some six or seven years ago; and well we remember one beautiful night, when the heavens seemed to be studded with countless myriads of stars, that, about nine o'clock in the evening, we walked out, and he stood beneath the beautiful weeping elm which

raises its majestic form within a few paces of his dwelling, and, looking up through the leafy branches, he appeared for several minutes to be wrapped in deep thought, and, at length, as if the scene, so soft and so beautiful, had suggested the lines, he quoted certain verses of the eighth Psalm, beginning with the words: "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou are mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor," &c. The deep, low tone in which he repeated these inspired words, and the deep, rapt attention with which he gazed up through the branches of the elm, struck us with a feeling of greater awe and solemnity than we ever felt, when, a year or two later, we visited some of the most magnificent cathedrals of the Old World, venerable with the ivy of centuries, and mellowed with the glories of a daily church service for a thousand years.

We remained out beneath the tree for an hour, and all the time he conversed about the Scriptures, which no man has studied with greater attention, and of which no man whom we ever saw knew so much, or appeared to understand and appreciate so well. He talked of the books of the Old Testament especially, and dwelt with unaffected pleasure upon Isaiah, the Psalms, and especially the Book of Job. The Book of Job, he said, taken as a mere work of literary genius, was one of the most wonderful productions of any age, or in any language. As an epic

poem, he deemed it far superior to either the Iliad or Odyssey. The two last, he said, received much of their attraction from the mere narration of warlike deeds, and from the perilous escape of the chief personages from death and slaughter; but the Book of Job was a purely intellectual narrative. Its power was shown in the dialogue of the characters introduced. The story was simple in its construction, and there was little in it to excite the imagination or arouse the sympathy. It was purely an intellectual production, and depended upon the power of the dialogue, and not upon the interest of the story, to produce its effects. This was considering it merely as an intellectual work. He read it through very often, and always with renewed delight. In his judgment, it was the greatest epic ever written.

We well remember his quotation of some of the verses in the thirty-eighth chapter:—"Then the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind, and said, Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge? Gird up now thy loins like a man; for I will demand of thee, and answer thou me. Where wast thou, when I laid the foundations of the earth? Declare, if thou hast understanding," &c. Mr. Webster was a fine reader, and his recitation of particular passages, to which he felt warm, were never surpassed; and were capable of giving the most exquisite delight to those who could appreciate them.

TWENTY-FOURTH OF OCTOBER, 1852. BY T. W. PARSONS, JUN.

Comes there a frigate home? What mighty bark
  Returns with torn, but still triumphant sails?
Such peals awake the wondering Sabbath: hark!
  How the dread echoes die among the vales.

What ails the morning, that the misty sun
  Looks wan and troubled in the autumn air,
Dark over Marshfield? 'Twas the minute gun:
  God! has it come that we foreboded there?
&
The woods at midnight heard an angel's tread,
  The sere leaves rustled in his withering breath;
The night was beautiful with stars: we said,
  "This is the harvest moon." 'Twas thine, O Death!

Gone, then, the splendor of October's day!
  A single night, without the aid of frost,
Has turned the gold and crimson into gray,
  And the year's glory with the world's is lost.

A little while, and we rode forth to greet
  His coming with glad music; and his eye
Drew many captives, as along the street
  His peaceful triumph passed, unquestioned by.

Now there are moanings by the desolate shore,
  That are not ocean's. By the patriot's bed
Hearts throb for him whose noble heart no more—

Break off the rhyme; for sorrow cannot stop
  To trim itself with phrases for the ear.
Too fast the tears upon the paper drop;

Fast as the leaves are falling on his bier;
  Thick as the hopes that clustered round his name,
While yet he walked with us, a pilgrim here.

He was our prophet—our majestic oak,
  That like Dodona's, in Thesprotian land,
Whose leaves were oracles, divinely spoke.

He was our Daniel. 'Mid the roar of men,
He in the stormy senate stood serene,
Like his great namesake in the lion's den.

We called him giant, for in every part
He seemed colossal; in his port and speech,
In his large brain, and in his larger heart.

And when upon the roll his name we saw,
Of those who govern, then we felt secure;
Because we knew his reverence for the law.

So the young master of the Roman realm
Discreetly thought, we cannot go astray,
Not far astray, with Ulpian at the helm.

But slowly to this loss our sense awakes,
To know what space it in the forum filled:
See what a gap the temple's ruin makes!

Kings have their dynasties, but not the mind;
Cæsar leaves other Cæsars to succeed;
But wisdom, dying, leaves no heir behind.

Who now shall stand the regent at the wheel?
Who knows the dread machinery? Who hath skill
Our course through oceans unsurveyed to feel?

Her mournful tidings Albion lately sent
How he, the victor in so many fields,
Fell, without fighting, in the fields of Kent;

The chief whose conduct in the lofty scene
Where England stood up for the world in arms,
Gave her victorious name to England's queen.

But peaceful Britain knows, amid her grief,
She could well spare the soldier and his sword:
What can OUR councils do without OUR chief?

Blest are the peace-makers! and he was ours,
Winning, by force of argument, the right
For kindred, rather than for rival powers.

Let us be thankful, if we kept aloof
From their calumnious ranks who slandered him,
Putting his fineness to their venom's proof.

It hurt him not; for, if his gold contained
Some specks of earth, it was not such as theirs,
But only human crystal that remained.

The richest stones, the most refined and pure,
Most need the lapidary's wisest hand.
Man, without error, make thy cutting sure!

The autumn rains are falling on his head;
The snows of winter soon shall be his shroud;
And spring with violets will adorn his bed;

And summer shall be joyful on the shore
Where he is sleeping: but the breath of spring,
Or summer sunshine will not wake him more.

Resume the rhyme, and end the funeral strain.
Dying he asked for song; he did not slight
The harmony of numbers; let the main
Sing round his grave great anthems day and night.

Not with vain hope to hang upon his hearse
A little, selfish trophy of our own,
We give to grief this tributary verse,
But simply to record the nation's moan.

We have no high cathedral for his rest,
Dim with proud banners and the dust of years:
All we can give him is New England's breast
To lay his head on, and ten thousand tears.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S LAST HOURS.

The telegraphic reports present the most vivid narrative of these closing incidents, and may preserve for other generations something of that feeling of interest and anxiety with which the United States of 1852, hour by hour, listened to this dying intelligence.

BOSTON, October, 23.

A messenger left Marshfield at 6½ o'clock this morning. Mr. Webster passed the night quietly; sleeping at times. He was not quite so well this morning, and is slowly sinking.

MARSHFIELD, Saturday, October 28—7 P. M.

Mr. Webster's physicians have given out the following bulletin:—

"Mr. Webster has failed during the night, and is quite low and exhausted this morning.

BOSTON, 12½ P. M.

A messenger just arrived from Marshfield informs the *Courier* that Mr. Webster, in the opinion of his physicians, cannot live an hour.

The following is an account of the state of Mr. Webster during the night:

At 11 o'clock he was again seized with vomitings, though at the time they were slight. Between one and two o'clock this morning he was again attacked, and for three-quarters of an hour suffered terribly. From that time to the date of our writing this, half-

past eight o'clock, he remained free from pain, and in a placid state. His mind is still as clear and bright as the sun now rising.

During all the time for ten hours past, when he was free from pain, he conversed cheerfully with the friends around his bedside, and more than once playfully reproached his faithful nurse, Sarah, for not retiring to bed.

Mr. Webster is fully conscious of his condition, as is evidenced from the fond consolations he is constantly addressing to his mourning family and friends.

Occasionally, in the presence of those not his relatives, he speaks on public matters with a calmness and interest which clearly show that the welfare of his country is as present and dear to him as ever.

The illustrious invalid is now asleep, but fears of further terrible suffering on his part are entertained by his friends should he be again seized with vomiting on waking.

MARSHFIELD, 12 M., Saturday.

Mr. Webster still continues to sink. Shortly after 6 o'clock this morning he had further attacks of vomiting, which are gradually wearing away his strength. He may live through the day, but it is thought cannot survive through the night Messages have just been dispatched for Dr. J. M. Warren, of Boston, requesting him to come down in the afternoon train. Just as this express starts, the following, from his physician, has been put into my hands:—

"MARSHFIELD, 12 M.

"Mr. Webster is gradually sinking; it is thought

he will not survive more than twenty-four hours, if so long. His frame of mind is that of entire tranquillity and happiness. He attends to all necessary business, and his mind maintains its usual attention to all subjects and persons."

MARSHFIELD, 2 P.M.

Mr. Webster continues to sink. His mental faculties seem unclouded and brilliant as ever. He occasionally speaks to his family, contemplates death calmly, and is perfectly resigned. His physicians think he will expire during the night.

BOSTON, Oct. 24th, 2 A.M.

An express messenger has just arrived, having left Marshfield at 10 o'clock last night, at which time Mr. Webster was not expected to survive more than an hour.

Dr. James Jackson left the patient at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

During the early part of the afternoon there was some decrease in the swelling of Mr. Webster's abdomen, and fewer symptoms of nausea, but there were no signs of rallying.

Repeatedly in the course of the forenoon, and in the early part of the afternoon, he conversed freely, and with great coolness of detail, in relation to his private affairs and the condition of his farms, stating his plans fully, and the manner in which he wished to have them carried out.

About half-past five o'clock, Mr. Webster was again seized with a violent nausea, and raised con-

siderable dark matter, tinged with blood. Exhaustion now increased rapidly, and his physicians held another consultation, which resulted in a conclusion that his last hour was fast approaching.

He received the announcement, and requested that the female members of his family might be called in; viz., Mrs. Webster, Mrs. Fletcher Webster, Mrs. J. W. Paige, and Miss Downs, of New-York. To each, calling them individually by name, he addressed a few words of farewell and religious consolation.

Next he had called in the male members of his family, and the personal friends who have been here within the last few days, viz., Fletcher Webster (his only surviving son), Samuel A. Appleton (his son-in-law), J. W. Paige, George T. Curtis, Edward Curtis, of New-York, Peter Harvey and Charles Henry Thomas, of Marshfield, and Messrs. George J. Abbott and W. C. Zantzinger, both of the State Department at Washington. Addressing each by name, he referred to his past relations with them respectively, and, one by one, bade them an affectionate farewell. This was about half-past six.

He now had Mr. Peter Harvey called in again, and said to him—"Harvey, I am not so sick but that I know you—I am well enough to know you. I am well enough to love you, and well enough to call down the richest of Heaven's blessings upon you and yours. Harvey, don't leave me till I am dead—don't leave Marshfield till I am a dead man." Then, as if speaking to himself, he said—"On the 24th of Oc-

tober, all that is mortal of Daniel Webster will be no more."

He now prayed in his natural usual voice—strong, full and clear, ending with "Heavenly Father, forgive my sins, and receive me to thyself, through Christ Jesus."

At half-past seven o'clock Dr. J. M. Warren arrived from Boston, to relieve Dr. Jeffries as the immediate medical attendant.

Shortly after he conversed with Dr. Jeffries, who said he could do nothing more for him than to administer occasionally a sedative potion. "Then," said Mr. Webster, "I am to lie patiently to the end; if it be so, may it come soon."

At 10 o'clock he was still lower, but perfectly conscious of everything that passed within his sight or hearing.

BOSTON, October 24, 1852—9 A.M.

Hon. Daniel Webster, Secretary of State, died at his mansion at Marshfield, twenty-two minutes before three o'clock this morning. His last hour was entirely calm, and he breathed his last so peacefully, that it was with difficulty the precise moment of his departure was perceived.

DEATH.

The *Boston Courier* contained the following particulars relative to Mr. Webster's death and burial:

The last hours of one so beloved as he whose

earthly career has just closed amid so many circumstances of consolation, were of the same even tenor as all the rest. The public are already informed of the chief features of that deeply interesting scene up to the period when Mr. Webster desired to take leave of all who were in the house. One by one, in deep sorrow, but sustained by his own great example, the members of his family, and the friends and attendants, came in and took leave of him. He desired them to remain near his room, and more than once enjoined on those present who were not of his immediate family, not to leave Marshfield till his death had taken place. Reassured by all that his every wish would be religiously regarded, he then addressed himself to his physicians, making minute inquiries as to his own condition, and the probable termination of his life. Conversing with great exactness, he seemed to be anxious to be able to mark to himself the final period of his dissolution. He was answered, that it might occur in one, two, or three hours, but that the time could not be definitely calculated. "Then," said Mr. Webster, "I suppose I must lie here quietly till it comes." The retching and vomiting now recurred. Dr. Jeffries offered to Mr. Webster something which he hoped might give him ease. "Something more, Doctor, more—I want restoration."

Between 10 and 11 o'clock, he repeated somewhat indistinctly the words "Poet, poetry, Gray, Gray." Mr. Fletcher Webster repeated the first line of the elegy,—

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

"That's it, that's it," said Mr. Webster, and the book was brought, and some stanzas read to him, which seemed to give him pleasure.

From 12 o'clock till 2, there was much restlessness, but not much suffering. The physicians were quite confident that there was no actual pain. A faintness occurred, which led him to think that his death was at hand. While in this condition, some expressions fell from him, indicating the hope that his mind would remain to him completely until the last. He spoke of the process of the difficulty of dying, when Dr. Jeffries repeated the verse,—

"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

Mr. Webster said immediately, "The fact, the fact. That is what I want—Thy rod, Thy rod—Thy staff, Thy staff."

His dying words were, "I STILL LIVE."

THE MEN OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

At a dinner party in Boston, Dr. Charles narrates in his Funeral Discourse, at Newport, on Webster:

Mr. Webster stated that he had been reading "Burton's Diary," and that it was a mine of great value. "There you get the true calibre of the Roundheads; their speeches in Parliament were really wonderful productions, and I am satisfied that their discussions about religion, were mainly in view

of the great civil consequences involved. The men of that day were richly furnished; look at Cowley, Evelyn, and Clarendon, on one side, and Elliot, Sydney, Milton, Harrington, and Marvel on the other. These men all breathed in gardens, and kept up their humanity by meditations amidst the tranquillity of nature. Cromwell and Hampden were *the men.* Cromwell was a statesman every inch. Hampden is a man of whom I want to know more than Lord Nugent has told us; I want to know how he talked and lived every day down in the country. A proper history or biography is the story of a life; mere public facts do not make a biography. I want to know not only what a man did, but the way in which he did it, when it sprang up in his heart to do it. I want to know all about the days of adversity or sunshine in which he was schooled, I want to know about the boy as well as the man. Facts, naked facts, are not history, they are but the oil and brushes; and when you have them, an artist must come along to work you up an historical picture."

A CONVERSATION ON ENGLAND.

I think, says Dr. Charles, in the Discourse just quoted, the sentiments embodied in a conversation which I had with Mr. Webster, at Washington, previous to my visit to Europe in 1851, are worthy of record. "Well, sir, I notice from your letter for Passports, that you take three of your pupils. I am glad that they are going. You will teach them things

abroad which will be useful to them when they return. Show them the great farms, the noble stock, let them see the rural life of England, and learn to love it. We want to have more love for the country. We want more beauty thrown around our houses, and the lads will come home with better taste. Try to cultivate their memories as to the localities of England. Let them never forget the places sacred to liberty. The Tower is a perfect study, it requires thought, it is no place to be dispatched in a hurried visit. It is history, sir. Westminster Abbey is a wonderful place, not only for what it is, but for what it is not. Smithfield, too, is full of glory. If ever Jacob's ladder rested upon earth, it was there, where bloody Mary made it the gate to heaven for so many martyrs. Bunhill Fields; I was too good a Puritan not to go there. I wanted to stand where Bunyan, Owen, Goodwin and Defoe were buried. I should like to stand at the graves of all the great men of England. This journey will do the lads great good; it will furnish them matter for thought in future life, and if they improve this opportunity, it will teach them what few so understand, how to grow old decently. An ignorant, uncultivated old man is a poor affair; the tailor can pad out his wasted form, but nothing except early acquirements and good sentiments can make fine old age. You will see 'the Duke,' sir, he is the most remarkable man in the country; so practical, such sterling sense, so self-reliant; a man is nothing, nothing, who does not depend upon himself. I shall give you letters, sir, addressed to men I value highly, who are ornaments

to our nature. Pray make the lads notice the attention paid in England to age and position; nowhere can the proprieties of life be learned so well. What a destiny lies before these two countries, England and the United States; the same language, laws, and religion. Did you ever think of the wonderful concealment of America from Europe, till 'the set time' had arrived for its revelation?"

MR. WEBSTER'S BRIEFS.

In the biographical sketch of Mr. Webster, with which these volumes open, brief reference is made to the degree and method of Mr. Webster's preparation for his public speeches. The impression has been current that his great speeches were quite unstudied; and several of his biographers, including Mr. Everett, have taken no inconsiderable pains to create the belief that his Reply to Hayne was in the main an *extempore* performance. All such representations seem to us not simply without foundation, but likely to be productive of mischievous influence upon the minds of students, with whom the example of so consummate a master as Mr. Webster cannot fail to be more weighty than the lessons of all the schools. Mr. Webster was always a laborious student, and in the early part of his professional and public career, he expended upon all his public addresses the utmost care. He happened to be dining with a company of friends a few years since, when the first message of an eminent public man, then Governor of the State of New-York, was issued and became the subject of conversation. "Governor W—" said Mr. Webster, on being appealed to for his opinion, "is a very able man and a very able writer:—the only thing he needs to learn is how to *scratch out*." A Senator of the United States present expressed some surprise at this remark, and said that no one who read Mr. Webster's addresses, or listened to his speeches, would suppose

that he ever had occasion to alter or amend any thing that came from his pen. "However that may be now," replied Mr. Webster, "a very large part of my life has been spent in 'scratching out;' when I was a young man, and for some years after I had acquired a respectable degree of eminence in my profession, my style was bombastic and pompous in the extreme. Some kind friend was good enough to point out that fact to me, and I determined to correct it, if labor could do it. Whether it has been corrected or not, no small part of my life has been spent in the attempt." This careful preparation to which Mr. Webster thus resorted in early life, from a conviction of its necessity, soon became a fixed habit, and was never abandoned. He seldom made a public speech, however temporary the interest of the occasion might seem, which he had not previously studied with laborious care. Sometimes he wrote it out, very fully; but his usual method was to prepare a careful and complete outline of the argument he wished to present, and to write out in the exact language he wished to use any portions which he desired to make especially forcible or impressive. Under the excitement of speaking he would often vary the phraseology of such passages,—infusing into them more energy and life than his pen had given them originally, and adapting them oftentimes to incidents that were passing before him. This was undoubtedly the character of the preparation he had made for his Reply to Hayne. Although he rose to speak as soon as Hayne sat down, the whole subject had been under discussion in the Senate for weeks, and nearly every point made by Col. Hayne had been previously presented by Col. Benton or some of the others who had participated in the debate upon the same side. Mr. Webster had been preparing to take part in the discussion from the beginning. The question of constitutional power involved had been his special

study for years, and upon that branch of the subject he had little more to do than to present the conclusions he had formed, and the process of argument by which he had reached them. The personal attacks of Col. Hayne were made mainly in the opening part of his speech, which was made on Thursday,—the remainder being adjourned over to the succeeding Monday; so that upon these points Mr. Webster had time to elaborate the unrivalled retorts by which they were repelled. And the declamatory passages,—those sentences of fervid eloquence, unsurpassed in our language for their stately, dignified, and impassioned rhetoric,—had been framed laboriously in the forge of his creative intellect, while studying the speech he intended to make upon the general topic. Mr. Everett in his life of Mr. Webster affects to sneer at the intimation that he could thus utter pathos, indignation, and patriotism, a week old; but the sneer will scarcely alter the fact, nor does the fact in the least degree derogate from the intellectual and oratorical supremacy of Mr. Webster. On the contrary, it simply shows that he belonged to that race of Orators of which Demosthenes, Burke, Massillon, Choate, and Everett himself are the great exemplars, and that he, too, resorted to the same methods of intellectual labor, by which they have commanded the admiration and applause of successive generations of the race.

No study could be more interesting and instructive than that of the process of a great mind, like Mr. Webster's, in the construction of a great speech. The writer of this note happens to be in possession of material that could not fail to be useful in such a study, much of which, however, cannot here be used. He chanced to be at Washington in the winter of 1848, and hearing that Mr. Webster was to argue a legal case in the Supreme Court he very naturally went to hear him. It proved to be a

case growing out of the famous Dorr rebellion in Rhode Island, and involved the legal merits of that proceeding. Mr. Webster came up to the bench on which he had taken his seat, and after some general conversation spoke of the interest and importance of the case, and expressed a wish that he would prepare a report of the argument he intended to make. Knowing nothing whatever of the short-hand art,—but being fond of reporting Mr. Webster as a valuable method of critically studying his style, and having succeeded on former occasions in satisfying Mr. Webster's taste in the reports of his speeches,—and no man was ever more fastidious,—he readily acceded to the request, took notes, wrote out the speech, and early the next morning read it over to Mr. Webster in his private study. Mr. Webster made very few alterations in the language, and none at all in the structure of the sentences: but each was examined and discussed with the most careful criticism, and the fitness and import of every word were weighed with as deliberate labor as any University student ever expended upon his theme. In two or three cases the reporter had substituted a word for the one which Mr. Webster had chanced to use,—*hither* for *here*, in one instance, which is specially recollected. Not one such case escaped Mr. Webster's notice; he detected the variation instantly, and at once began to consider which was the best. Quotations were verified, punctuation carefully done, and the literary character of the speech was quite as critically attended to as its legal argument had been. And this was merely one of his professional performances,—an argument in Court upon a legal question.

After the revision of the speech had been finished the writer asked, and promptly received, permission to retain the brief from which Mr. Webster had spoken:—and it is now appended to this notice, as a curious and valuable

guide in studying the process by which Mr. Webster prepared his addresses. The speech itself will be found in Vol. V. of the Writings of Mr. Webster, edited by Mr. Everett,—where it makes scarcely twice as much, in its complete form, as in this outline of notes which he used in speaking:—his abbreviations and marks are retained so far as possible.

PRELIMINARY.

There is something novel and extraordinary, in Judicial proceedings, in the aspect of this cause.

In '41 and '42 agitation existed in R. I.—conflicting parties were formed—each party claimed the authority of Gov't—resort was had 'to arms'—force was used—and it seemed at one moment, that the parties were on the "perilous edge of battle." In June and July '42 the tumult subsided, without bloodshed. Gov't resumed its ordinary course, and the State its accustomed quiet.

But past disturbances were to be looked into—Grand Juries found Bills. Among the rest an Indictment was found v. Mr. Dorr, who had asserted a claim to be considered as Gov'r—had presumed to act as such—and had manifested an intention to sustain his Gubernatorial character by force of arms. On this Indictment, he was tried by a Court, now admitted on all sides to have been a Constitutional and competent Court, and a R. I. Jury, impannelled according to law, and standing above all challenge.

Mr. Dorr was convicted of treason, by this competent Court, and sentenced to imprisonment for life.

Now, an action is brought in Court of U. S. and here by appeal, in which the attempt is to prove, that Mr. Dorr was no traitor, nor insurrectionist; but the real Gov'r of the State at the time. That the force used by him was exercised in defence of the Constitution and Laws, not against them; that the treasonable force was really on the other side; and that the Supreme Court of R. I. made rather an important mistake. Gov'r King, if any body, should have been tried for treason, and Mr. Dorr

regarded as the Defender of the Constitution and Laws.—Certainly, this is a considerable mistake! quite a wrong casting of character!—King Lear.

This gives vivacity to the dulness of Judicature!

It enlivens the drudgery of perusing Briefs, Demurrers, and Pleas in Bar, Bills in Equity and answers.

"Handy-dandy."

Change places—handy-dandy—"which is the Justice and which is the thief," which is the Gov. and which the rebel?

This discussion not to be regretted.

American Liberty has an Ancestry, a Pedigree, a History.

The Settlers of Plym. and Jamestown were Englishmen; leaving oppression and misrule, but bringing all the buds, and blossoms, and fruits of civil and religious Liberty, at that time to be had.

Hab Cor: trial by jury.—Forms of Gov. were to be *new*.

They had close and controlling colonial feelings, but they had also English feelings; learning, tastes, literature, and prejudices.

They suffered by the tyranny of James the Second; and took a lively interest in the Revo of 1688—Mass—

With the Decla of Independence, they departed from the political maxims and example of England, and pursued a course more exclusively American.

They adapted their conduct to their new condition, and framed systems accordingly, changing what needed change, and leaving the rest.

The Govts had all now become entirely popular.

There was no longer any allegiance to the Crown.

Constitutions were to be formed, conformable to this new state of things.

Where the form of Govt was already well enough, they let it alone; where necessary they reformed it.

Every where, and in all things, they acted in a true *conservative* spirit.

Whatever was valuable they retained; whatever else was essential, they added, and no more.

AMERICAN PRINCIPLES.

1.—The People are the source of all political power; Govt is instituted for their good; and its members are their agents and servants. The people exercise their power by regulated suffrage.

☞ Nobody denies this, and therefore nobody need argue it.

When counsel insists on this, they insist on what no one doubts.

Where else can there be power, in such a country as this?

Why make a merit, of maintaining what no man denies?

—no crown—no Lords—

2.—As the people cannot, in a mass, exercise political power, they establish Govts; conferring on them so much authority as they please. People only act, by suffrage, and Representation——both to be carefully secured.

In a general sense the Sovereignty is with the People; but the organized, acting Sovereignty, to the extent the people claim, is in their Govts.

Legislation is a sovereign power; it is not exercised by the People directly, but intrusted by them to their own Govts created by themselves.——

Chief Justice Jay's paradox "Subjects & Citizens."

A STATE. Judge Durfee.

The People limit their Govts, in all their branches; and they occasionally limit themselves: as in cases of not alt'g constitution without 2/3rds.

That is, they impose restraints, on sudden impulses of mere majorities.

Constitution U. S. Art. 5, mode of Amendment. Mr. Whipple's Statement—4 vs 16 millions

—again the Senate—The treaty-making power.

☞ —power in impeachments. Confederation 9 States necessary.

3.—Having thus established Constitutions, according to their own pleasure, and established Departments, they carry on the Govt. by REPRESENTATION.

This is a great, the great, distinctive character, of Ame-

rican Liberty. It differs from every thing, that has gone before it.

Difference between our principle of representation and that of England, in its origin.

4.—The right of Representation is to be strictly secured and guarded; as it is the main political right of every man.

Here, again, the People limit themselves.

1. In the qualification of the persons to be elected; in regard to age, residence, and property.
2. The qualification of voters in the same respects.

Every where, there are some qualifications, of electors and elected.

This Election of Reps. is regulated, by laws previously passed. Elections are to be at stated times, in fixed places, conducted by sworn officers of the Law, in forms prescribed, viva voce, or by ballot; and these officers are bound to prevent all fraudulent practices, to receive the votes of all legal Electors, and of none others. This is the American System. This is our mode of ascertaining the will of the People, and there is no other.

Hitherto, it has worked admirably. Maine and Louisiana act together.

☞ = 20 millions of People.

If any thing has stood for the public will, not thus ascertained, the case is an anomaly.

At the Revolution, Legislative bodies assembled, irregularly, from necessity; as in England in 1688.

Men cannot get together—count themselves—say they are hundreds or thousands—judge of their own qualifications, call themselves the *People*—and then proclaim alterations of the fundamental law, or any other law.

I do not so understand the *American* Principle.

This regular action, by popular representation, unites liberty with order. To strength it adds security.

Flowing in this regular channel, the public will is at once, irresistible and calm.

Sir John Denman.

Who would wish this to be otherwise?

Who wishes a tempestuous, stormy, violent liberty, without power, except in its spasms; tumultuary, mobocratic, terrifying the timid, and alarming the prudent: A South American Liberty; supported by arms, to-day: crushed by arms to-morrow.

5.—There is another principle of American Liberty, of the highest importance, and directly applicable to this case.

When, in the course of events, it becomes necessary to ascertain the will of the People, on a new exigency, or a new state of things, or of opinion, the Legislative power provides for that ascertainment, by an act of Legislative power.

Cons. of U. S. Act of old Congress. Laws of the States, in calling conventions.

This is the uniform mode, in proposing changes of Govt. as in other cases.

Wisconsin—Iowa—Michigan—Maine.

The old Constitutions have been so changed.

The old Thirteen.—None but N. H. had a provision for change.

What State has ever changed its Constitution but in this way?

There must be some authentic mode of ascertaining the Will of the People.

Else, all is anarchy.

The existing Legislature only can prescribe that mode.

All this proves no affinity of our System with the Doctrines of the HOLY ALLIANCE.

State the DIFFERENCE.

N. York Act of 1845 exemplifying the whole.

Bear'ng of Con. U. S. on this.—To ensure Domestic tranquil'y.—U. S. shall guarantee to the States Rep. form Govt.

Art. 4, § 4.

Act of Feb. 28, 1795.

1 vol. S. at L. p. 424.
ch. 36.

This means of course, insurrection ag't an *exist'ng Govt. A new Govt. cannot displace the old, by force, or insurrection.*

The Exist'g Govt. is the Govt. which U. S. must protect. It is said, that these two things together, *tie up the hands of the People.*

If the existing Legislature will not begin reform, and if Congress must take the side of the existing Govt. then people can never reform their Govt.

It would be just the same thing, and is just the same thing, if reform begins out of doors, with mobs and multitudes.

If the existing Govt. held on, and resist, Congress is bound to protect it against force.

But how does this R. I. mode of proceeding help the matter. If the existing Govt. does not yield, U. S. must support it.

Luther v. Borden et als.

Pleadings, Writ, Oct. 8, '42.

Decl'n that Def'dts broke and entered Plf. house, in Warren, R. I., on the 25th of June, 1842, and disturbed his family, &c.

Pleas 1. Filed Nov. 1, '42.

That large numbers of men were in arms, for the purpose of overthrowing the Govt. of the State; and made war upon the States.

That for the preservation of the State, the Gov. and the people, martial law was declared by competent authority, on the 25th of June, '42.

That the Pf. was aiding and abetting, in the attempt to overthrow the Govt.

That Defdts. were under the military authority of John T. Child, a regularly appointed military officer, and ordered to take and arrest the Pf.; for which purpose they forced the door of his house, having first been refused admittance.

2. I see no material difference between 1 and 2.

3. The third Plea sets forth the act declaring martial law, declaring it to have been passed by a regularly chosen and constitutional

Legislature, and and then as the 1 and 2.

4. The 4th Plea is general non cul.

Replications. De sua propria injuria, and without such cause.

Proofs; offered in Nov. 1843.

Defdt. offered in evidence; viz.

I. The original charter of R. I., its acceptance, &c.; and its continuance and the existence of a regular Govt. under it, until 1776.

The participation of R. I. in Dec. of Ind., 1776.

Joined the Confederacy, in 1778.

Admitted into the Union, in May, 1790; and has ever since been received and recognized as one of the States of the Union; and that the Govt. under the Charter continued, until adoption of her present Constitution, in Nov. 1842.

II. Resolutions of the Legislature, and proceedings under them, beginning in Jan. '41, for obtaining amendments of the Constitution; amendments proposed, submitted to the People in March, '42, but rejected; Plf. and his confederates voting against them.

III. All the laws, resolutions, and proceedings of the General Assembly under the Charter Govt. till the adoption of the previous Constitution.

IV. The plf., with a large No. of other men, were assembled in arms. June 24, '42 with intent to destroy the Govt. by military force.

V. The Act declaring martial law, and the Govt. Proclamation. June 25, '42.

VI. That the Def. was aiding and abetting the attempts to overthrow the Govt.

VII. That Defds. were members of the military force, under Child; and Child was ordered to arrest suspi-
VIII. cious persons; and that Child ordered Defts. to en-
IX. ter Plfs. house, if necessary, to take plf; and that
X. they did so; and that the town of Warren was
XI. then in danger of an attack.

And the Plf. to maintain the issue on his part, offered in evidence the following matters, facts, and things, viz:

1. Proceedings of Assembly in 1790. A.
2. Rept. of Comm. of H. of R. June 1829. B.
3. Resolutions of Genl. Assembly, Jan. '41. C.

4. Memorial of Elisha Dillingham et als. D.
5. That in '40 and '41, associations were formed, called "Suffrage Associations," to diffuse information on question of forming a written constitution; and, to prove this, offered testimony of officers and members, and a declaration of principles, February, '41; and proceedings of a meeting, April 13, '41; and witnesses to prove that a portion of the people assembled at Providence, April 17, '41, under a call from Suffrage Association; and to prove proceedings by chairman and members. E.
6. A mass convention, May 5, '41, of 4,000 and upwards, at Newport, when resolutions were passed. F.
7. That convention adjourned to July 5, '41, at Providence, when 6,000 assembled, 21 years old or upwards, free male inhabitants. Resolution marked G.
8. Resolution of the General Assembly, May, 1841–2; and bill presented, and proceedings thereon. H. a. H. b.
9. Minority report of committee, June, '41. I. a. I. b.
10. That State committee of mass convention notified the town to appoint delegates to a convention, to form a constitution. Ja. J. b.
11. Notice published.
12. Committee enlarged.
13. S. H. Wales and others present.
14. In Aug. '41, citizens of the State met, in the several towns, to choose delegates; offered chairman to prove Nos., ballots, &c.
15. Delegates met, Oct., '41; drafted a constitution, and submitted it to the people; and adjourned to Nov., '41; to be proved by minutes or records.
16. Delegates met again in Nov. '41; completed drafts, and submitted it to the people for adoption, &c. &c.
17. Meetings held, and proceedings offered to be proved by moderators, &c.
18. Convention met January 12, '42, and counted votes; and the citizens of the State found to have

ratified, &c.; and constitution pronounced to be law of the land; and proclamation to be made, &c.
19. Proclamation made, &c.
20. Constitution was adopted by a large majority of the male people of the State, 21 yrs. old, and qualified to vote under the constitution.
21. Copy of the constitution.
22. Officers elected under the new constitution, April, 1842.
23. New gov't assembled, May, '42; and copies of proceedings.
24. Copy of U. S. Census.
25. Certificate of No. votes, polled in the State, for 10 yrs.
26. Act of Assembly under charter gov't to provide for a convention, June, '42.

Rulings of the court, p. 20.

P. 20. Convention resolved the people's constitution was adopted, '42, Jan. 13. Proclamation, 144. On the 18 April elected officers.
22. And 3d of May, '42, Tuesday, organized, and the constitution then and there became the rightful constitution of the State.
112. Legislature met (Dorr) May 3d.
127. Adjourned on the 4th, to meet at Providence, 1st Monday in July.

☞ *And never word spake more.* They never reassembled.

☞ The present constitution was adopted Nov. 5, 1842, to go into operation 1st Tuesday in May, '43. Vide resolution of convention, and by the people, 21, 2 and 3 of Nov'r.

So that according to Def., from May, '42 to May, '43, no acting gov't.

Now Dorr's trial.

Thos. W. Door was indicted for treason, in Sup. Court of R. Island, and tried April 26, '44.
17. Indictments stated, p. 17.

18. Treason, May 17, '42, 1 ct.
" " 18, 2 cts.
" June 26, 3 cts.
" " 27,

Pleaded not guilty, submitting to jurisdiction.
Judge's charge—read as marked.

My points are now three.

1st. That the matters offered to be proved by def't in court below are not of judicial cognizance, and proof of them, therefore, was properly rejected by the court.
2. That if all were proved, they would amount to no defence, as they show nothing but an illegal attempt to change the government of R. Island.
3. That no proof was offered to show that in fact another government had been established and gone into operation, by which the charter gov't, as it has been called, had become displaced.

I. The matters alleged in defence, are not of judicial cognizance.
1. Deft. asserts a change of sovereignty; for to some extent the States are sovereign.
State that.
He offers to prove this, by parole, as a fact.
It cannot be so proved.

That is a matter which, if it be of general notoriety, the Court may possibly take notice of itself, but it is a matter in which the Court must look to the acts of the Government of the United States and their public proceedings.

The Executive Government in '42 recognized p. 12, the continuance of the old government.
The Senate and House.

2. From the nature of the case, the Court cannot settle such questions. For example,
Nos. 12, 14, 20.

This last the most important.
The Court was asked to try
1. How many persons voted for the new Constitution.
2. Whether they were all qualified voters.

3. Whether a majority of all qualified persons voted.

And this he offered to prove.

1. By production of votes and ballots.
2. By production of registers, which registers were made by no legal officers.
3. By testimony of witnesses.
4. To prove the new Constitution, not by official record but by parole.

Now these are things into which no Court can inquire—vide Judge Durfee.

5. The continuance of the old Government in full operation till the new legal Constitution went into effect in 1843, May, and the decision of R. I. itself by its Supreme Court in Mr. Dorr's case, precludes all inquiry into any such matter as Pltf. offered to prove.

II. Evidence offered only proved an illegal attempt to overturn the Govt.

1. It was ILLEGAL according to all American principle and precedent.—It attempted to subvert a Govt. by force.

All previous proceedings, mass meetings, committees, amounted to nothing, not having a regular origin; and the attempt was therefore nothing less than to take the Govt. by force.

It was an insurrection—just such as the Constitution of the United States and the laws denounce.

2. It has been declared illegal by R. Island; her Govt. has proclaimed it to be Rebellion. Her legislature has passed laws, punishing those concerned in any form, and some of them as for treason, and her highest Jud. Tribunal has tried sundry persons; found them guilty, punished some, and the rest have escaped under general pardon.

Can this Court receive acts in justification of Pltf. which have thus been stamped and marked as criminal by the proper judicial authority?

III. No proof that another Gov't. was established and went into operation.

Reason for making this point.

Recur again to May 3 and 4, 42–61, page 127. These new functionaries never exercised a single act of

power—they sued nobody—served no civil process—laid no tax—*confined themselves to paper*—and broke up May 4—admitting it was all a miserable *sham*.

I do not think it to be regretted, that the case has been brought here—however impossible for this Court to try the question.

It is truly said, the case calls for discussion of our American system of liberty.

It will bear discussion and improve by it.

It has been pretty well tried, and thus far escaped from dangers on both sides.—Scylla and Charybdis.

THE END.

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